



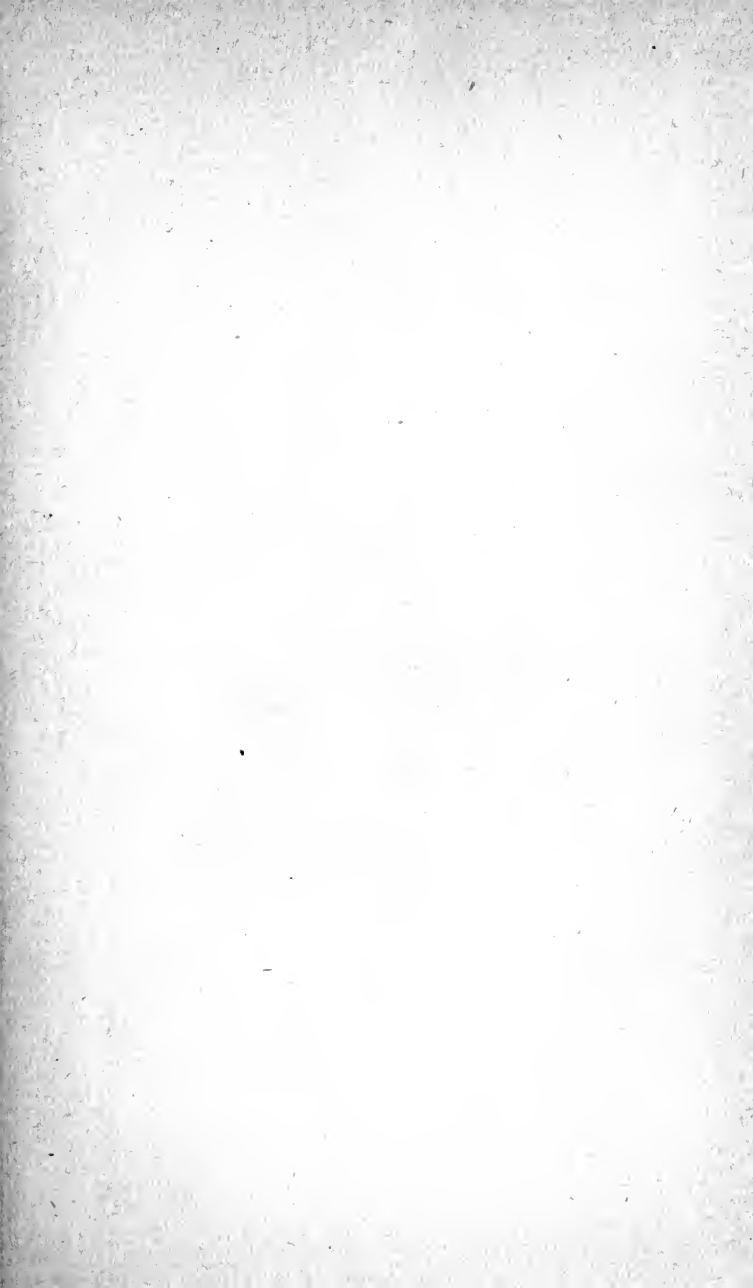
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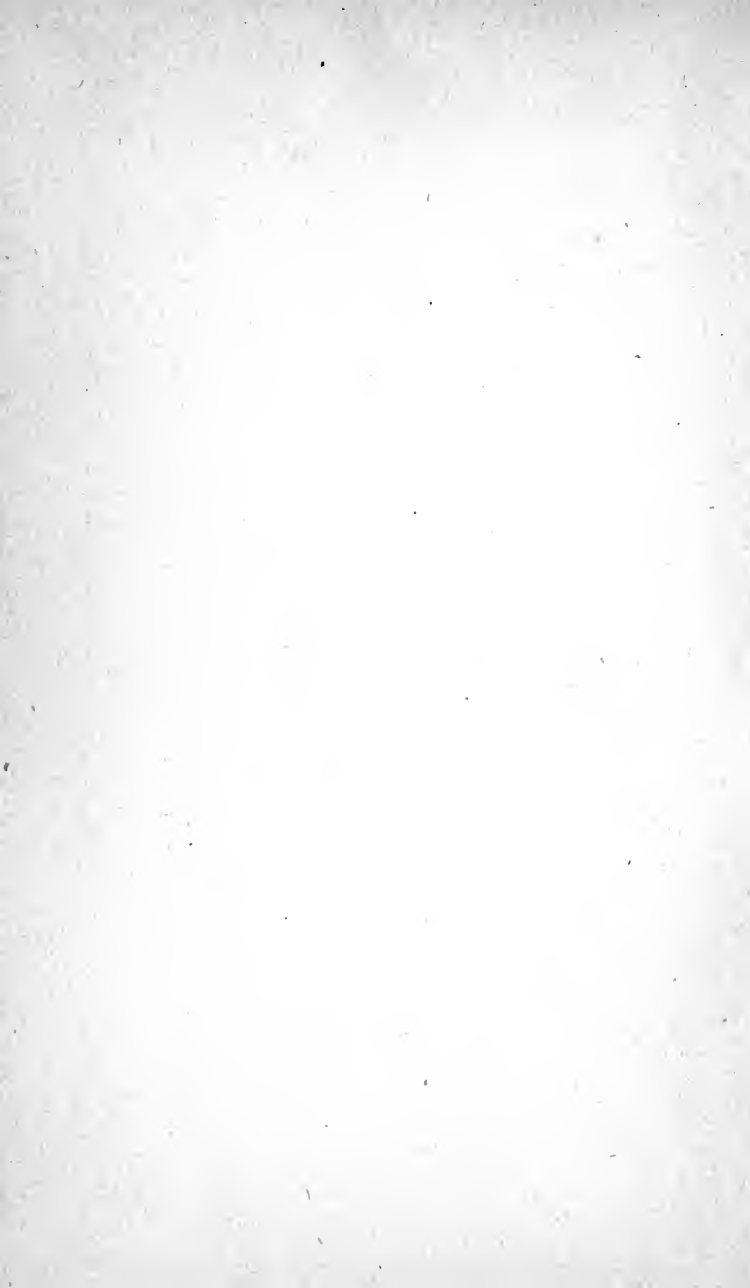
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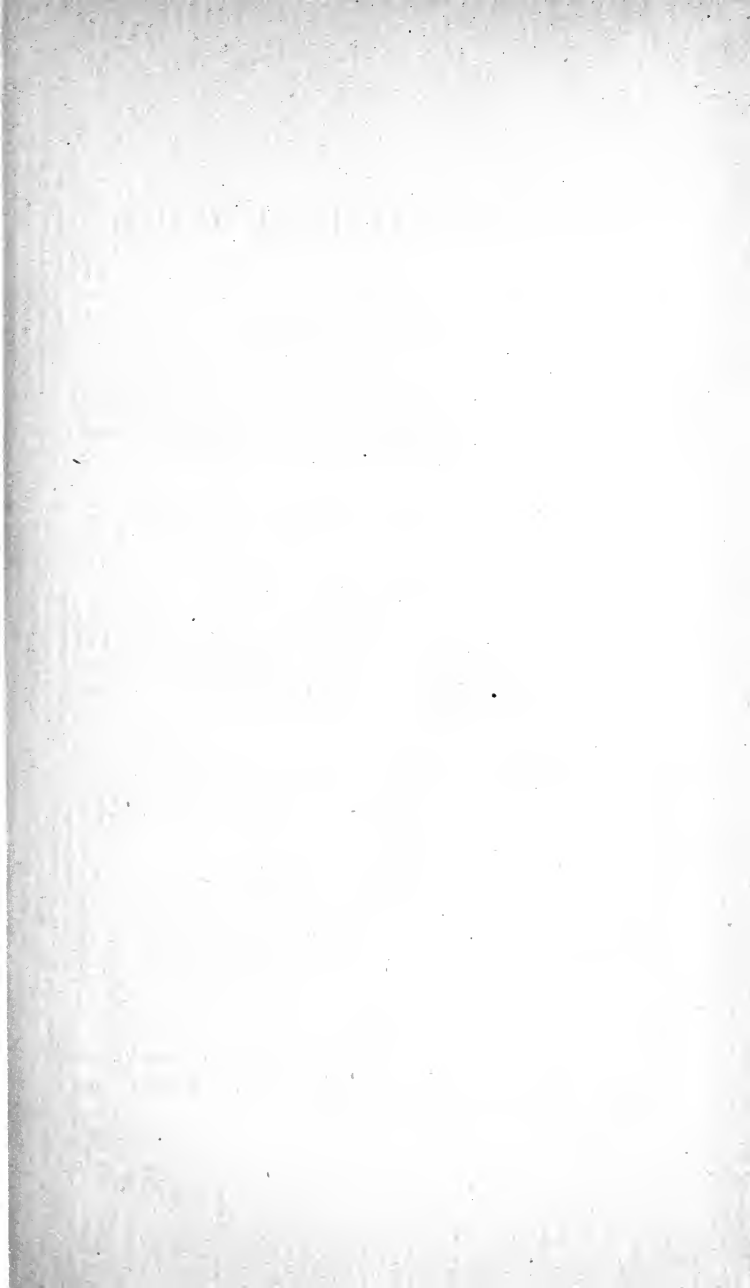
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## MR. WILSTACH'S POETICAL WORKS.

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### TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

The Complete Works of Virgil, translated into English Blank Verse, with variorum and other Readings, and Notes, and ample Index. In two volumes, crown octavo, gilt top, 1222 pp. \$5.00. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston and New York.

\*.\*This translation is the first English translation of the Complete Works of Virgil. Dryden's, although usually assumed so to be, is not complete.

### TRANSLATION OF DANTE.

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\*.\*This work gave the first specimens used in typography of the new character (au) invented by Mr. Wilstach to represent the Greek diphthong (ε ι) an invention which was brought into further notice by the Cyclopædia of American Biography (Vol. VI., p. 558). The metrical system used in this translation was invented by the translator for the purpose of this work.

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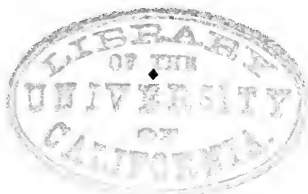
### THE PRESENT WORK

Is a complete collection of Mr. Wilstach's Original Verses, including Earlier Poems, Satires, Ballads, Sonnets, and Humorous and Miscellaneous Poems.

THE ANGEL AND  
THE KING  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN AUGUSTINE WILSTACH



BUFFALO  
CHARLES WELLS MOULTON  
1893

59485

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# POEMS.





## THE ANGEL AND THE KING.

“**A**RISE!” an Angel said to Charlemagne,  
The guardian angel of his life and weal,  
“Arise, arise!” so God commands, “and steal!”  
The King awoke, and said “My senses reel,  
Heed pay I none to dreams so wildly vain.”

But scarcely had again the power of sleep  
Sent the King’s eyelids rest from wearying days,  
When came again the Angel, and his gaze  
Fixed on his ward; and all his heavenly ways  
Showed he was charged with God’s own warn-  
ings deep.

“Arise! Arise! O King, nor make delay!  
Ye must foul Satan’s nest invade with fire!  
Thieves rob ye of your crown, and in the mire  
Would trample dead our time’s most honored  
sire!  
Arise and steal, I beg, entreat and pray!”

The King arose, in armor full him clad,  
His trustiest sword then buckled to his side,  
And ventured forth to see what might betide;  
But found all sleeping, sentry, servant, guide;  
The eyes of all the Angel freighted had.

“To no one else than thee could it be given,  
Thou art the only lord hath conquered me,  
From all the King’s keen plans I still am free,  
He who my lands hath taken and liberty,  
And to a life of stealth and robbery driven.

“This tells thee Elbegast I am, but now  
Make of my gratitude, Knight, whatever  
proof.”

“If Elbegast thou art, in my behoof,  
Let me thy stealthy methods put to proof  
Teach me of thy pursuit, the where and how.”

“The King’s own self to rob I seek to-night,  
But tell me what *thy* purpose is and course.”

“Yes, freely will I, but no stealth nor force  
Will I against the King employ, remorse  
Would haunt me ever if that noble Knight

“At my hands should sustain a single wrong;  
He as to me has been deceived, misled;  
Nor would I in the house burglarious tread  
Of mine put, where with honest food was fed  
A family claiming lineage short or long.

“I go to-night that robber of the poor,  
Duke Engerich of Engeramond to spoil;  
If thou take part, ’twill give thee little toil,



Thou must, like me, much like a blind mole  
    moil,  
I know just where is kept his diamonds' store."

The pair went on, and brought the diamonds  
    back,  
And heard, behind a screening portière,  
Duke Engerich say unto his wife, "Desire  
Thou hast to know what high deed may trans-  
    pire  
Before to-morrow's sun; hast thou the knack

"To keep a secret? Then I'll tell thee, dear,  
To-morrow dies the King; full forty men  
Are sworn to beard him in his guardless den,  
While careless he with prayer-book or with pen  
Feels no suspicion, nor e'en trace of fear."

The morrow found the King surrounded firm  
By loyal guards, of whom was Elbegast one;  
Came Engerich with a troop all frolic and fun;  
But ere the night their trifling lives were done,  
Was quickly quelled of traitorous deeds the germ.



## THE SWORD OF CÆSAR.

OFTEN in the wars of Gaul  
Cæsar fought midst dangers fearful  
Round him Roman braves would fall,  
Slain by men who heard the call  
Of their country's summons tearful.

Numerous tribes were in revolt,  
Carnutini, Aruveni;  
Cæsar's presence gave no halt,  
Came assault upon assault,  
Thick as drops in tempests rainy.

Such the havoc and the strife  
Of the Eduan troops elated  
Was that Cæsar for his life  
Fought 'gainst men whom child and wife  
Sent into those battles fated.

Once a Gallic horseman caught  
Cæsar from his saddle lifted  
As a muscular feat, nor thought,  
As the Gallic lines he sought,  
What a prize to him had drifted.

Cæsar found the Gaul was gay  
    With the feat athletic solely,  
And so praised him that to say  
To so just a critic nay  
    Never could he straightly, coldly.

Cæsar's quick wit made him feign  
    Himself of a Spanish legion,  
And his dialect theirs, in Spain  
Shibboleths such he learned, to gain  
    Victories glorious in that region.

He succeeded in the ruse,  
    Passed well for a prisoner Spanish,  
Each was ready for a truce,  
Saw the Gaul of force no use,  
    Dread his captive bade he banish.

Crassus' self in Cæsar's hand  
    Had a weapon placed of beauty,  
Diamonds graced it, rubies grand,  
Gems from many a foreign strand,  
    Cæsar's sword for show or duty.

"Ah, a rich man have I here,  
    Carries with him gold and splendor,  
To my heart this sword is dear,"  
Said the Gaul, in naught severe,  
    But of Cæsar's feelings tender.

*The Sword of Cæsar.*

"I will give it thee, my friend,  
But alone by way of ransom,  
I'll pursue this forest's trend,  
And will safe be at its end,  
You will have a present handsome.

"If you do not take it so,  
I will give it to your prefect,  
You will lose it, lose the glow  
Of its flashing gems, and know  
That in shrewdness you've a defect."

"Give it me," he quickly said,  
" 'T will me bring a fame extended,  
I will wear it when I'm wed,  
And then place its beauty dread  
Juno's shrine to gladden splendid."

Cæsar handed him the sword,  
While down from the withers gliding,  
Left the Gaul the bauble's lord,  
Sought the covert, and, adored,  
Was again his army guiding.

Peace and with it, travel came,  
And so Cæsar used his leisure  
That one day a town of fame  
Drew him and his friends to claim  
From its groves and temples pleasure.

In one temple Cæsar smiled,  
'Mongst its votive offerings glancing,  
Joy he felt as of a child,  
Seeing there the sword beguiled  
Gaul's gay cavalry's plumage dancing.

"Take it, Cæsar," said his friends,  
When he them the tale related,  
But he said: "No! awe attends  
Here my sword, and with it blends,  
And the sword is consecrated!"

### WALTER OF WIRBACH.

**W**ALTER of Wirbach heavenly aid received,  
Direct, divine, and from the Queen of  
heaven.

A Knight he was, intent on feats of arms,  
Intent on winning favor from the eyes  
Of one: the maid whose champion true he was.  
Much had he prayed the Mother Venerable,  
Much had besought the Star of every Sea,  
Of human woe or joy, much had bewailed  
Before her altars his unworthiness.  
But now the day had dawned, the tournament  
Must him at Darmstadt victor hail or doom  
To overthrow disastrous, and he felt  
A terror in his heart insuperable.

But as he moved all stately in his gear  
Of steel and gold and crimson, he beheld  
A road-side niche wherein an altar stood,  
Surmounted by a picture of the Queen  
By all the heavenly hosts and thrones adored.  
Down from his fierce, impatient steed he came,  
And tethering it, so that it might still bear  
Its master, when his homage should be given,  
He knelt and prayed, prayed long and earnestly,  
So earnestly that him an ecstasy  
Enfolded, and his soul was lost to earth  
And wafted into heaven. And from the frame  
Of that rude picture came the Virgin forth,  
And took his arms, sword, helmet, doublet,  
greaves,  
Breastplate and orders pendent from its links,  
And with all these her radiant self invested,  
And the ponderous lance took in her glorious  
grasp,  
And pulling down the visor, that the crowd  
Might deem a Knight and not God's Mother  
there,  
Untethered the keen steed, and rode him forth,  
Into the lists, and drove as drives the bolt  
In storms all foemen from the field, all prizes won,  
And came, and tethered there again the steed,  
Put gear and weapons in their former place,  
And took her station in the homely frame.  
The Knight awoke, all happiness, all joy,

Knowing an easy victory would be his,  
But knowing not it was already won.  
Wild shouts of welcome met him, floral wreaths  
Came showered by delicate hands, and every eye  
Sought recognition from the champion, and the  
smile

The lady of his love him gave assured  
The happy hero that his future life  
Was bound in blessedness from heaven, from  
earth;

And then the stoled priest pronounced them one,  
And the Church owned in both of them the best  
That Beauty and that Chivalry e'er gave  
To Christ and to the Mother who him bore.

## THE SERPENT OF ZURICH.

L ONGFELLOW'S verse, which lacks no  
grace nor charm,  
Gives, with that rhythm clear the poet's lines  
Make miracles of beauty and of taste,  
A legend of the Bell of Atri; John  
He calls the King who therein figured, name  
Assumed because the legend named no King.  
The Bell of Atri might be rung at will  
By any seeker after justice, and at once  
The judge appointed for that circuit ear

Should give, and aid to the appellant; now  
Zurich a legend has of Charlemagne,  
Which has a similar tone, that when encamped  
The Emperor was on that calm coast divine  
Where Felix bled and Regula for the faith,  
The Emperor gave an order forth that all  
Who grievances had might ring a certain bell,  
And he in person would respond, and come.  
From whatsoever business to give ear  
To all demands: he did so: justice prompt  
Was in that simple court imperial, and content  
The people had with admiration mixed  
For the good monarch. But one day 'twas found  
That from some cause mysterious rang the bell.  
Investigation showed the amazing fact,  
A serpent from the lake had grievances.  
The monarch summoned came, the serpent met  
And questioned. Bowed three times the beast,  
Then sought the sea. The monarch, following,  
found  
A tortoise had usurped the serpent's nook.  
The usurper was deposed, destroyed, and came  
The serpent once again before the king,  
To place within his drinking cup a stone:  
The lapidaries said a diamond 'twas  
Of carats unexampled, and of cost  
More than the kingly crown, and that a spell  
It held which bound the owner (now the king)  
In homage and subjection to the will  
Of whomsoever might the bauble wear.



Wisely the monarch gave it to his wife,  
Wisely she ruled the mightiest King on earth,  
Wisely, when death her took, the bauble passed  
Unto a holy bishop: all because  
To beasts or unto men the King would grant  
The claims of justice, and their wrongs redress.

The legend of the Bell of Atri turns  
Upon neglect a noble steed sustained; this  
Of the Thurian lake, upon a serpent's wrongs;  
For, in old times, the serpent sacred was,  
As symbolizing wisdom: Holy Writ  
This strangely manifests, and poems old:  
We read how fiery serpents slew, and one,  
Pole-held, aloft, of bronze refulgent, saved,  
In Edom's wilderness: and, as one came,  
Tinted with checkered stripes, blue-gold and  
    lithe,  
From loved Anchises' tomb, hushed heroes' hearts,  
While some it deemed the genius of the place,  
And some that it the attendant was which held  
Converse at times with the great Trojan's ghost.

## ZEMARAIM.

STOOD Judah's troops and Benjamin's in one  
host,

And 'gainst them Israel's rose, a mighty horde:  
Israel which made idolatry its boast,

And Judah which still bowed before the Lord.  
Jerusalem Judah's sovereign sent with men

Four hundred thousand for the strife equipped;  
Rebellious cities sent forth troops as when

The waves of ocean rage by tempests whipped:  
Eight hundred thousand was their number grand,

And Jeroboam o'er them kingly sway  
Held as the ruler of the recreant land,

And through false Gods he sought to win the  
day.

Jerusalem's King Abijah was, and ware

Was he of fight against such desperate odds,  
But, high of soul, he drove away all care,

And said: "The word that closes strife is  
God's;

Armor and weapons are of merit none .

Without the approving sign from heaven sent  
down,

"'Tis heavenly force proclaims the victory won,  
And not the tinsel of an earthly crown.

I as God's representative will fight,  
Secure that he will watch the event, and aid  
With unseen weapons him who hath the right,  
And panic fear send through the ranks dismayed."

Then stood for battle on Zemaraim's mount  
The rival hosts, the stronger in two bands,  
Each equal its antagonist in count:  
In ambush one, the two like iron hands.  
These iron hands on God's friends were to close,  
As twixt two millstones is the crumbling grain,  
And give unto their sacrilegious foes  
Ensigns and weapons, and of blood a rain.

Jerusalem's monarch then stood forth for speech,  
But not unto his own host went his voice,  
It went in warnings forth, that they might reach,  
To Israel's King, and chide rebellion's choice:  
"Ye, King and men of Israel, hear me: gave  
Our Lord to David royalty o'er all  
For ever, and with that high King and brave,  
Whose songs and laws alike rule court and hall,  
Made thereupon a covenant of salt.  
The covenant stood until King Solomon's son  
In Israel's righteous march commanded halt,  
The King a child, young Rehoboam, won  
By arts, conspiracies and frauds of men  
Whom Belial rules, and now God's realm

And ruler ye confront. Him ye should ken  
God hears, God aids, and ye God will o'erwhelm.

Why, have ye not calves worshipped built of  
gold?

And have ye not God's priesthood wholly  
scorned,

Great Aaron's sons, for all good traits extolled,  
And foreign rituals followed, vainly warned?

Do ye not make priests now of any man  
Who brings for sacrifice a bullock young

And seven rams? Gold, cattle, is your plan:  
A man's possessions wake your fawning tongue.

But we have not forsaken the divine  
And holy God, and Aaron's priests are ours,  
They exercise their duties with design  
To follow out their God-appointed powers.

Morning and evening send they to the skies  
The sacrifice, and fragrant incense sweet,

And prayers and meditations high, arise  
For worship apt, for sacred musings meet,

And on the table pure the shew-bread they  
Place as required, and every evening glows

Light from the golden candlestick's array  
Of beauteous lamps in law-adjusted rows.

The charge of God we keep, whom ye despise,  
And God our captain is in this our fight,

His priests shall sound our trumpets, and your  
eyes

Shall see the bloody traces of His might.

But yet the fight's not on, be wise in time,  
Reject not Israel's God, but him embrace:  
Your ill-advised rebellion is a crime,  
But He will not withhold from you His grace."

Response came none, the trumpets broke the  
hush,  
And Judah shouted for the onset: came  
The two arms of the ambush them to crush:  
But, as a mighty forest swept with flame,  
So was that two-fold host, midst panic fear,  
Devoted to the sword of Judah, wild  
The crimson flame God-ruled swept far and  
near: .  
Five hundred thousand corpses grim defiled  
Zemaraim's vales; and Bethel fell, and towns  
Jeshanah and her neighbors; and the ring  
Of clustering cities, where sedate abounds  
Fair Ephraim's beauty, owned God's favored  
King.

## PHIDIAS AND POLYCLETUS.

[Memes, in his History of the Fine Arts, attributes the skill of Phidias to the spontaneous overflowings of inspiration. Cicero, in his Brutus, pronounces the works of Polycletus to be absolutely perfect.]

## PHIDIAS.

I N his studio, hesitating,  
Phidias stood, his mind debating  
O'er an antique legend Grecian,  
And in art its place and use.  
'Twas that story of the foretime,  
Of the dimly distant war-time,  
When the giants grim Phœnician,  
'Neath the lead of Typhœus,

Stormed the heights Olympian proudly,  
Braved the thunders sounding loudly,  
Scattered all through heaven their terror,  
And on Gods turned levin loose.  
Changed to bird and beast immortals  
Left in haste the ethereal portals:  
As a goat in ways of error  
Wandered forth the routed Zeus.

To a magpie shrunk Apollo,  
He whom Mars and Pallas follow.  
"Gods have here," to Polycletus  
Said the artist, "no excuse;  
So me grieved my stately Juno,  
How I prize her, boy, 'tis you know;  
Such defeats might easily meet us  
In the traits of vain Chloræus.

"What defeat the realms infernal  
Gave to one, whose love eternal,  
Tried by every blast of sorrow,  
Made him to his pledge obtuse,  
And engulfed Eurydice's beauty,  
And made vain the arduous duty  
Of a minstrel whom no morrow  
Will renew, unique Orphæus!

"Much less strange seems that old story  
Not, I mean, of Cynus' glory,  
But that myth wherein Poseidon  
Wrought, through spite, his wondrous ruse,  
When, against the Lapithæ mighty,  
Into many a crimson fight, he  
Sent a maid, war's steed to ride on,  
Changed into divine Cæneus.

“Thou has learned from me her features,  
Happiest I of artist teachers,  
And I grieve that, in the æons,

    She, transformed, was once a goose.  
We have each, boy, in his leaning,  
Sought from earth and sky their meaning,  
I, Orion reaping pæans,  
    Thou that wilt be a Tydæus.

“Love I much my work exalting,  
And in it shall make no halting;  
And have often deemed division  
    Might not justly seem abuse.  
Let me now propose our labor  
Shall be shared, and each, a neighbor,  
Plod his path terrene, elysian,  
    Labyrinths both, each a Thesæus.

“Let me cope with forms ideal,  
Let thy chisel seek the real,  
Let thy faun walk musing, curly,  
    Answering to love’s tightening noose,  
Leave with me Jove’s court and eagle,  
Noble thou, while I am regal,  
Slighter forms be thine, but burly  
    Be my mighty Capanæus.”



POLYCLETUS.

“I accept the mission, master,  
Plans of thine ne’er knew disaster,  
Bronze be mine and marble maidens,  
    Our rivalry shall have truce,  
Men shall almost hear the thunder  
As they scan thy works of wonder,  
Eves shall bloom for me in Aidens,  
    Thou the shapes seek of Protæus.

“Fame will make her cringing minions  
Us attend, and then, on pinions,  
Like the fleet-winged sons of Boreas,  
    Drive with zeal all us traduce;  
Courteous we will have no quarrels,  
• Peace consists with work and morals;  
Iris need ne’er guard us glorious  
    As whilom she did Phineus.

“Known be we, each, as a worker,  
Not an idle, aimless lurker,  
From Tarentum’s Gulf to Smyrna,  
    From the Æthiop to the Rus;  
Valleys through and glades Arcadian,  
Isles Cycladic or Strophadian,  
Each of all he gains an earner,  
    Happier, e’en, than was Crethæus.

“Need is none that I, in ages  
Which illumine poesy’s pages,  
Full of jubilant dances Pyrrhic,  
Should be driven to the refuse;  
Though I may not sip of nectar,  
Much of godlike’s seen in Hector,  
Noble lines are written lyric,  
Epic, too, of Odysseus.

“Ariadnes, Ledas, human  
Have in bondage brought the numen  
Of thy Gods by charms o’erpowered  
Thrown around them, bright, diffuse;  
Heroes have had heavenly powers  
Given them in decisive hours;  
For Andromache’s hand no coward  
Was her spouse renowned Perseus.

“Let us take from boasters warning,  
Boasting’s oft repaid with scorning.  
Throngs that loved fair Atergatis  
Summoned hate from ocean’s ooze,  
So that, by the Nereids angered,  
Dragon scales and talons clangored,  
Till the killing visage, that is  
Fell Medusa’s, saved Cephæus.

“Wisely men shun methods lawless;  
Let our work, like Vulcan’s, flawless,  
Fair Pandoras bring and culture;  
    Let’s avoid Mount Caucasus;  
Too advanced may be ambition;  
It may cause find for contrition;  
It may feed another vulture  
    With another Prometheus.

“Let us shun the histories fateful  
Filled with saddening shudderings hateful;  
Rather than rich banquets odious  
    Let us seek the anchoret’s cruse.  
Legends as of Arethusa  
Ne’er can make our art the loser;  
Art should follow tones melodious,  
    Rather Thalia than Teræus.

“Not the bark through Tartarus ringing  
At Alcides, but the singing  
Of the maids who golden apples,  
    For their father Hesperus,  
Guarded ’gainst the hero peerless,  
Even in face of Ladon fearless,  
Symbol of high force that grapples  
    Even with Sea-Gods like Neræus.

“Rather ours the festivals Elian,  
Or those on the lofty Pelion  
Than those led Thebes’ sweet princesses  
    Into murder’s grimy sluice,  
When they, taught to treat all mildly,  
So enthused were that they wildly  
Tore, midst pitiless base excesses,  
    Into pieces good Pentheus.

“Let us leave, alike, to dreamers  
Subjects fit for vacant schemers  
Whom the drowsy God reclining  
    Sparges with his poppies’ juice.  
We will court the past, the present,  
Hero, queen, and sage, and peasant,  
And the myths, nor e’er designing,  
    Either, plans which quell Morpheus.

“So shall shine in art our city,  
Skillful none, as none more witty,  
And, besides, to genius tender,  
    Rivaling brilliant Syracuse;  
And for genius shall a synonym,  
Which each doubter shall find win on him,  
Be thy name, enshrined in splendor  
    Such as lent to sons Atræus.

## THE SEAWARD TOKEN.

The true significance of the statue which, in the year 1820, was discovered in the Grecian Archipelago, beneath a cliff, the summit of which it is thought to have crowned, in the Island of Melos, and now the gem of the Louvre, has been, from the date of its discovery, a theme of controversy among the antiquarians. Some insist that the statue should be called a Venus; others are equally confident in calling it a Diana. After a study of the statue, pursued for a series of days, in the pavilion appropriated to it, in the Louvre, the writer submits that it may be a representation of some mortal maid or matron whose features the artist copied from life.

SHE is speeding a kiss from her lips,  
A love-token fervent and free;  
Her eyes bend her form to the ships,  
White wings on the blue of the sea.

Her robe falls with negligent grace,  
While forth leaps the blaze of her charms:  
Is it calm fills her exquisite face,  
Or hides its repose her alarms?

Is she daughter, or sister, or wife?  
Is he lord of her home, or her heart?  
Is he merchant or warrior? Rules strife,  
Or rules peace? Does he come, or depart?

Right royally poised is her head:  
Does he go with his army to Troy,  
A King with his squadrons dread,  
Or a prince with the freaks of a boy?

Far over the Cycladic wave  
Her beauty gleams like a star:  
Does she watch, with a sigh, for the brave,  
And point out his pennant afar,

Or seeks she to number the pearls  
That shall garnish her wedding trousseau,  
Ere yet the proud ship unfurls  
Her flag in the harbor below?

Ask not! The mysterious past  
Has words which recede and recede,  
Has words heaven's rulings lock fast,  
Has words only angels may read.

## OCEAN CURRENTS.

[As Longfellow, in his "Seaweed" treats of the Atlantic agitated by the equinoctial storm, so, in the following verses, an endeavor has been made to treat, in a similar metre, of the Pacific warmed by the southern current.]

WHEN salutes the waves Pacific  
The prolific  
Hot stream of the southern seas,  
Landward in its warmth it blisses  
Sends with kisses  
Shoreward borne upon the breeze,

From the islands equatorial  
    T'wards the boreal  
Zones it has its jubilant sweep,  
All the blooms of Polynesia  
    Bathing Asia  
Through its forceful current deep.

And from distant myrtled moorlands,  
    O'er our ore-lands,  
Dimpling soft our tinted lakes,  
Breezes come to bathe our mountains,  
    While from fountains  
Dim, remote, sweet influence breaks.

Ever inward, smiling, smiling,  
    Care-beguiling,  
Fragrance each far valley yields  
Plants here fruits and health abundant,  
    And redundant  
Wealth distributes o'er our fields.

So, when breezes warm and fragrant  
    Strike the vagrant  
Dreams the poet wrap, arise  
From each zone of passion ancient,  
    Howe'er transient,  
Glimpses of a paradise.

Gleams come in from Indian oceans,  
And emotions  
Seize his soul, which peoples gone,  
In their seats, firm-fixed or shifting,  
Found uplifting,  
In the songs of many a swan.

Love and will are his, and glory  
Gilds the story  
Of the visits of the tides  
Bringing boons from where old nations  
Visitations  
Have received, and wreck abides.

Ever inward, smiling, smiling,  
Like the filing  
Fays that fill the mimic stage,  
Come and bless his lines the glorious  
Though laborious  
Tributes of each mind and age.

#### MONTE CASSINO.

THE train sped on, from Rome to Naples  
bound,  
Through poppled fields and wedded elms and  
vines,  
Through many a stretch of fair historic ground,  
Past mountain-streamlets, ruins, towns, and  
shrines.



And gay the Land of Labor in the sun  
Spread forth its mingled beauties to the eye,  
Rich with the spoils which stalwart toil had won  
All palpitating in the summer's sky.

Rome had entranced my thought and all my soul,  
Her hills, called seven, but counting twelve,  
were mine,  
With these impressed I saw contented roll  
The journey on through scenes else deemed  
divine.

And was not Naples also in my thought?  
Naples, the queenly city by the sea?  
The fame of its heights, bays, and mountains  
wrought  
Chains adamantine for their prisoner me.

The midway station reached, was stopped the  
train.  
And had some heavenly adjutant fixed my  
place  
It could not have been happier fixed to gain  
The wondrous vision there before my face.

There, on a lofty height, a castle rose,  
Superb in air, and of a guise so grand  
And so magnificent in warlike pose,  
I deemed it a great bastion of the land.

‘Quick, quick,’ the question flew to all around,  
‘Tell me what scene is this me so enchants?  
Who is the genius of the place? And found  
Is that great spirit in his usual haunts?’

And, without waiting for response, I said:  
‘Like to the lightning’s zigzag is the path  
That climbs the mountain to its royal head!  
No mountain, surely, such a diadem hath!’

Men told me here war had no part nor lot,  
Unless that war where heavenly powers contend,  
That always this a consecrated spot  
Had been where earth and heaven had seemed  
to blend.

That here Apollo, in far dates remote,  
Before came Christ to claim it as a home,  
His lofty altars owned, and on them smote  
His priests full many a bleeding hecatomb.

The ancient worship ceased, and came the new,  
New symbols, knowledge new and high and  
pure,  
But much remained of beautiful and true  
Left by the old that ever shall endure.

Nature remained the same, and ancient seats  
Firm-fixed foundations furnished the new faith;  
In some things one religion but repeats  
That which, in other words, the older saith.

Came Benedict with nerve and heavenly gifts  
And changed the worship of the Sun-God's  
shrine  
Into that form and faith which manhood lifts  
Serenely into heights and thoughts divine.

Down in the plain, in Roman days, there stood  
An amphitheatre for sports antique;  
Perhaps, like to the Flavian famed, with blood  
Of martyrs slain its buried annals reek.

Casinum, in more recent days, a town  
Stood on the slope the plain betwixt and crest,  
Then, from the Middle Ages' terrors, down  
It slipped, and, save its name, is lost the rest.

Tell they that once Guiscard the Cunning vowed  
To rob the brethren of their citadel:  
His men disguised him carried in a shroud  
Up to the heights as for a funeral.

Arrived, the corpse a lively Knight became,  
Flashed forth the mourning train in sword and  
helm,  
And 'twas no arduous task the place to claim,  
And by brute force the weak to overwhelm.



And at one time Italia's lawless sons  
Said: 'Let us all this long tradition break,  
Plant on Apollo's heights our storming guns,  
And from the priest his prized possessions take.'

And all the world stood silent, but came forth  
From Britain's statesmen earnest words and  
wise  
Of protest 'gainst the wrong, and men of worth,  
Moved by the ages' inarticulate cries,

Albeit in some sense hostile to the saint,  
Denounced the profanation, and thence came  
That noble hearts in Britain's parliament  
Averted thus an outrage and a shame.

Sped on the ponderous train upon its course,  
Sped on my journeyings and my voyage thence,  
But feel I to the full to-day the force  
That moment had, that wonderment intense.

To-day, although a score of years have passed,  
I seem the splendid vision yet to see;  
So palpable 'twill be while life shall last,  
And I with thought and memory blest shall be.

## THEOPOIÏA.

## DEIFICATION.

THERE'S an homage strange the ancients  
Have in times remote attempted,  
And 'twould seem that other ages  
Are not from the vice exempted.

'Tis the flattery that to greatness,  
Wealth, or power, attributes splendor,  
Calls a man a God, and worship  
Seeks divine to him to render.

Julius Cæsar so was worshipped,  
Priests burnt incense to him daily,  
He who, honoring Jove Olympian,  
On his knees climbed Ara Cœli.

So a boy, gay Bassianus,  
Placed the world's dominion over,  
In Jerusalem's Holy of Holies,  
Would claim rivalry with Jehovah.

Women have been so exalted  
That the bright ethereal spaces  
Yet Callisto show, and Pleiads  
There record their worth and graces.

But in soberer times Augustus  
Would not suffer such abasement,  
Would not let his realm an idol  
Make of him to heaven's defacement.

Albeit when the great Aurelius  
Marcus died, the people, mourning,  
Placed for worship, through their reverence,  
Statues his their homes adorning:

Homage finding reasons readier  
Than Racine's, who died supinely  
When upon him Louis the Fourteenth  
Frowned, instead of smiled, divinely.

Once a king, in ages feudal  
Hidden by time his name and nation,  
Had a flatterer who him "Godlike"  
Called, as helping his own station;

Him called "God" even on the highways,  
And so full of adulation  
Were his words, heard there by strangers,  
That they heard them with sensation.

Some heard with sensation servile,  
Others heard with just abhorrence,  
Till one of these last retorted  
With remonstrances in torrents.

“What! A God you call your lordling!  
One alone is God! Be bended  
Unto him each knee!” His anger  
Plainly showed him much offended.

But his words quite failed their object,  
And, the folly not receding,  
Blows the courtier gave the stranger  
And him left all bruised and bleeding.

Then, in triumph, he the king sought,  
Told his story, but not grateful  
Was the king, he deemed his courtier  
Had a wrong done base and hateful.

But, a while the king reflecting,  
Of his rigor all relented,  
And, as custom willed, a cake sent  
To his worshipper demented.

This meant: “I again receive you,  
Be my friend, again the fulness  
Of my favor claim, and canceled  
Is my hatred of your dulness.”

But the courtier, full of dinner,  
And somewhat in mood atoning,  
Sent the cake unto the stranger  
From the rude encounter groaning.

Opened showed the cake its contents,  
Gold and gems in plenteous measure,  
And was seen no more the stranger  
With his providential treasure.

### THE KNIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

A Knight there was of knightly worth the  
flower,  
The Fearless Knight and Faultless men him  
named,  
Thus was he through admiring nations famed,  
And loved he truth, nor e'er was he ashamed  
In favor of his foe to own its power.

He owned his King in feats of strength his peer,  
And fealty made him grant his knighthood  
best,  
A point his men-at-arms would oft contest,  
But this on all occasions he confessed,  
This noble Knight without or fault or fear.

Disguised, on one occasion, he went forth,  
In knightly faith intent the good to aid  
To chastise those who on the helpless preyed,  
Or sire, or grandsire, widow, wife or maid:  
Where laws were dead lived hope in knightly  
worth.



Not far had he passed forth upon his road,  
When met he of his henchmen brave a band:  
They bade him, as the custom was, to stand,  
Not knowing him the master of their land,  
And that to him they feudal homage owed.

“For knighthood’s honor tell us, noble Knight,”  
They said unto the patient horseman, “who  
The best knight is of those most valiant two,  
The King and him the Fearless Knight, be  
true,  
And show herein a just discernment bright.”

“The King the best knight is e’er saddle pressed,”  
Responded then the unknown cavalier;  
Response which met with grudging sneer on  
sneer:

“We such an answer will not tamely hear,”  
They said, and of his arms themselves possessed,

Then dragged him from his saddle quickly down,  
And placed him on a meek-eyed palfrey’s back,  
Their prisoner for the dungeon and the rack,  
As punishment for all his treason black  
In turning from their master to the crown.

Soon, on the road, another knight was seen,  
He too disguised, and this knight was the  
King:

“What prisoner, and accused of what, d’ye bring?

Meseems is here a strangely curious thing,  
A knight a prisoner made by rustics mean.”

“Good sir,” the spokesman said of those stanch  
clowns,

“The Fearless Knight he basely slandered hath,  
We dragged him from his saddle to the path,  
And leave thou him unto our righteous wrath,  
And add to ours thine own indignant frowns.”

“Speak, prisoner, why hast thou such injury  
wrought

Upon the fame of one who, though my foe,  
I will defend, for he (I chance to know)

Hath knightly truth, and power to send a blow  
Direct as any knight in lists e’er fought.”

Responded then the prisoner, deeming not  
He spoke unto the King: “Good sir, the blame  
These men upon me bring is that the name  
Of my good King I honored, for they came  
Upon me in the road, and of me sought,

“To know my judgment in the question plain  
‘Which knight of all is best,’ and my offence  
Is that I said ‘The King,’ and they have thence  
Me ‘traitor’ termed upon the slim pretence  
That I the Fearless Knight held in disdain.

“The reason, sir, why thus my judgment goes,  
Is simply this: because it is the truth.  
In battle I would meet him without ruth,  
He and myself have battled since our youth,  
But truth this tribute to his knighthood owes.”

Then to the henchmen said the King: “Return  
Unto your homes, and leave the knight with  
with me,”  
Then face to face him saw from bonds made  
free,  
And kneeled before his prisoner, and said, “Me  
Make *thou* a knight, nor my devotion spurn!”

## THE LEGEND.

1608, 1865.

WAVES kissed our gunboat; no royal river,  
No Guadalquivir, e'er shone more bright;  
The war was over, and men were meeting,  
With friendly greeting, fatigued with fight.

“Ah, there is Jamestown,” my friend said,  
smiling;  
Our hours beguiling, he tales would tell  
Of days departed, in times colonial,  
To men baronial, what things befell.

I heard him gladly: "Our enemies Southern  
We own as brethren, their legends fair,  
By one who knows them, to lines of history  
Imparting mystery, can harm it ne'er."

"No," said he blandly, "the tongue is truthful,  
Albeit, when youthful, romance it sways,  
I but repeat them, as came they handed,  
By grandsires landed, from earlier days.

"You see the church there, whose ivied gable  
O'er fact and fable its ruins rears?  
Ah what has time done! This river flowing,  
In beauty glowing, seems like the tears

"Its triumph cost us, in tides commingled,  
Where oft have tingled our ears amazed.  
War rose aforetime in these same regions,  
And then its legions for deeds were praised

"Which came from changes 'twixt clashing races  
Of differing faces and alien lands,  
When from the ambush the well-aimed rifle  
The life could stifle of joyous bands.

"And tells serenely that gable's prattle  
Of ancient battle and strange release,  
For on its site once there stood a maiden  
With graces laden and loving peace.

“ There Pocahontas, the tale's not idle,  
Had her fair bridal to Rolfe her lord,  
And there her father, renowned Powhatan,  
In robes not satin, gave pleased accord.

“ But who was saved there? The captain famous  
Shall any shame us from doubting 'twas?  
Yes, those who idols demolish tell us  
That truth is jealous, and here with cause.

“ They say the fair scene we all delight in,  
Where stood a Titan prepared for death,  
Was of the Black Bear, the Indian Bankee,  
What time there sank he with stifled breath,

“ And that the angel who, 'neath the impending  
Blow came with rending cries to desist,  
Was not Pocahontas, 'twas dusk Tetehee,  
Whose strong entreaty no heart could resist.

“ And that the chieftain Opechancanough  
'Twas 'neath whose banner rose the event,  
And she his daughter, but that enlisted  
Therein, and assisted, the Captain, and went

“ With him to capture the Black Bear (criminal  
Without faith or hymnal) Pocahontas's sire.  
But stands in triumph that pleasing picture  
That doubt nor stricture can ne'er call liar.

“It stands to show us how war has roses,  
Its woes encloses with hedge divine  
That cheers us ever, and how attended  
It is and blended with motives fine.

“It stands to show us that, midst ambition,  
The radiant mission of woman glows,  
And that we find oft her kind dominion  
Controls opinion and conquers blows.

“But when ’tis mentioned, this legend golden  
Of dates all olden, will some a myth  
Pronounce the Black Bear, and though not surly,  
Hold, late and early, for Captain Smith.

“Tetehee? She married young Castelmair, heir  
By right long and fair (his shield nought to  
mar)  
Of an English estate, and palaces wide-halled  
His dusky bride called ‘The Morning Star.’ ”

Our voyage ended, engagements previous  
On errands devious sent us apart,  
But muse I often on war’s dread chances  
And other lances that touch the heart.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

ON the third day the Vision spoke,  
For, on the other days,  
She merely had the rosary moved  
As one in worship prays,  
Or had the sign made of the cross  
As one who heavenly powers  
Seeks to invoke when lofty thoughts  
Engross devoted hours.

“For fifteen days,” the Vision said,  
“Come thou, bring others, this  
If thou shalt do I promise thee  
Here and hereafter bliss.”  
The Queen of Heaven it was whose voice  
Was heard thus in the dale,  
But heard alone by one who, tranced,  
Had pierced the senses’ veil.

The first two visits children two  
Alone with Bernadette  
The supernatural niche approached  
The Glorious Presence met.  
This visit found with her adults,  
But only two, who came  
To seek the childish story’s truth  
Or fix upon it blame.

But, young or old, none heard the voice  
Except alone the child,  
A peasant-girl of simple ways  
And innocence undefiled.  
Fifteen times yet the child returned,  
For eighteen visits there  
This artless child to meet were made  
By Her Divinely Fair.

How many came, and what words spoke  
The Glorious Vision more?  
And what was done to show her words  
A seal eternal bore?  
The next day came a hundred, drawn  
By rumor's mighty voice,  
Then hundreds, thousands, came impressed  
With what heaven yields most choice.

A part of what the Vision said  
Was for the child alone,  
Not all is for the ear of all  
That comes from God's own throne.  
Sometimes she said: "For sinners pray,"  
And earnestly penitence urged,  
Benignant she would not the world  
Should for its faults be scourged.

Asked of herself, she meekly smiled,  
Nor sought the world's applause:  
"Through me Immaculate was conceived  
The Word of all things Cause."



This said she on that sacred date,  
The Annunciation, wise  
In all the observances of the world  
As well as of the skies.

And in what year? In our own times,  
These latter days, it came,  
In eighteen hundred fifty-eight,  
As if from Sinai's flame.

"My child," she said, "where dust is seen,  
There at the grotto's side,  
Dig with thy fingers in the soil,  
And thence shall flow a tide.

"And eat thou of the herb there seen,  
And wash thee in the wave,  
The parched ground shall become a pool,  
The sparkling waters save."  
The child obeyed, dug, ate, and watched,  
The rock the Dame obeyed,  
Where dust had been was moisture now,  
As erst in Horeb's glade.

And day by day the stream increased,  
Until its bathings gave  
To thousands health, in miracles,  
'Mongst those who came to lave.  
"A chapel and processions here  
I wish, that all mankind  
May here for souls' and bodies' ills  
Health at their seeking find."

When, eleven days later, came the date  
Of Monday in Easter week,  
Ten thousand people saw a thing  
Would strengthen faithlings weak:  
For, 'neath the fingers of the child,  
As prayed she there in trance,  
A burning candle she no heed  
Gave or by word or glance.

Although the flame remained there long,  
More than an hour's fourth part,  
And, rising, through her fingers flamed,  
It hurt gave none nor start.  
Came forth her dainty hand unharmed,  
From slightest scorching free,  
As from the furnace came of old  
Of God the servants three.

And when, in all these interviews, time  
Brought in the grievous date  
Called of the Lance and Nails, was seen  
No Vision early or late.  
For sacred sorrow held in heaven  
The memory of the deed  
Ordained that for a sinful world  
A stainless Lamb should bleed.

From February's days until July's  
These eighteen meetings spread,  
Then, with a blessing given her Maid  
The radiant Vision fled.

Not fled, but vanished, gradually  
Its outlines turn to gold,  
Splendor would come, and in its heart  
Its chosen Lady fold.

From June's to October's ruled the law,  
That is the law of man,  
The local ruler put the place  
Beneath a local ban.  
This, by the coast at Biarritz,  
The Emperor learned, and frowned,  
And swift his lightning message threw  
The barricades to the ground.

And now are seen processions long  
Of pilgrims at the place,  
Come to enjoy the promises given,  
And share this Lady's grace,  
Come in great hosts, as armies come,  
From lands remote and near,  
The niche, the grotto, and the church  
To view in love and fear.

And what's become of Bernadette,  
So favored and so famed?  
A recluse was she for some years,  
Then heaven her presence claimed.  
Her mission was fulfilled on earth,  
But always there at Lourdes  
Her name a blessing will receive  
From every sufferer cured.

And long as from the Pyrenees' snows  
Rolls down to Pau the Gave,  
The Paradise of Massabielle  
Men's praise and faith shall have.  
Oft will they deem that Eden's bowers  
Its primitive race sent forth  
To hold these mountains claiming speech  
The earliest used on earth,

And that not idle was the strife  
For Christ that saved these lands,  
Else doomed long ages' servitude  
To bear 'neath infidel bands,  
Loved lands by sun and star caressed,  
As were none other's e'er,  
Where nature's forms are unsurpassed,  
And awe reigns everywhere.

Much art thou favored, beauteous France,  
The eldest daughter thou  
Of that fair Church the Lord ordained  
And spreads through nations now.  
Through ages unto thee the trust  
Descended from on high,  
Keep it, fair France, unsullied keep  
The legacy of the sky!

NOTE—The foregoing poem follows closely the admirable work of Lasserre, entitled "*Notre Dame de Lourdes.*"

THE BALLAD OF ROSALIE.

'T WAS 'mongst the hop-vined glens of Kent  
And poppied fields of grain,  
The May-day sports were broken in  
By mighty drops of rain.

Swiftly the May-queen sought the roof,  
With all her blooming court,  
And with the crown which on her brow  
Had laid the merry sport.

Wild rolled the clamor of the skies,  
The tempest fiercely howled,  
Through dark clouds levin flashed, and then  
The blackened heavens scowled.

The patriarch of the cottage up  
The well-thumbed Bible took,  
And sought to make the children hear  
Words from the blessed Book,

When came such crashing bolts that voice  
None in that hour was heard,  
Sight e'en was blinded, only sobs  
At times the silence stirred.

Expected all to hear the crash  
    Would set their spirits free,  
First wind, then forked fire, had torn  
    To shreds the nearest tree.

When, all at once, fair Rosalie,  
    The little four-year-old,  
Said "Father, look! I see her come  
    Enclosed in gleaming gold!"

"See whom," the father said, "my child?"  
    "The angel, like to those  
Are pictured in our Bible, me  
    She beckons as she goes,

"Her palm-branch waves she, and she means  
    I shall her follow, see,  
See, how she nearer comes to earth,  
    And seems to call to me!"

The father looked, the mother, all  
    None could the angel see,  
But in the blinding storm went forth  
    The little Rosalie.

And followed all, not doubting fear  
    Had crazed the beauteous child,  
And caring nothing in such mood  
    For all the tempest wild.

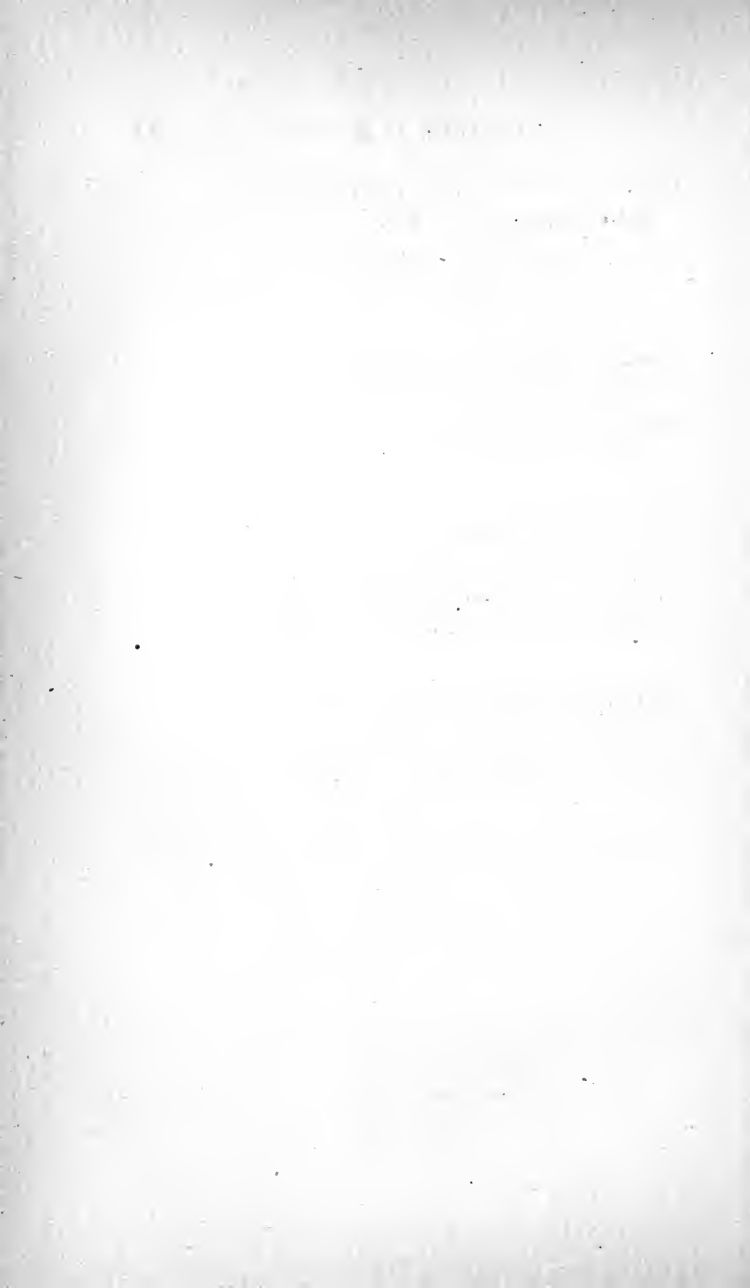
Crash, crash, and blinding levin smote  
Behind them ruin wide,  
The child rushed on in ecstasy,  
While all with terror cried.

And, in that moment, 'gan to fade  
The gold from out the sky,  
And left sweet Rosalie's raptured ken  
The angel now so nigh.

And looked the terror-stricken crowd  
Behind them, and beheld  
A burning ruin flat the house  
Whence they had been so spelled,

And all owned then the angel sent  
By heaven's sweet charity,  
To draw them from the danger forth,  
Queen, court, and Rosalie.

NOTE—The incident whereon the foregoing verses are based may be found related in one of the earliest numbers of *Blackwood's Magazine*.





# THE BATTLE FOREST.\*

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## *IN SEVEN PARTS:*

1. TIPPIKANAU.      2. ELSKWATAWA.      3. THE WAR CHIEFS.

4. THE GROTTO.      5. THE WAR SONG.

6. THE CAMP.      7. THE VICTORY.

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\*\*\* The first edition of this Poem was made part of the NEW YORK MAIL AND EXPRESS of the date of October 18, 1890. THE MAIL AND EXPRESS published, also, in pamphlet form, a second edition, in the month of November of the same year.

## DEDICATORY SONNET.

TO MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

THREE eras, Madam, mark thy lofty name,  
Each, as the fruitful Wabash, Po, or Rhine,  
Mark, on the globe, where sheaf, or branch,  
or vine  
Reward the worker and the summer's flame.  
The initial era gave our Nation fame,  
Through the great document men were  
proud to sign,  
Wherein shone Liberty superb, divine;  
The second was the event to sing I aim;  
The third the patriotic strife which brought  
Thy husband to the helm supreme of State,  
A pilotage he rather shunned than sought,  
And which he holds with loftier mind sedate  
That thou art with him in the important seat  
For which thy traits make thee so fitly meet.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

The following production aspires, perhaps too ambitiously, to the character of a National epic. Longfellow has probably approached nearer to the preparation of an epic than any other American poet, in his *Hiawatha*, his *Evangeline*, or his *Miles Standish*. The *Hiawatha* is a collection of the legends of the native tribes inhabiting the lands west of the upper waters of the Mississippi; the *Evangeline* is a story of the destruction of a Canadian village, and the wanderings of two of its families, both of which suffered extinction; and the *Miles Standish* is the story of the founding of the colony of Massachusetts.

The *Battle Forest* embraces the story of the triumph of American civilization in its struggle with the strongest aboriginal force ever organized on the continent. Tecumseh, the highest product of the Indian race, an aboriginal Julius Cæsar, had planned a conspiracy embracing the entire United States. Leagued with him was the government of England. This league, embracing two hemispheres, was met by the vigilance, the ability, and the heroism of Harrison. The *Battle of Tippecanoe* was the first, as that of New Orleans was the last, of the great events connected with our second war with England.

The heroic measure is adopted, of course, as the suitable measure, and the rhyme as the invention and privilege of modern poetry.

## THE BATTLE FOREST.

## I.—TIPPIKANAU.

MUSE, aid this story of the forest wide;  
As moves the theme, be thou my favoring  
guide;

Here come in conflict races great of men,  
Supply my memory slight, inspire my pen,  
That men may sit attentive to a song  
That rolls all echoes of this land along!

The scout, the interpreter, the efficient aid,  
Well known to Harrison the place had made  
Where stood the aboriginal force at bay,  
At home, their Town, the shock of war to stay;  
And, as the day wore on, the Indians showed,  
Once and again, the hate that in them glowed,  
And followed, lowering, all the army's path,  
Concealing scarce their deep, consuming wrath.  
But knew the White Chief well his mission high,  
And, as he came to their entrenchments nigh,  
Fear seized them, and they said, "We are for  
peace,  
At least until to-morrow let war cease;

We would be friends and cruel bloodshed save.”  
“Agreed,” the General said, and from a brave,  
A Shawnee hunter, whom the White Chief knew,  
Sought, as to camping information true,  
And what he asked obtained: “Westward and  
south

A creek is, with sweet waters for the mouth,  
And ’mongst the lofty trees along its side,  
Oaks, maples, elms, your men may well abide.”

A halt the general called, and Dubois sent,  
With Clarke and Taylor forward, aids intent  
On prompt, intelligent service, to inspect  
The ground the Indian mentioned, or select  
Some other: “Here, meantime, stand we at rest,  
And soon will know if truthfully speaks our  
guest.

Keep watchful eyes about ye, and what news  
From straggling red men comes, that not refuse.  
And, Captain Prince, take you an escort, go  
In that direction where distinctly show  
The skirting woods the course the river wends,  
The river Tippikanau, see if tends  
Our prudent progress thither; it seems best  
Not on this Indian’s word too much to rest.”

When Prince returned, “Much marsh,” he said,  
“Toward the woods lies, and by springs is fed.”

Came soon the reconnoiterers; content  
Was with their words and pleased expression  
    blent:

“Selected, General, as your aids, such grounds,  
In this rare paradise of sights and sounds,  
To seek, as may give rest, or strength, or war,  
With haste, but care, we’ve looked the country  
    o’er,

And find, not far, the favorable field.  
The Prophet has his savages near, concealed  
Beyond a swamp adjacent to his Town,  
Built firm with logs and palisades, whence his  
    frown

Is fixed portentous on the coming fight.  
Around his head he claims a holy light  
Rays from the Indian’s God supreme, which  
    brings

Assurance full of victory, as he sings.  
Yet little saw we of his Town or braves;  
’Neath it the Wabash dashes murmuring waves;  
Our errand was to find fit place for camp,  
Not rough, nor steep, nor flat, nor drear, nor  
    damp.

It stands above the marsh a score of feet,  
Is covered with a wood of monarchs meet  
To save the men from flying shaft on shaft;  
It tapers to the south, and gayly waft  
A dimpling creek’s clear waves November’s  
    leaves

Close on its west; its eastern side upheaves

Fair, fern-clad banks, turned by the marsh's face.  
The lofty trees of brush but little trace  
Have left to grow. Hence, safe's the way; there  
wains,

And men, and stores, and our artillery trains  
Will have good place and good positions find  
Should the red foe to battle be inclined."  
Such Dubois' words were, spoken for those sent  
By Harrison to find a camp where tent,  
And steed, and wheel, and glowing hearts of men  
Might rest from warfare past, or meet the foe  
again.

Then thus the tried commander: "It is well;  
Let now the bugles' echoes rise and swell  
Throughout the force, and through the cam-  
paign round,

That all the stragglers may in rank be found;  
And let the march begin, you in advance,  
That this good field we may not miss by chance!  
There let the Almighty say whose right is best,  
Let hear the forest heights His name addressed!"  
Fife, drum and trumpet thrilled the expectant  
host,

Above them waved the flag, our country's boast,  
Came on in order, infantry, cannon, horse,  
The army moved in its appointed course.

From Cedar Bluff, an outside sentinel's eye  
Could Harrison's last night's bivouac fires espy,  
Where camped he lay, some miles from this  
famed field—

This lookout place could widespread surveys yield.  
Approached it was, first by canoe, which drove  
Three winding miles to where a lordly grove  
O'erhung the river; thence a mile of steep,  
Moss-covered cliff, whence freshet torrents leap,  
By active climbing overcome must be;  
And then a step led to the prospect free.  
And, at this day, this dream of height and vale  
Bears, not in vain, its name, Tecumseh's Trail.  
Near where the sentry saw the curling blue  
Ascend to heaven, now stands our famed Purdue,  
While now bestrides the limpid Wabash, then  
Remote and silent, far from haunts of men,  
An iron bridge, which learning leads to parks,  
Belt railroads, factories, and that scheme of Sparks  
To make a Minnetonka here, and on  
Its banks to show a rival of Boulogne.

Whence came the sentry's orders forth? The town,  
Whose stretch of cabins on the airy crown  
Of prairie, skirted far the Wabash—thence  
Went orders forth for forays and defense.  
Its ruler was Tecumseh, when at home;  
His absence gave the power in this his dome,



His citadel, his capital, unto one  
Who claimed of prophecy gifts. Him so alone  
Tecumseh would not trust, but left decree  
That, in his absence, peace with whites should be.  
Injunction wise, spurned by the Prophet vain,  
Who brought upon his people ruin's reign!

And why this town imperial loved he so?  
Muse, tell us, of Tecumseh we would know!  
It loved he that it meant the war he fought;  
It built he for the advantage that it brought;  
Its site strategic threatened and combined;  
Vincennes it threatened, and the Ohio, lined  
With teeming farms; and here tribes near and far  
Might centralize for any destined war.  
For 'neath its walls a limpid highway flowed  
Which times primeval often gayly showed  
Streamed o'er by rustic navies; which the lakes  
United with the gulf; the portage breaks,  
Alone Maumee and Wabash 'twixt, that line  
Whereon the North, the West and South combine;  
A place desired, the choice abode remote  
Of pre-historic races; this denote  
'The tumuli, still seen upon the crest  
Of bluffs that crown the Tippikanau, blest  
With all associations that may count  
To make them of all dreams the fairy fount.  
Behind it, to the north, a country flat  
A refuge furnished, if it might be that

Some Fabius might arise to win success,  
To give some Hannibal untold distress,  
In following through the swamps of Kankakee  
The foe unsearchable, who might with glee  
See quicksands swallow cavalry up, and wains  
Sink deeper down for all a Hercules' pains.  
Upon this highway, moons not far away,  
Went forth an armament rich and bright and gay,  
Four hundred youths in eighty stanch canoes,  
Five warriors placed in each, of iron thews.  
Ah! but to see them in their war paint, decked  
In hues terrific, all with feathers flecked!  
'Twas in the summer, and the natural brawn  
Shone forth, and some had blankets on,  
And some had hideous pelts with hideous tints,  
Some guns, some clubs, some arrows tipped with  
flints  
Or jasper heads, or agates polished gay,  
Which they had brought from distant strait or bay.  
And all their tomahawks gleamed and scalping-  
knives,  
Threatening to faces pale and lilled lives;  
And all the war-whoop sounded, often stirred  
To this by mutual hint, or spoken word,  
Or sign, or as a token of their hope  
That they might soon with other warriors cope.  
Their faces showed that steady, stolid pose,  
Which on the boy by imitation grows.  
At times they saw the river lashed by winds  
All into foaming serpents; sometimes lines

Of silvery light the moon traced o'er its face;  
Sometimes, by sun and calm's united grace,  
Broke their swift keels the mirror of the waves,  
The mirror picturing bison, deer, birds, braves,  
The headlands painted and the azure skies  
The inverted bluffs with varying tints and dyes,  
And upturned forests shimmering in the breeze  
And trembling with their wealth of lordly trees.  
How played the naiads with their shapely guests  
Within the billows pictured! Songs and jests  
The nymphs could hear, as floated through their  
realm

Rude music's notes from every gallant helm.

There is a beauty in the early prime  
Of nature seen not in the later time;  
There is a freshness then, a choice perfume  
That civilization hastens to its doom,  
And, doomed, it ne'er can be replaced; the tint,  
Mixed of the skies and earth's all-modest glint,  
Fair nature wears, no art cosmetic yields;  
And culture robs us of those perfumed fields.  
Simplicity in character has more  
Attractiveness than all a bookworm's lore.

And as the gallant navy stemmed the tide,  
And flung its waves far forth to either side,  
Shone in the midst Tecumseh, marvelous star  
Of aboriginal history; braves from near and far



On bends, round points, gave forth these forest  
tars,  
In honor of their admiral, fierce huzzas,  
Or rippling rapids woke with cheer on cheer  
Which from their coverts roused the startled deer.

Whence came the name of Tippikanau, word  
To town and river given, and this day heard  
As designation of a county? Whence  
The idea that gave the seat of power immense  
That was to be, this quite peculiar name  
By war forever linked with honored fame?  
'Twas thus, the bard declares: the buffalo  
These early fields commanded; here would flow  
Across the State his legions, and their course  
Being changeless made them symbols true of  
force;

And in the river gleamed the buffalo-fish,  
The tyrant of the watery depths, whose wish  
His subject sturgeons, bass, pike, muscallonge  
Obeyed, all heedful of his vehement plunge.  
On either element thus the symbol held,  
On both it conquered and all rivalry quelled.  
The northern tribes a boat call a cheemaun  
(A boat's a ship, a deer grows from a fawn),  
The Sacs keneu the great War Eagle call,  
The bird supreme in sovereignty over all.  
Tippi's the fish, Kanau the buffalo; we  
Tippecanoe the inadequate name decree.

## II.—ELSKWATAWA.

CAME shades of evening on, then night, the  
last

The Shawnee power should know; the luckless  
cast

Was thrown, within the Prophet's brooding mind  
To prudence lost, to obvious warnings blind:  
The law Tecumseh gave him he would break,  
The dreary marsh his Rubicon he would make,  
Heedless of all, and he would storm the gates  
Which held behind them good and evil fates.  
His choice was made, and now the high priest,  
shrewd

And bold and eloquent, with care reviewed  
The assembled army of his race, all glad  
To do him reverent honor, and he bade  
That, while the outside sentries kept remote  
A vigilant watch, all should convene and note  
In council his instructions; then that all  
Details of fight should to the war-chiefs fall.

Who was this lawless Prophet, placed in power  
Thus recklessly, and destined to bring sour  
Defeat and overthrow to cautious plans?  
The Tawa towns, the Mississinewan bands  
Acknowledged him as leader; and the praise  
His fellow-chieftains gave when he would raise  
His voice sonorous at the council-fire,  
Took, in the way that personal traits inspire,

The form descriptive of a name, which said  
This warrior has a voice of power and dread.  
All this in Laulewasika was implied.  
Then Penagashega, prophet honored, died,  
And, as the Hebrew seer, who rose to heaven,  
Transferred his mantle, so, divinely given,  
The mantle of the Indian seer seemed apt,  
Albeit this seer no flaming chariot rapt,  
For Laulewasika's shoulders. He now bore  
The name of Elskwatawa, Open Door.

Why he thus changed, with change of office,  
name  
Seems on our Muse to have no idle claim:  
Some counsels he had held with black-robed  
priests,  
Some sermons he had heard interpreted, increased  
His scanty store of scriptural knowledge; so  
That, not through mighty winds, he knew, nor  
glow  
Of fire, nor quaking of the earth, the call  
Came to the sacred seer, but still and small  
The voice of Manitou descended soft,  
Through zones empyreal, from calm realms aloft.  
From some such idea may have come the change,  
Fantastic, vain, and beautiful as strange.  
The loud, clear voice of wrangling in debate,  
The sharp punctilio in affairs of state,  
Had had their use, their day, but now he stood  
The edifice, the temple of all good,

The dazzling palace wherein all was stored  
That yet remained of all his race's hoard  
Of skill and wisdom, and the door wide thrown  
Of that new union, which, if they would own,  
There entering they should strength and courage  
find,  
The dauntless will, the high heroic mind.

The assembled throng by one consent was still,  
Pleased to give homage to his sovereign will.  
Not more sedate grim ranks at Shiloh shone,  
Nor iron squadrons glittering on the Stone.  
A thrill, from deep, mysterious silence, ran  
Throughout the throng, and then the sage began,  
Or, rather, stood in pose to speak, and slow  
His words to form before their readier flow:

"Chieftains and fellow-warriors, not to-night  
Have I to hold forth arguments for the fight;  
I know your native ardor prompts you; vain,  
Perhaps, would be my efforts to restrain  
That boiling mass of valor flaming high  
I see in every cheek, in every eye.  
No! 'Tis but to remind you of the cause  
For which you fight I speak; I beg you pause  
But just enough to let the Long Knife fall  
Into deep sleep before he hears the call



Of vengeance; then the Seventeen Fires\* shall  
know

What 'tis to have this army for a foe,  
An army which the consummate flower is known  
Of princely worth such as should save a throne.  
And while we wait, let me in part employ  
The time that must elapse before the joy  
Of victory greets ye, to recall our claims,  
Your claims and mine, and history, and the aims  
Our race proposes to itself to try,  
Beguiled by treaties oft and frauds, and why,  
Before so many worthies of our race,  
The tribe of Shawnees claims supremacy's place.  
Supremacy claim we even o'er the whites,  
In their own methods even of claiming rights:  
By journeying from a land beyond our land,  
And sacred marriage joining hand to hand.  
Approached the Shawnee ancestry from far,  
Dim shores remote, where rests the sun his car;  
And afterward came from Californian coasts  
To Georgian vales our aboriginal hosts.  
All that claimed, voyagers Columbus, Penn,  
Hudson and Raleigh, Plymouth's Alden, when  
They sought possession afterward, took too late,  
Usurping what we held of prior date.  
A Georgian maid there was, the daughter fair  
Of a high lord the King had given the chair

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\*The seventeen States at that time composing the American Union, each State being regarded by the Indians as a council fire.

Of sovereignty o'er all that pleasant Fire.  
She, when my warrior-ancestor her sire  
Approached to treat of grievances long borne,  
Felt all her soul with fiery passions torn  
Of love for him the Shawnee chieftain; prayed  
Much she her princely father; they were made  
Husband and wife; my origin comes from thence;  
Marriage of princely lines gives no offense  
To either line. No history can deny  
That earlier settlement and that marriage tie.  
The two, or either, make our rights supreme,  
Rights which we hold as servants, for we deem  
All honors held as held for you in trust,  
To you we bow all humbly in the dust.  
The heavy duty's ours to guard your lives  
From all that, natural, supernatural, strives  
To work ye harm, the ambush and the charm,  
The evil eye, and ghosts, a grisly swarm.  
Ah, brethren, that which us most deeply grieves  
Is that you must expose your lives to thieves,  
Thieves who, instructed by the Seventeen Fires,  
Death's doom deserve, as traitors, murderers,  
liars!

And, furthermore, let me some personal things  
Say, which, in this assemblage, will no stings  
Behind them leave, for here I only friends  
Behold; to them no faults belong, no sting ex-  
tends.

Me the Great Spirit grants to know the men

Who deal in magic—this I say again—  
Me the Great Spirit grants to speak their names,  
And you commands to purge their guilt in flames.  
With his own hand the ancient prophet slew  
False prophets at the brook: I look to you,  
As executioners of my will, as well herein  
As in all cases where is quest of sin.

So did ye with the chief who crossed my path,  
Base Leatherlips, who fell beneath your wrath.  
I, armed with this great power, name none else  
now,

To-morrow I shall read on each man's brow  
Praise written or condemnation; so die first  
By sacred wounds, ere by my thunders cursed.  
But die we shall not, that same power divine  
Has granted me to cast that spell of mine,  
Taught me by dusky angels of his throne,  
Around the paleface. It is I alone  
Possess it of his prophets. I will sing the themes  
Taught me by voices heard by me in dreams,  
Voices of heavenly hosts above the stars,  
Whilst you attack. The foe have thunder cars,  
Guns great and little; none shall hurt ye; swords  
In their hands held shall melt before my words;  
And horses' hoofs shall harm ye not, repelled,  
Made vain by me, by my enchantments spelled.  
Did I not, when the Long Knife called me fool,  
Ask Manitou for power the sun to rule?  
Did not I, when it pleased me, gloom bring down  
Upon the world; bid cloudless noon to frown,



And universal nature wrap in black,  
Grieved that your prophet due respect should  
lack?

Ah, I can bring the moon down from her  
sphere,

Or rain of stars, fraught with abundant fear,  
But these great prodigies would forests burn  
And kill my people; I their love would earn.

Wâkan our northern allies mystery call,  
Which o'er weak minds appears to cast a pall!  
Mystery divine; on me no mystery preys,  
Light, speech and power from heaven attend my  
ways.

Was it for nought I starved in forests drear,  
Where met I the Great Spirit, and drew near,  
Chilled, weary, worn, his messages to hear?  
Recall what saw ye in the sacred cave,  
Where heard ye, by me mastered, howl and  
rave

The spirit of evil, dastard, fool and knave,  
While ye from him my strong will safely walled,  
While him the sacred symbols dread appalled:  
The flesh of the Great Spirit,\* and the awe  
All felt when fiery tongues descend we saw,  
And saw the glittering snowy crystals down  
Fall from that roof fit kingly domes to crown,

---

\*A tangle of coffee-nut beans, lizzards' tongues and birds' livers, tied to a cord, and wound in mysteriously from a pelt-screened sanctuary, that they might be touched by the twelve apostles.

And, from the spiritual presence, light  
Sublimely glow on gem-decked height on  
height;\*

The gong of praise which to the faithful spoke;  
The trump of war which far-off echoes woke;  
Where, each with his red coal, my heralds came,  
The sacred twelve, sent forth to spread my fame,  
To spread abroad the rumor of your wrongs,  
And preach my gospel, and intone my songs;  
Three times ye knelt, three times ye bowed in  
prayer,

Three times ye hailed the sacred taper there.  
Saw ye not, but to-day, an eagle wheel  
Sedate aloft, while smote the thunder's peal  
All summits of the forest and the heights?  
The storm not moved him, nor its dazzling lights;  
The sun, the cyclone, felt he neither, fear  
Touched not his tawny bosom; nor does here,  
Within my bosom, lurk of fear one trace;  
I am this Eagle, I, in pride of place  
Sail thus aloft o'er all the red men's Fires  
That gleam in council wheresoe'er aspires  
Our race to claim its rights; the Long Knife's power  
In fort or battle dies with this good hour."  
And then a look repressive of a noise  
Applausive gave he, and made signs to boys  
Recumbent on the ground, his acolytes,  
'Twixt him and lads who held the pitch-pine lights.

---

\*The results of fire-works, fulminating-powders and explosives. The prophet had looked about him in theatres, as well as in churches and caves.

Up from their place they sprang; the sacred wand  
One held, the other, with a gesture fond,  
Held t'wards the chief the enchanted skin tattooed  
Whereon the sun and moon, in figures rude,  
And stars, gave token of its use divine,  
And, in due order set, curve, point and line,  
Or dark or light, of mystic lore made sign  
And heaven's interpretation and design.  
That stern and staid impressiveness, like a mask,  
Wore they, as did their chief, but still the task  
Was pleasant, 'twas important, a high grace  
Held firm upon their comely faces' place;  
Great grandson, one, of Wa-pa-tha, the same  
Who 'neath Penn's treaty tree gained worthy fame;  
The other scion was of Georgia's child,  
Le-moy-a-tun-gha, ever free and wild.  
Not Ganymede, when stood he 'fore Jove's throne,  
Rapt by the eagle on from zone to zone,  
More radiant stood, with boyish honors bright,  
While from him beauteous Hebe in despite  
Turned her vexed eyes, what time the angry air  
Of stately Juno showed her grim despair  
That her own daughter should be thought of worth  
Less on Olympus than a son of earth,  
Than Wa-pa-tha's descendant stood impressed  
With every charm that ever boyhood blest.  
Nor Polycletus, e'en, nor Phidias' self,  
More beauty placed in goddess, faun or elf  
Than showed their swart limbs where might fail  
to lap  
The rabbit-robe, or frolic show a gap.

Not more devoted are the chosen sons  
Of noble Roman houses 'neath the guns  
Of famed Saint Angelo's fort on festal days,  
When all its pomp and beauty Rome displays,  
Nor on the chapel's floor in Holy Week,  
Before the pontiff prostrate, mild and meek,  
Than were those scions of that native stock  
Which thus serenely faced the battle's shock.  
Bore cunning leers enough their merry cheeks;  
Indeed, within the last half dozen weeks,  
Much pork had these same pious acolytes killed,  
With all a Nimrod's high ambition filled,  
Where flocks domestic roved in many a wood,  
And boasted bears had furnished forth the food;  
Perhaps some inkling theirs of Moses' law,  
Or that in Blackstone they were not too raw  
To learn that on tame beasts one may not prey,  
But only on those *feræ naturæ*.

The skin was of the far-sought wapiti,  
The large red deer which feeds in pastures free  
Beyond Missouri's gates, where mountains rise  
Whose rocks to skillfulest hunters bring surprise;  
And, once the skin's prepared, it e'er remains  
A flexible pelt, though wet with myriad rains.  
The wand was iron-wood, tipped at either end  
With gold refined, gold which the tribes pretend  
Comes from Peruvian mines, or missions taught  
Far in the West, with every wonder fraught.

The prophet took the enchanted wand, and threw  
Sands from far western mines, diverse in hue,  
Upon the sign-wrought skin the boys upheld,  
And in the sand traced with the wand, as spelled,  
Mysterious figures, hieroglyphs, designs,  
Contrived to have much force with ignorant minds;  
Then, all intent, the fateful markings read  
In words half said, half sung, then solemnly said:  
"The will of heaven is evident; the cause  
Divine we fight for will not let us pause.  
Not here to-night will I still further signs,  
Well known, repeat; form ye your battle lines;  
To-morrow will be need of prophecy none;  
Ye shall the proof see with the rising sun.  
Respond not by the war whoop to my speech,  
Let sacred silence reign, lest noise might reach  
As far as to the sentries the Long Knife  
Has posted far towards our lines; the strife  
Expired, then shall we have good cause  
For joy, congratulation and applause."

He ended, and so fixed the habit was  
Of rendering answer as a warrior does  
That went to hundred lips a hundred hands  
To form the challenge, but his warlike bands  
Th' heroic chief kept awed by strict control,  
And gave the example of his lofty soul.



## III.—THE WAR CHIEFS.

THE war chiefs then withdrew to council,  
proud  
That unto them was duty such allowed,  
The rules to fix, the measure of delay,  
And methods best of mingling in the fray,  
And when, combined, should launch their war-  
like force  
All 'gainst the encampment; they must fix the  
course  
Each band should take, what chieftan each should  
lead,  
What countersign, what signals, all should heed,  
The front, rear, center, spaces and reserves,  
The approach direct or on the flanks in curves.  
What with the wounded must be done and dead.  
No thought they gave, so ruled their Prophet  
dread.

Around they passed the sacred calumet,  
Which tribes unite in friendly council met,  
Which warlike leagues confirm 'mongst allies  
sworn,  
Here heralding peace, and there denouncing scorn.

And 'mongst the chieftians was of pomp no lack.  
There were White Loon, Stone-Eater, Winnemac,  
Chiefs of renown; they were the leaders tried  
Who in the field would guide the battle's tide.

Not few the auxiliaries were the Shawnees had,  
With various arms, in various costumes, clad.  
There Sacs were, Kickapoahs, Ottawas,  
Pottawatamies, Chippewas bred to wars,  
And Winnebagoes, Wyandots, Miamis.  
And under chiefs of no mean grade were these.  
The lofty Shawnee warrior, orator, chief,  
Tecumseh, would my lines have lent relief  
Had he been present, but the absent brave  
Sought with rash counsels the lost cause to save,  
And distant, midst the southern groves of pine,  
Urged tribes remote to join his battle line.  
'Mongst the Sac warriors were Tepaukee, grim,  
And Onondaki; what was hoped of him  
Comes from his name, Destroy Town; and were  
sent,  
That might the Sacs his name well supplement,  
With these, Sag-wa-na-te-kwish-u (a name  
Which means, if here a trope may privilege claim,  
In our own plain United States, unfurled,  
The-Thunder-that-is-heard-around-the-world,)  
And Ha-hah-kus-ka, the White Elk; and came  
From Kickapoan lodges braves of fame  
Wide-flaming; there Bout-sa-ca-ho-ka was,  
The Wolf, and Paca Riqua; and uprose,  
For war vehement, Ottawan names:  
Tho-wo-nau-wa, amongst them, was in flames  
For instant battle; and the mighty bulk  
Of Taupinibeh's slowly sailing hulk

Launched was by Pottawataman zeal; and led  
Onoxa's plumes this festival of the dead.  
The Chippewan bands claimed Waubanoosa tall  
And Shamanetoo haughty ('twould appall  
Ears pious to know this God Almighty means,  
But blasphemy's the homage given by fiends);  
And, too, the Devil Standing (name profane)  
Mintongaboit; and in red war's train  
Strode the old warrior Wassachum—affrights  
His rendered name: 'tis First-to-start-the-Whites—  
The Winnebagoan hero. Sent the Wyandots  
Tyanumka, Terhataw, Tarhe; lots,  
Cast late by valiant hands Miamian, brought  
Him whom prompt victory crowned, where'er he  
fought,  
Mashepesheewingqua, or Tiger's Face,  
Into the lists; and Cantanquar; a grace  
This aboriginal prince our beadroll lends:  
His name's the Sky; much glory therewith blends.  
He claimed, like Wattawamat, that the levin  
His father was, which, from a stormy heaven  
Crashed on an oak tree, on a mountain's height,  
Amidst the appalling darkness of the night,  
And from the riven oak the hero sprang  
All at a bound, while fierce his weapons rang.

In ermine wrapped, with treaties' transcripts rolled,  
Safe in some woodland sanctuary old,  
Some grotto whereto comes no restless wind,  
And nature's to the hidden treasure kind,

With chiefs Wyandot, had been given in guard  
The Great Belt of the Union, that not marred  
Upon it might be one sole hieroglyph,  
One bead, one course of wampum, for belief  
In this their symbol had a sacred hold  
Upon their consciences, it was their flag, each fold  
Of which of ancient lineage spoke and dates  
remote:

But vain with them as with the Epirote  
Were his loved symbols, when the hosts of Rome  
Whelmed in disaster banner, hosts and home.

Two braves had sought concealment in the camp;  
The crime the same that gave Ulysses stamp  
Of strategy and valor. None deny  
This to a Greek; but, to a red man, spy  
Would be the weakest word our tongues could use,  
Unchivalrous, thus, the fallen to abuse;  
Their Trojan horse a clump of alders mixed  
With pawpaw bushes and the spicewood; fixed  
Their backs against a lin'n and beach, two trees  
Whose shadow aided them; they were Shawnees;  
One Larshapahe was, the Tranquil Chief,  
The other Tamenatha, Arrow-Sheaf.  
Sour greeting they with honeyed greeting met,  
Said they were guests of their white brethren, yet  
A grave surmise the General had that here  
His Brutus was and Cassius, and severe  
His countenance was; his horse they had observed,  
The General's height and size, they sure deserved

Short shrift, a rope or guns, but times of truce  
Counseled the affair be treated as a ruse  
Unpunished, and the humbled braves allowed  
To seek their own camp with vexation bowed.

And braves were there from many a western  
vale,  
From many a mount, and many a charming dale,  
From tracts Canadian, where a mighty king  
Sought on defenseless homesteads war to bring;  
From Sainte Marie and shores Chequamegan;  
From where, o'er mines Gogebic, deer herds ran;  
From Pepin's Lake and Straits of Macinac,  
And where the Chippewan hears his foes' Haha.\*  
There were they met upon the forest's verge,  
Met what they claimed their God-given rights to  
urge,  
Met to contest the mastery of a world.  
Think what high force on Harrison's camp was  
hurled!  
Think how, sublime, with heavenly armor dight  
And weapon earthly, they had sought the fight!

Ah, why begrudge this spray of asphodel  
Planted upon their graves? They suffering fell

---

\*The Falls of Minnehaha, within the territory of the Dacotahs or Sioux, the hereditary enemies of the Chippewas, and near the boundary line, the Mississippi River.

For what they deemed their sacred rights, not  
less

Were sainted heroes ancient songs caress  
Sincere in all the battles where they bled.  
For these to native land were dearly wed,  
An ancestry was theirs of no far strand,  
Yet them invaded pilgrim band on band,  
And soon the invaders masters were, and heaven  
Seemed upon them to pour but limpid levin.  
Suppose they did not use the soil, that waste  
Laid tracks primeval whereon beasts were  
chased?

May I not with my own do what I will?  
May I not nature love, each tree and rill?  
May I not have of lengthening leagues a lawn,  
And pasture there the bison, bear and fawn?

And when I praise the warrior, I praise not  
Wild license, rapine, lawless scheme and plot.  
May poet none Columbia claims as bard  
Mourn States controlled by power's Pretorian  
Guard,

But may free, unbought votes, free, noble speech,  
Be the rich heritage of all and each!

What is our civilization? Is't that scope  
For malice may be given to murderers, Swope  
And Goodloe? Or that hot Kincaid† may find  
In Taulbee's blood help for his anger blind?

---

†On the trial, which took place after the above was written, Kincaid put in, and sustained, to the satisfaction of the jury, a plea of self-defence.

All whites these were of station high and tone  
Exalted, yet the first sad pair must own  
They carried each for each the gun and knife,  
Nor place nor time was heeded; and the strife  
Came, with the last pair, while our statesmen  
laws

Were framing in the Capitol, and the cause  
Of Christian civilization in its home  
The insult felt, beneath Columbia's dome.

Used to the horse the Indian is, the lance  
Is his to use, with trappings of romance,  
But suffered not the marsh, the night, the trees,  
This friend of man his battle-rage to ease,  
And corralled stood the neighing chargers, drawn  
Forth from the lines, until the day should dawn  
With joyful tidings to be sent with speed,  
Or grievous dole which no dispatch would need;  
And ordered with their riders in reserve  
To aid the line should e'er the footmen swerve.

Few in that throng of fighting men lacked dress,  
The season mild made them content with less  
Than claims the rigorous winter, but parade  
Of taste and acquisitions many made  
Fastidious, and the occasion gave them cause  
Long in their savage toilets to make pause.  
Stripped to the waist were many, breast, arms,  
nude,  
And painted thick with horrid pigments rude,

While on their backs and sides were spaces  
strewed

With guns, bows, horses, arrows, there tattooed.  
All o'er the warlike cheeks and necks was spread  
A background of vermilion's brilliant red,  
And stripes alternate, sepia, yellow, green,  
To aid their barbarous guise, thereon were seen.  
The hunting shirt of doeskin, leggins oft,  
And moccasins frequent, of the buckskin soft,  
Blankets some wore, and some the savage hide  
Stripped from some denizen of the forest wide,  
Or roamer of the endless prairie's range;  
And, in costume exceeding weird and strange,  
Some helmets wore of the red fox, and free  
The pelt fell o'er the shoulders to the knee,  
Or yellow wolf-skin, drawn on as a hood,  
As if within a beast a hero stood.

So Aventinus, friend of Turnus, came  
Tricked to the war (that war Ausonia's fame  
Fixed changelessly) in shaggy vesture dread  
A panther's full pelt furnished; o'er his head  
The panther's face rose horrible, and shone  
The white teeth of the beast above his own;  
More hideous gear than Roland wore, or masks  
By white-capped white men worn, when lawless  
tasks

Employ them 'gainst their neighbors, and the  
night

Is soiled with civilized crime against the right.



Of trinkets, rings, chains, amulets, some were  
seen;

The exquisite, or wild or cultured, glean  
Will from the fertile fields of fashion brass,  
Gold, silver, copper, chalcedony, glass;  
And medals graced at times a lordly breast,  
Some sacred, secular some, and worn to attest  
Regard for him that gave them, king or priest,  
Great father, trader, sachem, west or east.  
The tomahawk, the rifle for the strife,  
Some had, and hung or belted was the knife;  
But others, wanting rifles, war clubs held,  
Whereby was many a doughty foeman felled.  
The bow and arrow found their famed experts,  
Skilled to inflict with these arms mortal hurts.  
Most richly were the three great chieftains  
dressed,

As of control supreme in fight possessed;  
Therein priority was given them, since  
Costume must always indicate the prince.  
Shirt, leggins, moccasins fine, with beads were  
trimmed

Of larger size, with ruddier tintage; rimmed  
All the edges were with brilliant red; and flashed  
Pistols and dirks from leather belts, while sashed  
Superbly were these chieftains, nor denied  
Each one the polished rifle at his side.  
Their tomahawks with new-given sharpness  
shone,

Glistened their medals large, full weird the tone

The little silver bells gave forth, which hung  
One following each gray eagle feather strung  
Along the beaded leggins, snugly dight  
With thongs of wolf-skin for this final fight.  
Knives round their necks in scabbards hung of  
hide,

Wherein their wives or daughters loved had vied  
Effect to give with hedgehog quills and beads  
And tinted glasses meet for bloody deeds.  
Full-feathered were they, beautifully gay;  
Upon their heads the eagle's honors play;  
Each round red dot upon the feathers dread  
Worn by a warrior means an enemy dead,  
Or man or woman, means a herald sent  
Before to the Valhalla, with intent  
That there the record may be kept as here,  
Grim rubric read of strife and force and fear!

#### IV.—THE GROTTO.

**S**TOOD forth the face of rock in rugged lines,  
Whereon from trees above came clustering  
vines

Grape-loaded in their season, mixed with hues  
That come from tribute given of early dews,  
The varied glow May brings, and mosses, ferns  
And simple flowers the year advancing earns.  
Such was the grotto's face when nature smiled,  
A pleasing nook, and ne'er severely wild.

The praise of Daphnis Roman shepherds sung,  
In their Sicilian grotto, from the tongue  
Of loyalty came never freer forth  
Than hence in vain came praise of prostrate worth.

Thither, when closed the hearing, and began  
The chiefs to counsel o'er their battle-plan,  
Went forth the Prophet and his nieces twain,  
Their chosen place of rendezvous to gain,  
Their devious, dim and secret way to wend,  
While threatened mists the starlight's reign to end.  
Westward it was from where the encampment  
slept,  
Or feigned to sleep, so near that it but stept  
A sentry's foot on twig or bark that cracked,  
The noise was easily by the hearing tracked.  
Across a flat and marshy space the view  
Took in the encampment's point, the red, white,  
blue,  
And all the numerous fires that lit the skies  
To render warmth and guard against surprise.

The grotto was not lofty; rose a bluff  
Not steep, and half way up its face, enough  
Had nature excavated of a space  
To make a niche or cozy tarrying-place.  
A niche made broad where might sit three or four  
And, sheltered, hear winds roar, see torrents pour.

The floor was highly pitched against the back,  
In front it had enough of level's lack  
To make it quite convenient as a seat,  
Whence forward fell the rested sitter's feet.  
Thither had shaggy bison robes been brought  
By menials apt, zealous to think of aught  
That should be done, and mantles soft of mink  
Invited tired limbs therein to sink.

Not unknown to the nieces was this cave,  
Oft they it trusted their fatigues to save;  
Distant not far from the imperial seat,  
For strolling friends or lovers a retreat.  
Oft thither they had walked, and there had sat  
To pass the pleasant time in pleasant chat,  
Or rest within its grateful, cool recess,  
Their subjects such as many a white princess  
Has often interested, gossip, dress,  
Ambitions which all women alike possess,  
The latest hunting party, or the dance,  
Or some foray, defeat, retreat, advance.  
War none the less had interest for these dames  
Than for our veterans, or their wives or flames.  
Modest they were and graceful; Indian lore  
Of heroes of this race has precious store;  
Prized women, too, were theirs, and peerless those  
Whose fame now haunts our verse, and therein  
grows.

They Tawala and Tawalara were,  
Descendant one of Puc-ke-che-no, fair

Historic name in Georgia's legends wrought;  
The other child of Chee-see-ah-quā; sought  
In all ill fates Tecumseh him, until  
Death's bolt sent him a hero's grave to fill.  
Mothers they lost in earlier years, reclined  
Their hopes upon their uncle's manners kind;  
The youngest, Chee-see-ah-quā's child, more care  
He seemed to give, but loved alike the pair.

There sat the three within the grotto's shade,  
The middle place the Prophet's, and arrayed  
On either side the maidens were, and placed  
So that Tawala his good right hand graced.  
Clad simply in a robe of beaver pelts  
The Prophet was, beneath which little else  
Marked his costume than the accustomed guise  
Of tunic, leggins, held by feathered ties,  
And moccasins beaded; on his head he wore  
A turban of rich stuffs, velvet and satin, gore  
By gore, a present from a captain high  
Canadian, who it sent with words to imply  
That he should wear it as a king his crown,  
So were his courteous compliments written down.  
Rose from the midst an eagle feather broad,  
That thereby more might be the observer awed.  
Hung from his neck his medals wide, three, four,  
Perhaps the beaver robe hid several more.  
Showed plain, when summer's heat exposed his  
breast,  
A couchant tiger, which the art confessed

An English sailor used, to please the chief,  
A tattooed work of wondrous skill, not brief  
The time it took, and which the Prophet wore  
In pride of that keen name his brother bore,  
For means Tecumseh India's royal beast  
In act to spring upon his gory feast.  
No wand of sovereignty he held, or mace,  
Or staff; into his hands with dainty grace  
Tawala placed his pipe, an heirloom come  
From times ancestral, and her little thumb  
Charged it with fragrant sumach, and by dint  
Of catching sparks on punk 'twixt steel and flint,  
Put fire upon the charge; but yet he held  
The pipe not to his lips, but sat as spelled.  
And quietly by him sat each lovely aid,  
Content to rest; since early morn had weighed  
Upon their minds the public business; haste  
Had given them scarce of rest a moment's taste;  
And now a vigil long before them rose,  
Cut off from friends, in face of powerful foes.  
Dressed were they with unusual height of care;  
Their uncle dreaded for them the night air,  
And hints had given jupons to wear and skirts  
Such as might save them from the season's hurts,  
The softest fawnskins fitted to their forms,  
And all that paraphernalia that protects and  
warms.

Short were their dresses both, but leggins meet  
Gave them continuations to their feet;

To walk, to romp, to mount the pony's back,  
Required their dresses length should somewhat  
lack.

A neat embroidery fair of beaded work  
Leggins and moccasins had, nor failed to lurk  
Within the needlework hints of Indian lays,  
Which moonlight sung and birds and flowers and  
fays.

A scarlet vest the younger wore, there wound  
Three onyx buttonrows sent from Puget's Sound.  
Earrings were theirs, and necklaces, of gold;  
Bracelets on wrist and upper arm; a fold  
Superb of beaded wampum made the belt.  
Envy thereof by all maids might be felt;  
Would reach each string thereof a length  
Might well of envy's rage excite the strength,  
And unto other Indian maidens show,  
As does among white dames the diamond's glow  
A disposition costly things to wear,  
With father, uncle, spouse, the expense to bear.  
The elder cousin's costume sympathy knew  
With something told a crisis onward drew.  
She wore, this night, a cross of silver given  
By a black gown, who gesture made to heaven;  
A benediction bore the cross, laid on  
By lofty hands Italian; she was drawn,  
In deep, long musings to recall the time  
And those glad Easter bells with chime on chime.  
This symbol of an alien faith she pressed  
Often upon the throbbings of her breast,

And high prayers muttered, with her eyes up-  
turned,

From priest, interpreter or prophet learned.

For ribbons had the elder girl slight care,

But England's present showed the younger's hair,

Far down her back her glossy tresses flowed,

And through the waves bright knots of color  
glowed.

Else headgear none was theirs, except a plume

Of snow-white swan's down fastened by a comb

Of tortoise-shell danced Tawalara o'er,

And one rich ornament her cousin wore.

A flexible coronet of gold held bound

The abundant hair her comely temples round,

The abundant hair whose rippling waves  
deserved

To be the Crown's betwixt and Leo's lights  
observed.

Drousset's young gift, a souvenir of the dance,

It had adorned the unfortunate Queen of France,

To history known by Rohan's necklace given,

Fair Antoinette, by murder sent to heaven.

A cedar spray the elder maiden held;

Placed midst the feast it gives delight, and  
quelled

Are evil spirits when 'tis burned, by rise

Of its sweet incense upward to the skies.

A cloak the youngest wore with ermine fringed

And made of tails of foxes purple tinged;



A turkey-feather fan within her lap  
Hung from her belt, thereby held from mishap.  
The elder cousin boasted ermine full,  
Whereof the white flecks shone like whitest  
    wool.

With all, far, near, they general favorites seemed.  
It had been noted Harrison them esteemed,  
And had at Fort Vincennes them presents made  
Which them it pleased at high feasts to parade.  
Not only were they social stars, but well  
At home they stood, nor on them censure fell  
That they reserved their pretty, taking airs  
For company, and, outside of that, were bears.

The ladies of the fort had given them gay  
Things pranked with lace and things to make  
    crochet.

These looked they on with female smirks of  
    grace,

But laid them by in one or other place;  
Not consonant were these things with their staid  
    ways,

Nor fell they into this and that dress craze;  
And deemed they angular these ladies fair,  
Nor liked their shades of eyes and face and hair,  
And when these fair ones came into their dreams  
They ne'er forgot their effeminate little screams.

Demure they were, these maidens of the wild,  
With looks, of course, constrained, and seldom  
smiled.

I do not speak of spikenard and ginseng,  
Of sassafras bark and slippery elm, the bang,  
And other similar frivolous things the sex  
The gallant verse to pass unnamed expects;  
But know I well that many a pale-faced maid  
Helps the petroleum and the tolu trade.

These princesses claimed half a globe to own,  
And yet the imagination sees them thrown  
All day 'mongst dirty pelts or forest leaves,  
And sad neglect which every housewife grieves;  
Domestic lives they led serene, and care  
Their cabin showed, 'twas not a lynx's lair.  
Not Muses e'er upon Olympus' slopes  
By whatsoever poet sung, in tropes  
All musical and resonant, e'er were seen  
To dip their radiant limbs in Hippocrene  
With more of grace, with more of modesty, clad  
Than were these natives of the woodland, glad  
To seek in Tippikanau's waves delight,  
And take the place of Naiads turned to flight.

Much they discoursed, much hath the legend lost,  
Hope, joy were with them at the first, but tost  
At last were they upon a troubled sea,  
An angry flood, and nowhere seen the lea.

Dread came and waned the murky, lingering  
night,  
Then hurtling horror's clang, and trembling fright;  
As heard they cries of pain, despair and death  
To breathe they scarcely dared, or think of breath.

The Prophet, when a boy, the chief had seen  
Of chiefs, great Washington; and with his keen,  
Swift glance, that son renowned of Gaul adored,  
The hero of two worlds, he whose true sword  
Flashed radiance far o'er fields historic red  
With patriot blood on Freedom's altar shed.  
Of these he talked; of these and Shawnees famed.  
Much Madison he, the ruling Father blamed:  
"The paleface thinks no longer comes a war;  
Bookmen and lawyers now rule nations—awe  
Will rule their souls when rise the native bands,  
And, midst red slaughter, seize our plundered  
lands."

His nieces, too, while he his pipe enjoyed,  
With all the misty future's happenings toyed,  
Their games, pranks, journeyings and exchange  
of gifts.

As struggled clouds in heavy, thickening rifts,  
"Ah, uncle," said the younger, "what a time  
We'll have at the Four Lakes! And when we  
climb

The rocks at Mackinac! Or Pictured Portals seek!  
On them in vain big storms their angers wreak!

Then the Dacotahs, too, their Thousand Lakes  
May us invite to visit, there where breaks  
The Father of Waters into cascades fair,  
Which fill with rainbows all the brilliant air!  
I well remember now that pretty song,  
Which once relieved a tedious journey long,  
Trilled by a maid from Waves Sky Tinted; so  
Upon the moonlight from her lips 'twould flow:

I will be the belle of Minnehaha!

I will be the belle of Minnetonka!

Let me sail upon thy waves, White Bear!

Let me breathe thine Island's sacred air!

Dance and music, ye are joys divine!

Friends and summer, be ye always mine!"

In musings died away the charming voice,  
Musings were times which were to her of choice.  
The seer smoked on, his thoughts were with the  
past

And future; rolls a ship without a mast;  
The silver cover fastened with a click  
To hold another charge of killikinick;  
Tobacco oft sent him a southern friend,  
But lest it might his nieces' nerves offend,  
He seldom used it; he that would be great  
Must yield at times in small things sans debate.  
And then the elder cousin sighed, and said,  
The while she held impatiently her head,  
And patted restlessly upon the floor,  
And glanced upon the sombre Open Door:

"This afternoon, as I my usual stroll  
Took, past where waves on our loved islands roll,  
With me Cakimi sent her restless boys;  
What pleased me wearied her, their ceaseless  
noise;  
No quail, no squirrel, their quick eyes escaped,  
Nor towering tree with hanging grapevines draped.  
Above a patch of flowering water-flag,  
A kingfisher I saw all easily drag  
From their sweet circuits tawny butterflies.  
Herein, O uncle, is it danger lies  
And threatening to our cause? Or may it be  
The flies are they, the happy birds are we?"

## V.—THE WAR SONG.

"**H**IST! do I hear the charge? . . . No! Wait!  
The time has not yet come to unlock our  
hate;  
Yes, 'twas but some sly fox or wolf, which draws  
The enemy's line of fire-heaps, or has cause  
In some wild wings above us changing skies.  
Or could it be from heaven some meteor flies,  
Or comet madly whirling in its sphere?  
Ah, crazed am I with joy and racked with fear,  
At this high moment, and sustained by hope  
That now at last we with the paleface cope.  
Go on." "Yes, uncle; know you, ran my mind  
On Uncle Tecumseh, ever good and kind?"

A glorious day it was when he returned  
From a long tour whence he had honor earned,  
Plumed forth for war, as you remember well,  
And we closed round to hear what he would tell;  
And, first, before him set the wild rice, fish,  
And tempting things delicious dish on dish,  
And buffalo marrow, and rich pemican,  
And we, sure, deemed him rather God than man.”  
“Yes, child,” the Prophet kindled at her speech,  
“Tecumseh’s merits had the loftiest reach.  
You know De Chouset said, the interpreter,  
He who the Long Knives said could never err,  
He had no easy task to follow forth  
Things full of force and philosophical worth,  
And lofty flights of eloquence divine,  
And golden truths from every gleaming mine,  
Tecumseh’s mouth would utter; deep and wide  
The interpreter’s learning was, but like the tide  
The Father of Waters sends when deep snows  
melt,  
Were forceful words Tecumseh’s, treasured, felt,  
As should be words of those the heavens endow.  
Ah, this is sweet, my darlings, victory now,  
While speaks Tecumseh in Tulaura’s groves,  
(I sometimes think of men as beasts in droves).  
He, by my couriers, will the victory learn,  
And we proud wreaths illustrious here shall earn.  
Ah, Tawalara, you will find it true,  
What I have preached, that in the beginning  
grew

All Indian tribes from ours; for ages knew,  
In his unbounded ken all nature through,  
The Great Spirit only the Shawnees; his brain  
Their ancestor produced, of Godlike strain;  
From him we are all descended; gave to birth  
The French and English, following us in worth,  
The breast of Manitou; while from his feet  
The German race came forth, as seemed most  
meet.

The Master of Life is with us at this hour;  
He will, this night display his sovereign power.  
To-night the Union is established; here  
Shall meet its parliament, called from far and  
near;

Here shall the center be of all debates,  
Hence shall go forth laws unto all our States.  
Here we will found an empire fixed and free;  
Here shall Tecumseh rule, sustained by me;  
The white race, with their fripperies and their  
smirks,

Smiles gracious, wherein rueful danger lurks,  
Shall, like the white waves, rocks impending  
spurn,

Dash into spray, and not like waves return.  
Back, back, beyond the memory of old chiefs,  
Or old tradition, rests our title; griefs,  
Wrongs, murders, lies, all have not quenched our  
love

For this dear land; the reigning stars above,

Kehaukee, Pauwan, Talauree, declare  
The crisis come, the dawn's deliverance near.  
Yes, stars in which our foes affirm their faith,  
And then deny; a God with them's a wraith.  
And what a race of hypocrites they are!  
They have their days for groaning, and they mar  
E'en these with silly laughter and gay routs;  
They have their days for laughter, wherein spouts  
Blood from the veins of furious rioters, dazed  
With long-drawn games, and all confused and  
crazed

With fire-water, which they drink and drink  
Till ceases heart to feel or mind to think.  
Corrupting, horrible, debasing vice!  
To drag *us* there's their favorite, deep device.  
They preach the things we need no preaching for;  
They practice what they please; an open door  
Is ever ready for the approaching lie.  
One of their Black Gowns heard I, who could vie,  
Whene'er to his red children he would preach,  
E'en with Tecumseh in felicitous speech,  
Open the book he carries, written in heaven,  
And show the dangerous fire-water should be  
driven

Forth from the world; he had his secret flask,  
And, in the same discourse he said: 'Each mask  
Ye give the soul discard; 'tis plainly shown  
Herein ye should not laugh, nor dance, nor groan;  
Reverent, not joyful, thoughtful be, not sad;  
An ancient king said, 'Laughter and mirth are mad



And sorrow vain;’ he heard his friend was dead  
And shook the forest with his moanings dread.  
Him gave I from my herd my finest horse;  
He let the reins of merriment have their course.”

Hurled from his coveted heights imperial down  
To bear the red man’s contumely, the frown  
Of chiefs full fed with envy, and their lies,  
Sowed broadcast, and his suffering people’s  
cries,

He’s not the first whom black ambition’s lure  
Led to betray a cause past hope of cure;  
He’s not the first whom mad vainglory drove  
To try the thunderbolts of jealous Jove;  
He’s not alone ’mongst leaders of the church  
Who saintly purity with statecraft smirch;  
Judge him just as he was, a spiritual lord,  
With crozier armed, and miter, crown and sword.

Now ceased the talk, nor cast down nor enthused  
The Prophet sat, and o’er this idea mused:  
The idea that whatever man may feel,  
He should the emotion steadfastly conceal.  
This idea governed all the tribes, east, west,  
North, south; on all their minds ’twas pressed.  
“Ye all,” the God Hay-o-kah said, “should live  
Calm lives, like mine, lives undemonstrative,”  
The Apollo he, who from the earliest days,  
Wore midst the Muses aboriginal bays.

A dispensation 'twas of gracious Fate;  
They felt no rising of delight elate  
At sight of this fair land around them spread,  
They felt no sorrow when their hopes were dead;  
At least they gave expression none to all;  
Each thwarted joy, nor would be sorrow's thrall.  
Somewhat alike to this is the high thought,  
With old romance and antique feeling fraught,  
Whereon is based the finest art of Greece  
(And shall in this her rulership ever cease?)  
The thought which gives their Gods a high  
repose.

No Grecian God emotion's traces shows,  
No Grecian God is thus made Fortune's toy,  
Nor chain confesses of or grief or joy.  
Thus is the aboriginal native free,  
The highest type is his of liberty.  
Free as the Gods, thus his ideal high  
Mounts radiant planes, e'en climbs Olympus' sky.  
Emotion? Yes, the fire is burning there,  
But unacknowledged; when a Hecla's glare  
Lights the horizon, then, in sullen wrath,  
Volcanic fires assail the white man's path.

And now the elder princess, pondering still  
Ancestral state, of silence broke the thrill:  
"Rich hues shall have our totem!" For no lars  
By mighty families old, recalling scars  
In strifes Ænean with the Rutuli,  
Or later, gained with Nelson on the sea,

Or given by infidels rash in some crusade  
Godfrey or Cœur de Lion famous made,  
With feeling greater or more lofty 's viewed  
Than by these red men were the legends rude  
That held them to the past. "Ah, t'will be  
sweet

To see you, uncle, every honor meet!"  
Ah, dear, dear girl, the sapphire-crested throne,  
The diamond crown, are not for thee to own,  
But meet thy jubilant hopes sat muttering Fates,  
And dark Defeat sits at thy future's gates!

Then in a voice caressing, low and mild,  
The Prophet spoke: "Ah, list to me, dear child,  
You women spoil the prophets; through the  
town

You sing their ceaseless praises up and down,  
Until mere tyrants they become, and prone  
To say, and do things better let alone.  
Hereafter I would hear but just the truth,  
This I expect from you not lacking youth;  
Yes, let detestable flattery come from men  
Uncandid, and from tottering dames, and when  
This bitter war is over, praise me not.  
Praise I eschew, 'tis oft so overwrought.  
Let us now think of all the risks of war,  
Wounds, stress, resistance, watchings, strugglings  
sore.



A source that gives its color to the flood  
That northward pours its foaming gouts of blood,  
A souvenir of the time he tarried there  
As umpire of debates that taxed his care,  
And me another give Dacotahs sent  
In kind return for hospitality lent,  
And say 'Come prophet-king, dismiss delay,  
Enough has been our waiting, let's survey  
From heights Janiculan ('twas De Chouset's word)  
The maze of valley, forest, prairie, bird,  
Star, cloud and sunshine that proud height affords,  
O'er lands where a new Troy shall claim us lords.'"

The words scarce spoken were, the signal came,  
A brand whirled circling, spitting sparks of flame.  
As from the monks of Irenarion's shrine  
Who, sleepless, sung the unceasing chant divine,  
So rolled upon the night that voice which erst  
Had made its owner honored as the first,  
The best, of his tribe's orators; alas,  
That honors must be lost, and praises pass  
Far forth to others! Rolled the song and grew  
Full and more full, nor trace of weakness knew:

Strike, brethern, strike! Strike, braves!  
Strike, strike, with anger warm!  
Drive, drive your foes as waves  
Drive swift the midnight storm!

Forth, brethern, forth to war,  
The war of right 'gainst might!  
Smite, smite the pale-face sore,  
O'erwhelm them in the night!

O, not Tecumseh's fame  
A prouder wreath shall bear  
Than shall your every name  
When men tell what ye dare!

Watch, watch, from rock and bush,  
The foe that watches you!  
With vigor onward push!  
Ye are many, they are few!

Stand, stand, for all your race!  
Stand for the young and old!  
Meet, meet them face to face,  
O, warriors true and bold.

Soak, soak the field in blood!  
Drive club and axe and knife!  
Let bullets pour a flood  
Of death upon the strife!

And came, in regular turn, as interlude,  
Between each stanza of the strain, the rude,  
Emphatic, earnest refrain rising high  
And rolled along the weird and darkling sky:

Strike, brethren, strike! Be brave  
Strike, strike! The good cause save!

From time to time came messengers to give news,  
At first all roseate were the announcements; hues  
Of dole come rarely at the first, but grow  
The lingering clouds, then comes the crash of woe.

One of these messengers was Teewalah, vowed  
Unto the younger of our maidens; proud  
His record was 'mongst Ottowan warriors; grace  
Ruled all his limbs, and dignity his face.  
Not more intent was Pelas, when he saw  
The Centaur bringing to the coast, when bore  
The Argo past his isle, the beauteous boy,  
To give sad fates one moment's gleam of joy,  
Than was the Prophet when this brave came near,  
Brave by fond woman loved and sacred seer;  
For here was Elskwatawa's venture, here,  
For his craved Golden Fleece he sought the mere;  
Here shipwreck was before him, and beyond  
Would hide him fate's contempt and folly's frond.  
A glance passed 'twixt the lovers, ah, how sad!  
And sad the words, in semblance only glad!  
Their mutual loves erst pledged, would fail forlorn  
Beneath the white man's burdening weight of  
scorn!

Home, city, empire lost, and prestige gone!  
Would bring all this, alas, the hastening dawn!

Or, rather, let us think calamity naught  
Changed in their souls with mutual homage  
                    fraught,  
Their mutual faith an amaranth's fadeless flowers  
Retaining all their bloom neath sorrow's showers.

And spoke her elder cousin: "Ah, how strong  
The sulphur-smoke! Uncle, will it be long  
Before our braves announce the battle won?  
See, there are signs the night's long race is run."  
Ah, sorrowing child of fate and sport of woe,  
The morning dawns, but not for thee its glow!  
For thee is no nepenthe's balm, dethroned  
Thy life hath lost the queenly state it owned!

Loud o'er the forest rung the bugle's notes;  
Loud o'er the strife cheer followed cheer, as floats  
Wave after wave, when dash upon the shore  
The jubilant billows crested o'er and o'er.  
Those notes, those cheers, they knew their mean-  
                    ing well,  
And heavy on their hearts their music fell.

Then came a messenger running, 'twas Twalee,  
Betrothed to Tawalara. "Flee, oh flee!"  
His first words were, and then his voice assayed  
To tell the fight was over; that arrayed  
In glittering harness steeds sent down from  
                    heaven,  
Mounted by giant riders wielding levin,



Had driven the red men back, and that defeat  
Was utter, and all bands in full retreat.  
But not one word . . . . sobs only came  
From lips hot with the battle's smothering flame  
And whips of furies seemed to sting his soul  
Burdened with love and sunk 'neath destiny's  
dole.

Naught said he, but the three him understood,  
They asked no speech from him in that pained  
mood;

He dashed sad tears from out his eyes, sad swa  
From off his brow; dismayed their eyes had me  
His and his loved one's; he had not the power  
The Prophet's eye to meet in that dread hour,  
And, as the messenger left, his head inclined  
Deeply towards the girl in gesture kind,  
And "Nenemoosha, sweetheart," said his lips,  
With somewhat else which from the legend slips,  
Alas! it was their latest greeting, sped  
Through that true heart a trooper's charge of  
lead!

#### VI.—THE CAMP.

THEN was this Battle Forest nature's child,  
'Twas nature's paradise, and not a wild.  
There blows a breeze incessant from the vale,  
But rises never to a dangerous gale.



The wandering eye, but lusk rich branches reach  
From noble growths, the sugar, oak and beech  
And hickory, symbol of unyielding will;  
From walnuts of both hues fays fruitage spill;  
And, in the valley, limns the graceful plane  
Upon the view its tintage not in vain;  
And climbs the lofty poplar heights divine,  
Caressed, like Virgil's elms, by flower and vine.  
Yes, growths are there for which the borrowing  
tongue

Of England has no name, which must be sung  
In tones Algonquin whereto Hesiod dear  
And loved Theocritus might lend an ear.  
A plane tree by the prattling brook stood; vast  
In was in burly bulk, and hollow; cast  
Thereon contented looks the troopers oft,  
For saw they there a swarm of bees aloft,  
And rightly judged that this wild colony's home  
Would rich stores yield of well-filled honeycomb.

Surprised the Dryads watched the unusual scene,  
Meek, modest maids, midst sprays of eglantine.  
Remote, beyond the din of war's array,  
Beyond the grotto's ribs of mossy gray,  
Satyrs and fauns, the sons divine of Pan,  
Fled trembling from the military plume, and Dan  
Silenus lost his leering, laughing looks,  
And himself changed to echoes soft of brooks;  
Fays, fairies, all the sylvan troop, dismayed  
The hint their sturdier brethren gave, obeyed;

I know not whether Bacchus left the scene,  
Perhaps could tell some contraband canteen!  
Full well I know that Pan was there himself,  
Friend, one would think, of every woodland elf,  
And heard his terrible voice those native men  
Them drive in flight confused through fog and  
fen.

Oft thrills of sympathy the embowering trees  
Expressed in moanings to the midnight breeze,  
Some aboriginal Phaëthusas there,  
Or Dryopes, might stir the midnight air.

Take now the map Columbia shows, and pass  
From Wabash banks, beyond where mountains  
mass,

To California's strands and Oregon's wilds,  
Aye, climb Tacoma's heights and seek defiles  
That lead to Saint Elias' peak, and there  
See Asian seas whose shores our standards bear!  
How many thousand millions does it add,  
With mines, with vines, with emerald herbage  
glad,

To our resources wide, to our domain  
Of acres bearing all all lands attain?  
How many hundred millions will it rear,  
Trained man to love and God alone to fear?  
So many acres has this forest camp  
Gained to our flag; so brightly burns the lamp  
Of knowledge, faith and labor in the souls,  
More rich, more wise, than any 'twixt the poles;

So much renown ne'er haughty Argonauts  
nerved  
'Gainst royal Thebes, where victory they de-  
served.

Plodded the weary sentinels on, and heard  
Only by dusky wolves the silence stirred,  
The dusky wolf at times a covering pelt  
'Neath which a spying Indian crept and knelt.  
The white-tailed deers' eyes glistened in the glare  
The watch fires cast upon a background, bare  
Of aught but ghostly tents and foliage black  
And starlight mixed with cloudy rack on rack.  
The migratory birds who sought the balm  
Of southern skies startled the scented calm  
With clang on clang aerial, as obeyed  
Their ranks their captains' orders on them laid.  
Not in the open field the Indian fights,  
He plans surprises, ambuscades; when nights  
With dubious moons are found, then lurks his craft;  
Or, by a sudden, swift movement, he will waft  
His force round to a point not guarded; truce  
With him means stealthy opportunity; loose  
Is his regard to promises made a foe;  
Not Punic faith could strategy's windings know  
More intricate than knew the Shawnees, shrewd  
To feign, to lull, to hesitate, to delude.  
But history joys to tell that no tribe more  
Than did the Shawnees intellectual power

Possess, and statesmanship and eloquence rare.  
Of these Chief Cornstalk's an example fair,  
And eminently Tecumseh is, whose bright  
Exalted mind enjoyed superior light.

The night capricious was; at times seemed near  
The brilliant winter orbs, distinct and clear,  
At times withdrawn; and when the General stood  
Consulting with his aids, the musing mood  
Came on him, when the sky all radiant beamed,  
And in their might the constellations gleamed.  
"See, there," he said, "yon oak an opening fair  
Gives to observe the miracles vast of air!  
Through its broad leafless branches may be seen,  
And through that walnut's, all the Giant's sheen!  
Mark belt and sword! Stand here again! How  
wins

The Hexagon's beauty on one! There the Twins  
Are, and Capella! One can easily scan  
Procyon, Sirius, Rigel, Aldebaran,  
All radiant round the Martial Star, a dream  
Of starry splendor in the night supreme!  
Just when we reached camp I the planet saw  
Far west toward the sun; peculiar awe  
Surrounds that heavenly orb; Tecumseh's gaze,  
Which seems alert as well of nights as days,  
One evening at the garrison, when it shone,  
Just after a rich sunset, all alone  
Upon the sky, watched its entrancing rays,  
Then thoughtfully said--that man has pious ways--

'Ah, on the robe of Manitou a bead  
Of wampum 'tis!' and bade me give it heed.  
Who can forget the singular threat he made  
To Tustinugee-Thluccho if delayed  
Should be that chief's adhesion to the league,  
If, as we say at cards, he should renege?  
The threat was, and he made it good, that, day  
And date he gave, he, in Detroit away,  
Would stamp upon the earth, and thereby make  
The Creek chief's capital, Toockabatcha, shake  
To its foundations; this he really did,  
Helped by that earthquake called of New Madrid.\*  
Tecumseh inspirations had of the divine.  
Mind I right well his lordly presence fine  
And air superb, when him I once besought  
To seat himself in council: 'No,' he said, 'is  
brought  
My life from him, my father, yonder sun;  
From this my mother, earth, my life was won,  
Upon my mother's bosom it were best  
I should repose!' And, it must be confessed  
That, on the velvet grass there, he a pose  
Of grace insuperable took; and rose  
Acutely in my mind that learning old  
Whereby in myths heroic we are told  
How giants of primeval times on earth  
To Cœlus and to Terra owed their birth."

---

\*A slight anachronism, but one of only a few weeks. The date of the battle of Tippecanoe is November 7, 1811; the date of the earthquake shocks called of New Madrid is of the succeeding month, December.

Responded Clarke, who envied much the name  
Tecumseh had of special power with game:  
"A mighty hunter, too, he is; they say  
He has shot down his thirty deer a day."

"The night grows darkling, soon the Pleiads  
seven

May rain or mist send from this glorious heaven.  
You've heard that story of Alcmena's breasts?  
Don't let the cavalry, boys, forget their crests!  
The galaxy is so-called from galax.  
Out in the brush there's one of those damned  
Sacs!

Through yonder hackberry I just caught his eye!  
Go, try to take him, he's a dirty spy!"

Deem not the bard absurd if here he note  
Movements the army would not know by rote.  
For knew their leader much of learning old,  
Of pages rich with poesy's bright gold;  
And, by the light of science, Virgil scanned,  
Homer and Milton, nor kept Dante banned  
From his thronged shelves. And after him came  
a war,

Which made of hearts so many sadly sore,  
Whereby the Union of our States was saved  
Intact by those who Mars' red thunders braved;  
And he who merited the most in strife  
Knew, best of all, this bright, ethereal life,

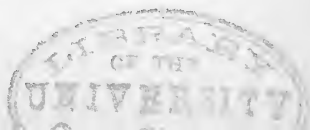


This wondrous maze of world on world piled  
                  high,  
Their ways, their names, their laws, the how and  
                  why  
Of all their being: Mitchel was his name,  
Name which among the darlings ranks of fame.  
The secret march he knew, the charge, the dash,  
The levin that sends from a clear sky its crash.  
Heroes he taught renowned, at Huntsville's walls,  
How to redeem a nation's million thralls,  
How to cut foes in twain and peace compel,  
How fields to win and heaven to search as well.  
Alas, he lived not till the victory came!  
Heroic, chivalrous, bright with every flame  
Of learning and of eloquence! Came the pest,  
The yellow southern plague, and took the best  
Commander of that army up to heaven.  
May often such to our loved land to be given!

## VII.—THE VICTORY.

Then thus kept on the General to his aids  
And other officers of various grades:

“The approaching winter sets the birds to flight:  
They travel southward now; 'tis plain, to-night,  
The noise their clattering pinions make. The  
                  brant,  
Pishnekuh, I am sure I hear; and can't



We almost see the green-heads, keen of eye,  
The mallard ducks? Ah, but these birds are shy!  
Say, Waller, might their traveling not suggest  
To our red friends to lose their usual rest?  
The robins, surely, and the bluebirds, too,  
Are almost near enough to be in view.  
And there's the plover, with his 'Dee, dee, dee,  
Kildee!' He seems to say 'Kill ye, ye, ye!  
Or is't an augury 'gainst those rascally reds,  
Who deem it brave to kill men in their beds?  
What do they call the robin? Opechee?  
And bluebird? Owaissa? I mind the glee  
With which that pretty niece of Elskwata—  
Wa's, one time at the fort, showed when she saw  
The birds come to be fed on the parade.  
Yes, what attention then her uncle paid,  
The solemn savage, both those artless girls!  
T'was when I gave them, Wal', those Roman  
pearls.

But ah, to-morrow we may other wings  
Not only see but hear; the owl now sings,  
To-morrow vultures may seek you or me;  
But pray to-night, boys; prayer will make us free  
From hesitation in our country's cause,  
For God will not desert her arms and laws."

A pause ensued; the words had touched the souls  
Of those brave men. At times communion holds  
The man aroused with God, while nature priest  
Is in her forest temples. Talking ceased,

Until the stanch commander speech renewed,  
While round him stood his officers thought-im-  
bued:

“An Indian deems it right to gain by fraud;  
Ne’er by a qualm of conscience is he awed.  
Well I recall the fights of ninety-four,  
Their ways on the Miami, how they tore  
All compacts all to pieces, ‘Watch them, boys,’  
Mad Anthony always said, ‘They make no noise  
More than a snake does, and like it will strike,  
So trust alone to musket, sword and pike.’  
And then our force and discipline stun his mind,  
And this to offset are his lies designed.”  
The night was far advanced, the vigil long  
Led back the General to that hero strong,  
The barrier of the West, the frantic foe  
Whose heat in battle rose to furnace-glow.  
But then this hero, though in battle great,  
Failed to allow a reason having weight,  
A reason urged by all Tecumseh’s strength  
Of genius and of eloquence, that the length  
And breadth of all this continent was one land,  
Flawless as broad, and permanent as grand,  
One land inhabited by tribes diverse.  
Therefore, Tecumseh, censured as perverse,  
Labored to effect a union of these bands,  
Labored to show the whites how many hands  
Held title and dominion over all.  
The States’ rights theory, covered with the pall

Of dire defeat in our late civil war,  
However much it had been praised before,  
Tecumseh deemed pernicious, and maintained  
The whites could hold no land unless 'twere gained  
By universal cession; every tribe  
Must have its share of the dishonoring bribe  
And put its seal of sanction to the deed.  
Strange that his reasoning white men safely plead,  
Reasoning which stood the storm in time of need,  
And which a war's dread sanctions made all heed,  
Should, 'mongst the Indians, have met failure; sad  
That fate treads nations down, and clad  
In terrors supernatural are the fields  
Where nation, tribe, State, every faculty yields  
Before divine necessity! Holy Writ,  
In simple terms, for truths celestial fit,  
Records that Jacob's heritage spoiled their foes;  
Came miracle after miracle aiding those  
Who sought from lands long settled forth to drive  
Their former owners; heaven has seemed to strive  
At Plymouth and at Yorktown to extend  
To invading chiefs all favors of a friend.  
From unseen sources unseen floods of power  
Come down to deluge battlefields, and lower  
Dull clouds of doom, with storm and horror black,  
O'er hosts by Gideons driven with feigned attack.  
Yes, we had taken these rich Wabash plains,  
Part of the Indian national domains,  
From out the jurisdiction of their chiefs.  
This was the ground of all Tecumseh's griefs,

Of all Tecumseh's sorrow; tribes but few,  
The Kickapoahs, Weas, one or two,  
Had signed the compact; they, remote, alone;  
These little States illegally thus the throne  
Usurped, and gave great spreading tracts away,  
Which not to them belonged: the hastening day  
Of retribution with Tecumseh came,  
With twanging bowstring, stealthy deaths and  
flame.

Great tracts the whites claimed where the Wa-  
bash curves

Through wooded bluffs, and where tracts called  
reserves\*

Show that the Pottawatamies and the Shawnees  
guard

Gave to their gifts, and sought thus to retard  
The ultimate absorption of their parks,

Great natural gardens, through which log-  
wrought barks

Made easy voyages, with fish below,

And, near, wild turkeys, bison, buck and doe,

Nibbling the fat things that the valleys know,

Where cresses, berries, grapes and pawpaws  
grow.

---

\*By the treaty of Saint Mary's, October 2, 1818, the land on which the Prophet's Town was situated was reserved to the Indians. The entire reservation is a strip six miles long, from the mouth of the Tippecanoe southward along the Wabash, and in width an average of a mile. It is known as the Burnett Reservation, the Burnetts having been the descendants of Cakimi, an Indian princess, sister of Taupinibeh, principal chief of the Pottawatamies, and wife of a French trader. *Indian Treaties*, 1778 to 1837, p. 253.

Now came the alarm; successive shots were  
heard;

The camp at once with fevered frenzy stirred;  
As signal dread of danger, the long roll  
The startled air shook, shook the startled soul;  
The tents were emptied, men took place in rank;  
Sounds of command came through the vapors  
dank:

"Attention, battalion, form ranks, form ranks,  
dress!"

And: "Hurry there, men, take arms, take arms,  
press

The line full forward." "Look out on the flank!"

"Here on the front, hug the bank, hug the bank!"

And "Form the new alignment, march!" "Re-  
ceive

The enemy in front in two lines!" "Relieve  
That corner with fixed bayonets!" "Stand, men,  
stand!"

"Music to the center, fife and drum and band!"

"Attention, company, to the right wheel, march!"

A wheel the army formed, its tire and arch.

"Platoon, attention, ready, take aim, fire!"

A stream of death came from the smoking tire.

The exigency some men brought half-dressed,  
With half-oped eyes, and dreaming slumbers  
pressed.

Forbes, like the classic hero, in his shirt  
Sought his command, and Orcus fed ungirt.

And rose the Long Knife's orders on the breeze,  
While flashed gun, sword and epaulet 'mongst  
the trees:

"Close up, my brave boys, we can whip them!"

"Mark,

The red devils hope to break our ranks there!"

"Parke,

Drive now with all your force!" "Taylor, attend!

Go, Spencer tell, down at the field's far end,

To hold his Yellow Jackets† well in hand."

"Go, Hurst, and tell Wells I want him to stand

Till freezes over hell, and he shall save

His company, the bravest of the brave,

And all now here; else, Hurst, boy, we are gone,

He, I and Floyd and Daviess, Owen and Croghan!"

"Ho, Tipton, run there quickly, quench those fires!

From Decker and Baen take what the work re-  
quires,

Get water from the creek, and throw a guard

Well forward, you will find the service hard."

"If Boyd his customary coolness keeps,

And that his valor caution not o'erleaps,

He'll throw an avalanche upon them, sure,

To give their appetite for fight a cure."

"There Barton and Geiger must hold firm as fate;

Their rifles' aim is wonderfully straight;

Their horses, too, are brave Kentucky stock,

Like men they stand, firm as a mountain rock."

---

†A volunteer force, commanded by Spencer, was so called from the color of their coats, a light drab. The name sometimes given to a wasp or hornet.

"The line keep, Cook and Peters! Push those  
reds!"

"What from the creek? The Indian line, see,  
spreads!"

"Baen, Prescott, forward! Firm! Hold the left  
flank!

Red devils see in force now mount the bank!  
Down on them! Have a care!" There on the left  
Blaze Warwick's rifles, suffering and bereft  
Of their fine leader; and there Spencer's dead,  
And his lieutenants both. O time of dread!"

"Robb, from the center come thou, and give aid,  
Let be by slaughter slaughters dire repaid!"

"Take, Prescott, of the Fourth United States,  
The place by Robb made vacant and his mates."

"Poor Owen is fatally wounded, and is rash  
Jo Daviess to excess; the man has dash

And zeal to put great Lucifer's self to flight,  
But he the lines must keep, or die this night."

"The Prophet I don't see." "No, he is perched  
Upon a bluff near, like a woman churched.

The infamous old rascal's singing songs  
He says will soon redress the Indians' wrongs."

"Well, let him trust that horrid twang; a lull;  
Yes, I can hear its harsh monotony dull,

It must these pious red men much console."

"Take care, there's Dirk; that darky's soul  
Is stained with treason, but he's pinioned there,  
Like Caiaphas' self nailed on hell's pavement bare,



As shows the Inferno we at Greenville read.  
(List to that Prophet with his dronings dread.)  
But Dirk would move e'en Satan with those eyes,  
And I'll forgive his treason and his lies."

"A gap now in the sky Andromeda shows,  
Midst constellations mirroring boreal snows;  
And Persæus; he white, she black, (by the bye,  
The fates at last have spread a clouded sky).  
He saved the girl from Juno's wrath, and drove  
The dragon back and broke her chains, and love  
So wrought on him he married her; I doubt  
If this be so. From these old stories out  
Must half be stricken before you have the truth."

"Yes, the court martial, when his tender youth  
Is taken into the account, should free the boy—  
I know a cabin where 'twill make much joy.  
Yes, Snelling, I am glad you speak for Dirk,  
He's wild, but still all right if kept at work."

"Well, General, are you safe yet?" asked an aid,  
The while the hero, ever undismayed,  
Heard roar and crash, and saw, in ceaseless flood,  
All round him flow the boiling, mutual, blood.

"Why, no; but—only a mere scratch, my coat  
A bullet hole has; so has my hat; just note  
How near to Charon's ferry I; and here,  
Take Taylor's mare, she's wounded, bring me  
Deer."

"Here, here, they come! Strike, Wilson, that snake down!"

"Ah, thank you for that service, Ensign Brown!"

"He gave me that same look once at Vincennes, The time Tecumseh gave us trouble." "Friends, Let's all be steady." "Close up there, brave men!"

"I see the dawn, and with it, peace again."

"Go see if they are strong enough there, Clarke!"

"Those slumbering logs again are kindling!"  
"Hark!"

And close beyond the encampment's east line,  
"Charge!"

Was heard along the entire embankment's marge.

"I hear their jangling deer hoofs, 'tis *their* sign,  
To charge along their whole demoniac line.

Those Yankee plowboys surely will stand firm,  
For bravery's, in their home, no idle term."

Wheeling they come, with gallant swing, the  
same

That throws, on holiday scenes, from fireworks  
flame.

Flaming they wheel; flame, wheel, the order  
made

To be o'er all the field as law obeyed.

The bayonets of the infantry drive back,

At last, the riotous fiends, and quell attack;

The irresistible dragoons the marsh

Fill with the bands that fly that tempest harsh.

The exultation of the White Chief voice  
Sometimes attained; was sometimes mute by  
choice.

"Ah, those are brave men!" "There's Bartholo-  
mew!" "Fame,  
Blow thou through all thy trumpets name on  
name!"

"Hargrave and Wilson! Barton! Brilliant Scott!"  
"If braver men exist I know it not!"

Yes, there are victories sung in olden lays  
That were not won with greater claim to praise,  
Cæsar none prouder for his cohort claimed,  
The first cohort of his tenth legion famed.  
Nor Frederick, when he saw the cannon plow  
His favorite regiment's ranks at red Torgau.  
And here were men, among the national troops,  
Whose fathers fired between the fences' loops  
At Lexington, and on the hill of Breed  
Met glorious wounds, rejoicing there to bleed  
With Warren, and at Bennington shed lives,  
And Saratoga, for our babes and wives.

But how depict the battle! If the day,  
Midst sulphur fumes and dust of the affray,  
Lends terror to a scene of mutual strife,  
What must the murky night produce when life  
Hangs on the uncertain edge of troubled dreams,  
When deep-prized sleep is broken by the screams  
Of maddened demons; when the secret ping  
Of the chewed bullet, and the deadly ring

The poisoned arrow gives, come to the soul,  
The while sounds ominous forth the dread long  
roll

For all to spring to arms, and comes a rain  
Of orders from the leaders (some profane).  
The task is idle; this e'en Homer tried  
In vain; he gives, instead, one homicide  
Upon another, tells how many slew  
His hero Hector, how Achilles flew  
Here, there, intent, in mourned Patroclus' cause,  
To make his list of dead his friend's applause.  
Words cannot paint the scene, the deep, intense  
Reality no speech can compass; fence  
Is here to genius; here it finds its bound.  
E'en colors can't paint fire, and this is found  
On art's own easel, this Van Schendel knew,  
Most skilled of all e'er light on canvas threw.

Only the poet can the evening's scene  
And morning's paint, the mighty sheen  
Of arms reposing or preparing, smiles  
That wait the coming battle, or sad miles  
Of wounded stragglers, groans suppressed or given,  
And prayers for death or water thrown to heaven.  
The deepest things and highest all outgo  
Whatever flight of song, whatever moan of woe.

Rose o'er the field the voice of conflict dire,  
Mixed rifle, hatchet, sword and knife and fire,

Club smote on musket, musket smote on club,  
Smoked hot the wheel of fight, tire, spoke and  
hub,

Yell answered yell, the bubbling war-whoop wild  
Defiance bore from every forest child,  
And screams defiant gave foes, teeth to teeth,  
While victory yet gasped in her sulphur wreath.  
The death-groan startled all that horrid air,  
Aloft the red fiend flung the trophied hair,  
His tawny brethren grim the bloody ground  
At full length struck with dull and sickening sound:  
Was thickly strewn the ground with feathered  
chiefs,

Ah! who can tell the weight of that night's griefs?  
Griefs, joys, in war or peace, contrasted stand,  
And joys awaited now that conquering band.  
The struggle's fierce contention held them yet,  
The rapture, and the frenzy, and the sweat.  
They could not, at the first, be made to know  
That, in the cause all-glorious, such a blow  
By them had been dealt out, by them was fixed;  
Doubt yet was with their pride of battle mixed.  
The regulars stood, machines of death, all cool  
To deal out slaughters still by prescribed rule.  
The volunteers, ecstatic and all nerve,  
Burned to rush forward, nor could yet observe  
Upon the General's face his high repose,  
Repose vouchsafed to him who duty knows,

And knows the victory come, and clamor hears  
Of plaudits given down through the lengthening  
years.

So Harrison felt, such things he saw, foresaw,  
And knew himself a rallying cry of power.  
At first he had no voice. The event had come;  
It found its chosen hero meekly dumb.  
The bugles sounded, waked the regular up  
To drink of peace the rich, abundant cup,  
Relaxed fixed duty's forms, and bade the heat  
In boiling veins of raw recruits retreat,  
And bade the leaders of the fray provide  
For wounds, for death, and for their glory wide.

What are the vestiges of this hard-fought field?  
What yet remains by time still unconcealed?  
Where are the veterans? Eighty years have  
passed,  
Save one, and over all the stirring scene is cast  
The glamour of romance. But we may pause,  
And ask the rise, the spring, the philosophical  
cause

Of that event: Whence came it? Whereto tend  
Did it? Does it instruction's wisdom lend  
To themes of nations? Was it force? Or law?  
May moralists thence a healthful inference draw?  
Was it ordained by Mars from olden times?  
Or from the mist came it to deck these rhymes?  
A few old men the veterans are, then youths;  
A line of graves marks history's steps; the truths

Divine contended for remain; the new  
Race brought in conflict with the old; renew  
Herein their meaning the repeated signs  
Of given ascendancy; the pleasant lines  
Kept for the one, and for the other woes,  
Contempt, oppression, ribaldry, lies and blows.

Great battles are the pivots whereon turn  
The points of destiny; the sepulchral urn,  
Vine-wreathed, and spread with sweet memorial  
          flowers,  
Has brought in arts of peace; the haughtier powers  
Fought down with sacred force, and crushed the  
          strong,  
And saved the weak from many a hideous wrong;  
Has served to inaugurate the rein of law,  
And tribes of men from brutal ignorance draw.  
There was the Milvian Bridge, by which increase  
Was given of glory to the Prince of Peace!  
There was Soissons, which drove imperial Rome  
Forth from fair France, of rising art the home;  
There was proud Waterloo, which peace restored  
To Europe, slave of an aspiring lord;  
There was our Yorktown's siege, whose bugles  
          blew  
Far forth fair fame to patriots tried and true;  
There was our Huntsville's capture, which in  
          twain  
Cut armed rebellion, impious, rash and vain.

The highest consecration is of blood,  
The highest sacrifice, the richest good;  
So history all, remote and recent, shows;  
This through the plan of man's redemption flows.  
The best blood of our land has soaked this soil;  
It sealed the record of unselfish toil.  
There is a feeling which controls the man  
More than all creeds, opinions, interests can;  
It is the feeling that the patriot calls  
To duty's ranks, and cheers him when he falls.  
With reverence, then, tread we these sylvan shades!  
With reverence, cast our glance along the glades  
Which, in the battle, heard the hot huzza,  
The rush, the crash, the struggle heard, and ah!  
Heard cries of pain from wounded men, and deep,  
Soul-sickening sobs that led to icy sleep!  
Yes, this is consecrated ground; to it  
We owe all forms of ceremonial fit;  
We owe the polished shaft that seeks the sky,  
Ornate with praise to meet the expectant eye.  
There let the laurel and the cypress twine,  
And mortal memories mix with thoughts divine!



# SATIRICAL POEMS.



PROFESSIONAL SUPERCILIOUSNESS.

I.

FRIENDS sought for me a Doctor of learned  
ways,  
Enough to cure a colic or a craze,  
Or hypocondria (each of these things pays)  
But when a case of inflammation came  
That burnt my bowels as 't were with very flame,  
His medicines hurt me, and friends sought a dame  
Who poulticed me without, and tea'd within,  
And all the Doctor could do was to lift  
High eye-brows at the dame, to show how miffed  
His royal highness was, and with a grin  
Admit (wool-gathering in his learned maze)  
That "Peritonitis is most hard of cure!"

II.

I sought a brother-lawyer, and would know  
If I could him employ against my foe,  
If I could hire him barkings to bestow  
Upon my case: "No, no, it may be tacked,  
That mortgage which Wasp holds!" Alas, he  
lacked  
Some information he had never tracked:

The tacking doctrine, in its curious course,  
Went never out of England, but its place  
Kept there, unlike the Rule in Shelley's Case,  
And when I told him, his high legal horse  
He mounted, and the beast smote blow on blow,  
But found he books than me had studied fewer.

## III.

A reverend clerk I begged to render aid  
In forming a benevolent band, and prayed  
That he to ours would add his presence staid:  
He turned upon his heel. I afterwards learned  
Why thus we had been so unworthily spurned,  
We who for charity's ways so deeply yearned:  
It was because my good companion had  
Some days before some trivial slackness showed,  
A pater missed, or late to chapel strode,  
And so, with manners so exceeding bad,  
This clerk, who of his office mockery made,  
Wronged grievously a man whose heart was pure.

## PHILOLOGY IN THE PULPIT.

THERE is a rule the Church lays down,  
Which certain pastors break:  
The Church of Rome then gives a frown,  
And I, for her dear sake.

The rule is, that the Scripture should  
Be to the people read;  
And, that it may be understood,  
And they therein be led,

The plain vernacular should be given,  
The Douay Bible, where  
Meet English-speaking people heaven  
Aspiring to in prayer.

And further that each pulpit must  
Such word of God contain,  
Whence pastors, in their sacred trust  
Should read, and thence explain.

But pastors sometimes think their art  
Lies in philology,  
Or that they may translate in part,  
In part trust memory.

Flat, bungling reading thence us greets,  
The inverted Latin crawls;  
The Greek, if Greek they read, defeats  
Their skill, and feebly falls.

## THE FAVORITE HOBBY.

WHAT is the reason that the temperance cause  
On so much piety and eloquence draws?  
Is it that they who preach it never drink?  
Is it that non-teetotalers never think?

No, 't is a hobby that the pious use,  
A stalking horse no eloquence can refuse,  
The Pharisee finds thereon his fancy free,  
And license grants his steed Hyperbole.

## COLD WATER.

By night she groaned, by day she dosed, and all  
To no effect, and made call after call

On druggists three and doctors four, and why?  
She had a wonderful affection of the eye.

The more she drugged, the more the doctors posed,  
The more she felt she was not diagnosed.

At last to me she said in drear despite,  
"How *shall* I get again my ruined sight?"

"Polly," said I, "the way is plain, give o'er  
To every doctor running and drug-store,

"And wash your eyes with water, night and morn;  
Then you may hold these quacks and fools in  
scorn."

"Cold water?" "Yes, cold water, since the day  
That Satan tempted Eve has rolled a spray

"From fountains, cataracts, rivers, sent to cure  
Mankind of hurts by medication pure.

"The medicating power in nature placed,  
Of this be pleased to try a little taste.

"The faculty's slow, six thousand years have flown,  
And to them yet cold water's power's unknown."

The maid my admonition heeded, laved  
Her lustrous orbs, her battered eyesight saved.

#### POLITICS.

"**T**HE State is equally balanced," said a sage  
And potent chairman of our paper age,  
"And therefore, now, as sure as rats is rats,  
We must buy, sir, twelve hundred Democrats."

"Twelve hundred, at two each, is twenty-four,  
And trusted men will need, each, how much  
more?"

"A hundred trusted men: two thousand, sure,  
Will be enough these chattels to ensure.

"Five thousand say this makes, we'll double it,  
Such vessels leak always a little bit;  
The seive may fertilize the land somewhat;  
An agent's pocket is a sombre grot."

Ten thousand, then, is raised, and joyfully come  
The host of patriots at the tap of drum,  
Joined by the purchased troop, and happily so  
The Union grows, and laws and ventures flow.

## II.

Suppose one voter in the twenty sulks:  
This may plow navies down to trembling hulks.  
Suppose another of the twenty votes  
The opposition ticket, and thus gloats

In treachery o'er the party he should aid:  
This may mean navies in the bottom laid  
Of roaring seas, and prospering navies borne  
Above the throngs of drowning seamen lorn.



What may produce this lack of duty sad?  
One man may do it, if of manners bad,  
How high soe'er may be his mental force:  
Manners of failures often are the source.

What is the remedy? It resides in this,  
The guarantee of high political bliss:  
That, whereas the one party may control  
The government, its course, in part or whole,

Its policy, is by the other ruled:  
One may manipulate the helm, but schooled  
It must be by the other, and the breeze  
May hulks destroy whose maxims rule the seas.

## III.

From voting I would bar the young and old.  
No voter before thirty should be polled.  
At seventy all should lose the right to vote,  
For some men at that age begin to dote.

What would I do with women? They should be  
Within these ages at full liberty  
To use the ballot. Some would never claim  
To have reached a time of life which every dame

Is cautious of admitting. Cicero said  
When him a gossip to the subject led:  
"I know that lady to be twenty, why?  
She has for twenty years past said it, I

Believe a person who so sticks to truth,  
 And thus retains her ever-blooming youth."  
 Woman in every age remains the same,  
 To-day's shrewd girl succeeds the Roman dame.

## IF.

**L** OVED the Laconians brief and sturdy  
 speech;  
 They language used without regard to show;  
 Came once upon them threatening to make  
                     breach  
 Of sacred bounds the Macedonian host,  
 And Philip's messengers, in martial glow,  
 Reported grim the conqueror's haughty boast:  
 "If I your country enter, I'll destroy  
 Palace and temple, and make of the past  
 Your city Sparta." They felt no annoy;  
 The messengers had pictured them aghast:  
 They answered, undisturbed as by the waves a  
                     cliff,  
 And all they answered was to quote the boasters'  
                     "IF."

A BRILLIANT WESTERN GIRL  
ABROAD.

A BRILLIANT Western girl abroad  
Men, women, of all ranks had seen,  
Peasant and villager, slave and lord,  
The high, the low, the great, the mean,  
All stages that exist between  
Royalty and Democracy.

'Neath tatters she had virtues found,  
'Neath costly robes deceit and guile,  
But, in one class, the perfect round  
Of great and noble, low and vile,  
And all that comes 'twixt either style,  
Royalty and Democracy.

And as the girl conversing stood  
Upon a steamer's deck, her craved  
The captain of the steamer good  
To know whom deemed she best behaved.  
She heard, and this response vouchsafed:  
"The British Aristocracy."

The Captain was an Englishman,  
And felt his pride of country rise,  
But drove too far his questionings when  
He asked who gave her most surprise  
For bad behavior? "They, likewise,  
"The British Aristocracy."

#### AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

O UR boasted independence, year by year,  
Implies at English claims and ways a  
sneer,  
And yet the English language 't is we use  
In setting forth our independent views,  
And mix with it abundance of rude noise  
From Chinese crackers furnished to the boys.  
The tongue is yet a slave to England, then?  
Yet foreign trinkets rule boys, women, men?  
Yes, while we love our native land the best,  
As leader of all lands e'er poet sung,  
We find in adventitious things a zest:  
'T is sport to abuse Old England in her tongue,  
And dig some aid from each barbarian nest.

## THE CRITIC.

### I.

HE wrote and wrote, and then he labeled it—  
What? “*Criticism*,” product of profoundest wit:

But candid minds in it no wit could see,  
And deemed its fitter label “*Ribaldry*.”

### II.

“Then criticism, sir, you don’t respect?”  
“Yes, friend, I do respect the thing and men:  
But ignorant and pretentious fellows, oft,  
The clogs and sills of great machines are found:  
So Catholic Rome has, in her great employ,  
Men lacking modesty and learning both,  
And English literature, surely, owns a race  
Of heavy, lumbering, creatures, fixed to uphold  
The tons of worth that rise above their weight.”

### III.

To be moved by any critic,  
Thou must first respect the critic:  
Thou must love or hate the critic.

Speaks he of thee sweetly, fairly,  
Thou may'st think he wisely, fairly,  
Follows gossips speaking fairly.

Speaks he of thee rudely, coarsely,  
Thou may'st think he blindly, coarsely,  
Follows blowhards speaking coarsely.

Be thou of thyself the master.  
Slights, then, come to thee their master,  
Praises find thee, too, their master.

## THE BOOK TRADE.

### I.

I called for Munday's Poems, and the brilliant  
book-monger,  
Having the chance to appease in me, as would a  
cook, hunger,  
But intent, chiefly, he, on adding to his bank  
account,  
Looked slowly through his shelves, and slowly  
then a blank amount  
Of information gave from his speech gained, as  
follows  
(He had not learning quaffed in dangerously  
vast swallows):

"*Day* poems of any special day I cannot find, sir,  
*Month* poems complete and almanacs we have  
got, mind, sir."

II.

Occurred in a provincial town that piece of  
mockery;

Another's enough to crack a shelf of crockery,  
And happened in that place of trade its denizens  
call "N'Yawk."

Of course an uncouth westerner may, or short or  
tall, be awk-

Ward in a roaring place, a metropolitan city,  
But that none there knew better, would from any  
man pity

Bring on the best of their booksellers, who ne'er  
once knew, sir,

That Cowper rendered Homer; 'tis, or I'm a  
dunce, true, sir.

A MODERN COMEDY.

STROPHE.

"O WE have so much poetry sent us,  
Send us no more, it will dement us!"

ANTISTROPHE.

"'T is plain you must most dearly *love* it,  
You *save* it all—you print none of it!"

## BETWEEN THE LINES.

A POETICAL TRIBUTE INTERPRETED BY A MAT-  
TER-OF-FACT PERSON.

**A** NOTHER noble woman's soul has left this  
world of change,

[An artful female fiend.]

None other e'er was so beloved, so kind, so  
sweetly meek;

[so despised, so sour, so full of freak!]

A Christian purer you'll not find, where'er your  
path may range,

[A spitfire bitterer!]

A neighbor kinder, lovelier, in vain you'll wildly  
seek.

[A gossip hunting so for news!]

## II.

Farewell, dear friend, while, bowed in grief, a  
city all laments;

[Go, traitress sly, while in content a dozen cronies grin!]

Farewell, alas, bright social light, and idol of  
the heart!

[Go thou unmourned, dark social blight, and stifler of, etc.]

Maiden divine, tears flow for thee, so void of all  
offense,

[Old maid perverse, tears have we none, which might have plenteous  
been,]

Thee youth and age alike deplore bright, mark  
of death's pale dart!

[Thee youth nor age deplore, but gladly from thee part!]



THE SWELL HOTEL.

I SING the Swell Hotel: O Maids, descend,  
Immortal, from your heights, and me inspire,  
And teach my thoughts with fitting words to blend  
As I touch daintily the alimentary lyre!

The American tavern, be it understood,  
Is what my satire reaches: we are proud,  
Too proud to imitate examples good,  
To look to Europe is not here allowed.

In France or England, ladies keep the place:  
They meet you at the threshold, and a smile  
Of courtesy is a dearly-coveted grace  
The stranger feels who's traveled many a mile.

A rabble, here, of porters, boys, throng round,  
They gloomily sieze your satchel while you  
gloom,  
Sign, sadly hear the tapped gong sound,  
And are escorted to a gloomy room.

Called to account, the hypocritical clerk  
Says "We are full just now; to-morrow night  
"You shall be changed." Dear sir, 't is but to  
work  
Your patience; he'll ne'er make the outrage right!

At dinner comes a forest dark of coons,  
Whose greasy ooze gets on each tardy dish,  
Plate, knife, and cloth, on forks, and chairs, and  
spoons,  
And finds its way into both flesh and fish.

You sit with hunger mad, fatigue and chill;  
The coon a cold plate brings you tardily; then  
Permits you to remain in posture still  
Ten minutes before he shows his face again.

What comes then? Food? O, no, a bill of fare,  
A hideous fraud, now known as "the menu":  
Enough the devil from realms below to scare,  
And on it absolutely nothing new.

'T was stereotyped before the coon was born;  
The heading's new, that's all, the hash the same,  
And cheap-bought stuff, potatoes, squash, and corn,  
For hunger's pangs enough, if it e'er came!

And *then* the food, to you quite desperate grown?  
O no, a knife, and fork, three spoons, another  
fork;  
You look at these, while thoughts of murder  
moan  
Your breast within, exceeding hard to cork.

Now nearly thirty minutes in your chair;  
One sip of *something* warm you'd think were  
    nice;  
And yet no food: you almost tear your hair:  
He drops into your tumbler lumps of *ice*.

And then the wretch his disappearance makes;  
But, after a while, returns with comfort's cup?  
No! with a solemn look your patience breaks  
He fills with water that same tumbler up.

Food comes: all bad, soup horrid, and beef tough;  
Potatoes spoiled, bread sour, peas old, beans  
    hard;  
Of pie and corn-starch you'll soon have enough;  
The pudding's some canned puzzle fried in lard.

You call for fruit, and hardly know the same:  
Apples the size of filberts, oranges stale,  
Dry, wilted grapes your keen disgust enflame;  
For English walnuts—these, you think, can't  
    fail.

In mingling England herein we should pause:  
To her we should make due and prompt  
    amends:  
The nuts are mildewed, bitter, what's the cause?  
'Tis this: their age, four years, to rankness  
    tends.

You think of coffee, saw it you there, perhaps,  
Where all is printed, in stiff stereotype:  
You ask the Lord, as your poor tongue it laps,  
If He such sin as this from souls can wipe.

Such meals repeated are from day to day;  
You pace the gloomy corridors back and forth;  
The insolent clerk still bids you stand at bay;  
You seem to ask "Is life the living worth?"

Fops throng around, at times a dame flits by;  
These people meals take at unusual hours:  
And can you tell me, please, the reason why?  
By day they sleep, the night exhausts their  
powers.

At last you ask the "Cashier" for your bill,  
And pay three prices, while in secret grieved.  
The American people like a gilded pill:  
As Barnum says, "They love to be deceived."

## THE TWO FIFTIES.

### I.

"IN this are fifty dollars, I'm in drink,  
A most unfortunate vice 't is, don't you  
think?

Maudlin it makes one, see my poor eyes blink,  
A boiled owl I, or else the missing link.

Now take this white envelope, mister clerk,  
And kindly lay it in your safe aside,  
Should I be robbed 'twould mortify my pride,  
And I should be forever after guyed."  
He took the white envelope with a smirk.

## II.

The guest departed, sought a crony gay,  
And whether 't was the merry month of May,  
Or dull November, that I cannot say,  
The night, I know, they turned quite into day;  
And when the guest returned to that same clerk,  
'Twas long before the guest could catch his eye,  
And only then half caught it, for a lie  
The clerk gave forth: "No money, sir, have I  
Received from you," he said with that same  
smirk.

## III.

And then the guest a skillful lawyer sought,  
And by his clever tact and shrewdness taught,  
Another white envelope took, and caught  
A passing friend and to the hotel brought,  
And in his presence handed to the clerk,  
First counted by his friend to know 't was right,  
Another fifty in an envelope white,  
And by the friend sealed up, all right and tight:  
The dignitary took it with a smirk.

## IV.

The guest, alone, now to the office went,  
And said: "That little package, please." It  
came.

One fifty was reclaimed, and felt no shame  
About the other fifty, for the game  
Was not suspected by this robber lame,  
This unsophisticated hotel clerk.  
But yet remained deposit number one  
In jeopardy, and yet to be undone  
The roguery whereby the same was won.  
The face felonious held its usual smirk.

## V.

Together now repaired the guest *and friend*:  
They made demand, which made the fellow stare:  
"I gave you your envelope, gave it where  
You stand this moment; do you want a pair  
Of fifty dollar envelopes? Impudence rare!"  
Thus to the guest insisting spoke the clerk.  
The friend struck in: "Hand out at once that  
cash,  
A white envelope, do you want the lash  
The law provides to hurry laggards rash?"  
It came, but, O, with what a sickly smirk!

THE FORK.

THE Fork is a Fetish in Fashion's realm,  
Or, rather, in our day, no Fork exists:  
A spoon, with tines four-fold, has taken the helm:  
The ancient Fork may go whereto it lists.

Poor Cræsus! Cæsar poor! Elizabeth poor!  
And e'en Victoria in your earlier days!  
Ye would have been sent scorned from Fashion's  
door  
Had ye, in our times, shown your vulgar ways!

No! If a man all heinous crimes commits,  
And adds, to homicide, perjury, robbery, theft,  
He may find charity; but if he sits,  
Of homage for the new Fetish bereft,

At any stylish table, let him sink,  
Despised, disgraced, beyond all depths of shame,  
A social outcast hovering on the brink  
Whence come Plutonian steams and screams  
and flame.

## ALPHONSO THE THIRTEENTH.

Alphonse, the Spanish king of four years old,  
Grasped with delight a savory drumstick great.

Advance

He saw a knighted servitor, quaint and cold,  
Who said: "Kings eat not so." Of recent date  
This thing was.

The king with greasy lips and fingers looked  
At his reproving minister's querulous face

Askance,

And firmer still his baby digits crooked  
Around the leg, and said with royal grace:  
"*This* King does!"

## HEROISM.

**A**T the age of thirteen, in the last week of the  
war,  
He fiddled in a regiment, and is a hero evermore.



WEATHER-PROPHECY.

(A SATIRE.)

WHEN Nicodemus came to Christ by night,  
The Incarnate Word, illumed by Infinite  
Light,  
Said: "Like the wind the spirit is of man, the  
sound

Whereof is heard, but which nor course nor bound  
Hath men may scan, for comes the breeze divine  
Whence men know not, nor can they, blind, assign  
Its course unsearchable; for 't is controlled  
Now, as through ages dim of old,  
By laws, decrees and statutes framed above  
Where Infinite Force holds sway and Infinite  
Love."

Yet comes the almanac-maker, and says, "I  
Will tell you true whence come the winds that fly  
And where, throughout the year, athwart the sky."  
And sits arrayed a "*scientific*" corps,  
Who seek to advance a day, and scarcely more,  
Advices of the weather: all are vain:  
These things the rash conjecture fails to attain.  
Comes still the storm as come the gifts of God,  
Wends still the wind controlled by His own rod;

And I may stand upon my homestead's sill,  
 And watch clouds, sun and air, and breeze, and still  
 I cannot, nor can clown or sage, three hours  
 Into the future, tell the weather; powers  
 Which it control no man can know; is given  
 To none to search the secret things of heaven.

### CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

A LADY said no use to warn her  
 Against that giggling Mister W \* \* \* \* \*  
 And said another: "Of that beau G \* \*  
 I have to say that he *is* bogus."

### RETRIBUTION.

MOURNED Banker Needlenose his favorite  
 cow,

Him it had cost a right round sum in cash,  
 And he would like to know the where and how  
 Of its removal, and give crime the lash.

He need not have sought far to find the thief,  
 He had an enemy in poor Harry Vance,  
 A man whose theft was sanctified by grief  
 For blood sucked from him at each frequent  
 chance.

Ah, yes, he held 'gainst Needlenose a grudge,  
And grudges, for hard, grinding, twisting ways.  
In these things we must not too strictly judge,  
Vance was at heart as good a man as prays.

And after waiting for some time the thought  
Her owner seized to offer a reward:  
"Perhaps she's strayed; and home she may be  
brought;  
And I for this five dollars can afford."

"Five dollars," thought Hal Vance, "I'll easily  
earn,"  
So he a day took for a trudge to town,  
And said to Needlenose "If you would learn  
Where is your cow, pay me five dollars down."

In vain expostulated Needlenose,  
And friendship privilege pleaded, and all that:  
Whereat in Hal's breast secret anger rose  
And gave to all these pranks denial flat.

At last reluctantly the money came,  
And Harry calmly pocketed the V,  
And he a lookout had for further game,  
As in this narrative we shall presently see.

"Now that's a good man, drive her up, my friend,"  
Thus with fine flattery Needlenose him fed.  
"Hell!" said bluff Harry, "that thing's at at end,  
For that fine cow is as a door-nail dead."

"Dead?" said the man of money, with surprise,  
"And dead from what?" "Perhaps from  
poison-vine,  
Besides from her foul, sickening odors rise  
Would even make a tan-yard watch-dog whine.

"And let me tell you, sir, the neighbors round  
Insist that I shall call on Lawyer Whiz,  
And have you to the coming circuit bound  
Because a nuisance that dead carcass is."

"O, well, now, neighbor Vance, you must so kind  
Be as to bury the dead cow, 't will cause  
You little inconvenience I'm inclined  
To think, so, Hal, this little trouble take."

Much like that Norman duke who would not bend  
In homage at a hated master's word:  
"No, sir," said Hal, "I don't at all intend  
To save you from the penalty you've incurred."

"Not if I pay you?" "O, that makes the shape  
Of that affair a little different, risk  
There is my family may not plague escape,  
Or I, how shrewd soever I, and brisk.

"But I'll incur the danger if spot cash  
Right now is paid to me, two dollars more,  
I'll then a job do that is certainly rash,  
And you'll escape a prosecution sore."

He got the money, thus his five increased  
Made seven, which when he afterwards told,  
“And here your profits,” said his crony, “ceased,  
But you your foe had very nicely sold.”

“Yes, sold, but still the profits ran along,  
For I was planing for a margin wide,  
I thought there might be nothing very wrong  
In pocketing three dollars for the hide.”

## THE JUDGE AND THE LITIGANT.

THE litigant pursued the judge, here, there,  
The judge heard his long stories with  
unrest:

“Why don’t your counsel give this thing *their*  
care?

These stories should not be to me addressed.”

“Ah, I’ve the judge on my side, on the stair,”  
Thus said he to his counsel, “he me pressed,  
‘Why don’t your counsel give this thing *their*  
*care*’

Mysteriously.” And he suppressed the rest.

## THE UNJUST JUDGE.

THE judge who sits upon a bench and dares  
To rule unjustly may be counted brave,  
Because he lays for confidence no snares,  
And buries honor in an open grave.

But he who plays the saintly hypocrite,  
Or by a church backed or a secret ring,  
Must down to hell's profoundest boiling pit  
Of blackest tar be sent to rule and sing,

Because not only does he manners break  
By his pretence of righteousness assumed,  
But he, put there fair fight for law to make,  
Sees vanquished law in her own halls entombed.

Backed by a church? Yes, I knew such an one,  
And him ecclesiastical power maintained  
Until he joined another church, and run  
Was then his course: just censures on him  
rained.

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## THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

THE judge's charge was clear and plain,  
It meant his side the suit should gain;  
But hours he waited and report  
The jury none made to the court.  
"Go, bring them in, and we will see  
What may their trivial problem be;  
Perhaps some technical word of art,  
Or else some juror over-smart."  
The bailiff went, filed in the array,  
The judge the silence broke to say:  
"A verdict, gentlemen, have you found?"  
The foreman spoke, and somewhat frowned:  
"Your honor, we are eleven to one."  
"And tell me, pray, who may he be.  
Perhaps he does not clearly see  
The points the court made in its charge,  
I may repeat them more at large."  
"No," said the foreman, "naught can change  
Him in his fixed opinion strange;  
We've argued long, he takes a pride  
In arguing always on your side."



## REPROBATION OF THE UNSAVORY.

'TIS pleasant to meet with a thinker,  
Or a safely moderate drinker,  
But deliver us, Lord! from a stinker.

## MARCO LOMBARDO.

MARCO LOMBARDO owned a fame wide-spread,

'Mongst men of noble purpose, earnest thought,  
And honor followed him where'er his steps

Him amongst men of this description brought.

But sometimes was the philosophic sage

In ignorant circles found, who knew not worth,  
Their frivolous minds would not in twelve  
months give

To one sincere, ennobling, sentiment birth.

A wedding-party given amongst the gay

The occasion was which claimed his presence  
once,

There arrogant Pharisees were, Philistia-bred,  
Whereof each one was proud to be a dunce.



“Ah, Marco,” said a type of this same class,  
“You have no wedding-favors, cloaks nor  
scarfs,  
While I have seven, by Jove, I’m loved, you see,  
While of the crowd you only earn the laughs.”

“Friend, I observe this thing gives you surprise,  
Not so with me, these people have your ways,  
Suit them your words, your attitudes, your style;  
Wear you herein the undisputed bays!”

### THE BALLAD OF ISABEL WHITE.

CAME to the beer-shop Isabel White,  
A beauteous child of seven,  
A tin pail in her dainty hand,  
She seemed sent down from heaven.

Rolled from the symmetry of her head  
The loveliest golden curls,  
Her ruby lips, her pearly teeth,  
An angel’s or a girl’s.

Her breath the lily’s fragrance had,  
Her foot a fairy’s pose,  
And o’er her dimpled cheeks there ran  
The radiance of the rose.

O, teach me, God, these souls to love  
So lately from the skies,  
Let me drink in the innocent light  
That comes from children's eyes!

Let me the jubilant laugh enjoy,  
The music of a voice  
That, driving meaner thoughts away,  
Bids me with them rejoice!

Ah, Oreads meek, ah, Nereids gay,  
And ye, coy woodland sprites,  
Your various charms the human girl,  
Concretely fair, unites!

With weaving step and trusting gaze  
She on the counter placed  
Her metal pail, the while I thought  
Was Hebe e'er so graced!

Then spoke she to a smiling man,  
Pomatumed o'er, who wore  
An apron white, and seemed to say  
"You have been here before!"

"Mister, my mamma says if you  
Will fill her growler, she  
Will have my papa pay for it when  
He comes down after tea."

The man a moment feasted on  
The marvellous beauty there,  
Then filled the growler with the best,  
And gave it her with care.

The child, in turning, met her pa,  
Who said: "A lemonade!"  
The child demurred, and sweetly thus  
The admiring host she prayed:

"O, Mister Man, don't give him, please,  
Those sickening temperance drinks,  
They all our trouble cause at home,  
My dear, good mamma thinks.

"For pa, when he has drank of them,  
Is crosser than a bear,  
He never speaks a pleasant word,  
Go to him I don't dare.

"But when he has his toddy strong,  
He loves us all, and cakes  
He brings us home, and us to see  
Dear Uncle Tom he takes."

The apron white a tender heart  
Held underneath its folds,  
He looked inquiringly to White,  
But he opinion molds,

The politician, stood at hand,  
Intent new votes to make,  
He knew friend White a partisan,  
And thought in charge to take

A convert from the opposing ranks,  
A gain in precinct six,  
For every gain in voting counts,  
And sometimes also sticks.

"Come, Mister White, let me your child,  
A second give, and move  
That you this time at my expense  
The worth of toddies prove."

Alas, then, W. C. T. U.,  
For your stanch proselyte,  
He drank the toddy, and one more,  
And left with footstep light,

Left with the angelic child, who said,  
"Now, pa, that seal-skin sacque  
I'm sure you'll buy dear, good mamma,  
Nor on your word go back."

"My child," he said, "from this day forth  
I temperance will observe,  
I will avoid each false extreme,  
Nor from good teachings swerve,

“You shall have toys, your mamma clothes,  
Myself respect of men,  
And you shall learn, at home, at school,  
To love your pa again!”

THE LAIRDS OF LYNNE.

O WOULD you know the Lairds of leafy  
Lynne,  
Beyond the Tweed, far in the north countree,  
Then listen to the lay I bring you here,  
And men of manners diverse ye shall see.

There was the ancient Laird of mickle might,  
He all his lands and tenants watched full well,  
And many a season brought him treasures heaped,  
And with his thrift his treasury still would swell.

All could he watch, and keep in limits strict,  
Except his crafty steward, Rab Macleach:  
Rab, spite of all the good Laird's care and pains,  
Would tenants equally and Laird o'er reach.

And came the ancient Laird at last to die,  
And thought but little of his reckless heir,  
Except that he would all the treasure waste,  
And strew both land and gold upon the air.

“My son,” he said, “when all is gone ye’ll sell,  
Sell for a paltry price your heritage,  
But be it so, only that Idlewild  
Ye will not, let me earnestly engage.

“And I now thee an ample reason give:  
In that lone cottage thou a friend wilt find,  
When friends none else are left thee, and therein  
A cure will be for all thy madness blind.”

The last rites o’er, and scanty margin left,  
The new Laird summoned all his jolly freres;  
With rout and music shook the ancient manse,  
Flowed costly wines, and fled the frowning  
Cares.

And wealthier still became the shrewd Macleach,  
Much of the wasted gold his pocket found,  
He steward still remained, while state the heir  
Kept as upon a throne a sovereign crowned.

All pressed to greet the bounteous Laird’s sweet  
ways,  
Gay smiles him met wherever he appeared,  
Before him glowed the world in brilliant sheen,  
Bowed Beauty bright, bowed manly Valor  
keen.

Alas, alack, friends fell away full soon,  
Men smile while Fortune smiles, but when the  
sun  
Lacks lustrous golden rays, frowns take their  
place,  
And him they worshipped once they meanly  
shun.

"Help me with what I need for these my debts,  
Good ancient steward of our house," he said,  
"You shall my gratitude forever have,  
And shall with usury large be all repaid."

"Not so," the steward said, "but thou shalt have,  
For all thy land good store of shining gold,  
I will thee give a price." He named the price  
And stood for answer with a look full cold.

Full cold the price struck on the young man's  
heart,  
Not half was it of what the land was worth,  
And stood the wolf before the young man's door,  
And 'twas the last of all he owned on earth:

The last except the nook of Idlewild,  
This thought Macleach of value none, and so  
Not in the bargain was the sylvan nook,  
Naught did the steward of the friend there know.

A natural hesitation made the Laird,  
But, after somewhat murmuring, gave consent,  
Laid earnest down the steward, and prepared  
A writing witnessed of their joint intent.

The rioting and feasting brought back friends,  
At due times came the payments spent e'er  
seen,  
But not at home the revelings now were held,  
The steward now held state as Laird of Lynne.

And one sad day the young Laird in his purse  
Had only pennies three, one brass, one lead,  
And copper one, and silver none was there,  
And therefrom long before all gold had fled.

“And now,” he thought, “my pleasant friends  
will lend,  
Full surely, somewhat to repair my state.”  
So trustful was he, that he deemed that these  
Would help him out with readiness elate.

Not so. By some turned from their doors away,  
He was by others scorned without a blush;  
Such jibes and insults suffered he that seemed  
Their heartless treatment must his courage  
crush.



“ Ah well, ah well,” said now the heir of Lynne,  
See how ungrateful are these fellows base,  
They who have passed so merrily their time  
At my expense of gratitude show no trace.

“ Ah well, I will to Idlewild repair,  
And seek the friend of whom my father spake,  
The depth of satire was it that in death  
My father should such a proposal make.

“ But yet aught other place to me is closed,  
A hermit I must be for all my sin,  
Herbs and a crust hereafter will provide  
The wasted table of the heir of Lynne.”

He went, and sought the long-abandoned house,  
O'er hills, through vales, past rippling rills,  
Went he,  
Until before it, in the lonely glen,  
He stood, and wiped a tear from either e'e.

The door hung swinging on one rusty hinge,  
(The other broken) and before it grew  
A tangle wild of dank, unsightly weeds  
And briers, and not one violet's eye of blue.

All that he saw therein showed comfort none,  
No cheerful hearth, no bed, a stool, no chair;  
Hung from the ceiling old a stout noosed rope,  
Whereon a legend grim quite raised his hair.

“Since all is lost, unworthy heir of Lynne,  
Make trial of this cord, and with it end  
Thy sorrows all!” These words alone his voice  
Could frame, but these said all: “Welcome,  
my friend!”

The stool a platform made; the neck-tie fixed,  
Down from the stool he leaped, intent to die,  
But, tumbling as he tumbled, came a board  
Drawn by his weight from out the ceiling dry.

Showered on him gold from out the loft above,  
Gold sent in mockery by the Fiend he thought,  
But no, it was as pure as from the mines  
Of Ophir or Pactolus e’er was brought.

“Gold, I have read,” he thought, “came down  
from heaven,  
A tribute given by Jove to Danæe,  
But where read we of golden showers sent men,  
At least on such a squandering wretch as me?”

Natheless he promptly sought the floor above,  
Rats, bats, and wasps, and spiders held the place,  
Together with great stores of golden coin,  
Which he surveyed and counted with good  
grace.

Then made upon his knees before his God  
A solemn, earnest vow the heir of Lynne,  
That he would mend his wayward life and forth  
From that good hour a prudent life begin.

First in a trusty place he hid his gold,  
Except some pieces in his pockets stored,  
Then sought the ancient homestead where he  
found  
The steward pranked-up as its sovereign lord.

And with him sat his sovereign lady dear,  
He Laird, she Lady of the House of Lynne,  
And round them Lairds of high and low degree,  
'Midst feast and festival, laugh, and jest, and din.

He of the golden shower came forward mute,  
And hailed him all with kindly looks and fair,  
All save the Laird and Lady, who thought ill  
Their feast should be invaded by the heir.

"Macleach, I ask from thee no favor great,  
Excuse me that I break in on your cheer,  
If you will loan me forty pence I not  
One other moment, Mac, will linger here."

"Away, thou thriftless loon," the other said,  
"Be on my foolish head a blighting curse  
If I thee lend one groat, I know thee well,  
And thou shalt have no aid from out my purse."

"For charity, sweet madam, hear my prayer,"

Then to the Lady bent he his address,  
But this great personage her wide mouth ne'er  
    oped,

But only at the folds picked of her dress.

"Now by Saint Fillan's holy bones," said one,

"I don't, Macleach, this treatment understand,  
I'll lend him forty pence, and more, and ye  
    Had from him a great bargain in the land."

Then straight again invoked on his own head

Curses divine the pranked-up Laird, and cried:  
"A bargain! No, it me a loser makes,  
    I wish the purchase all were set aside.

"And here, before ye, Lairds and Ladies all,

I offer, if the youth will take it back,  
To give him back again his worthless tracts,  
    The price a thousand marks of mine to lack."

"I take the offer," said the youthful Laird,

"And pay, as earnest, golden crown on crown,  
Be witnesses ye all, and let a scribe  
    Write now, at once, the fixed agreement down."

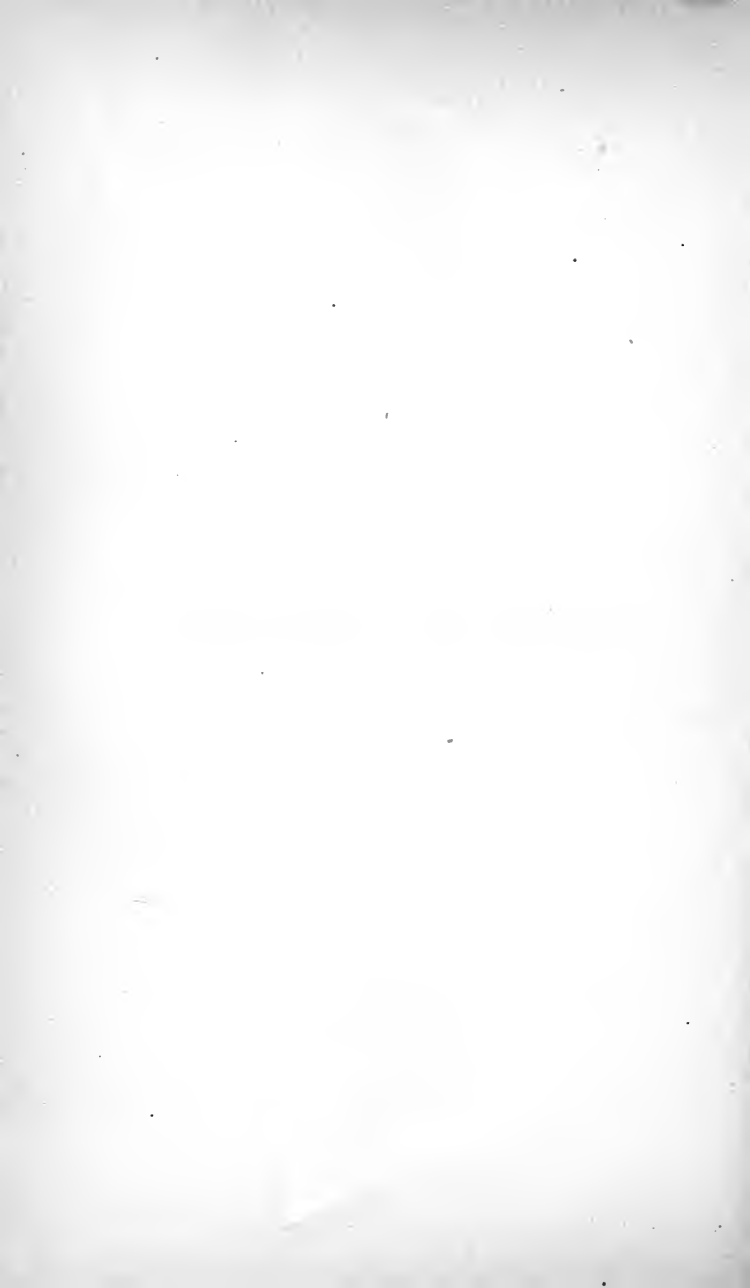
'Twas done, the next day poured the gold on Mac,  
And Madam Mac no more of Lynne was  
    queen,

But lived the Laird of Lynne in modest state,  
And led in quiet peace a life serene.

A steward new ye may be sure he had,  
And soon a wife, a lady new of Lynne,  
Who daughter was of that brave Laird who  
shamed  
Him who so short a time Lynne's Laird had  
been.



# DANTEAN PROTESTS.





## DANTEAN PROTESTS.

## I.—CRITICISM.

HOW shall I voice my deep and strong disgust  
For all the petty tribe of critics pleased  
To say high things or low of Dante's verse?  
The high things raise him to an undue height,  
The low him bury in a noisome grave.  
Men speak of Dante who his lines ne'er read,  
Men write of Dante who suppose that all  
He wrote was the Inferno, leaving lost  
His journey to the stars and his approach  
To that empyrean seat, God's judgment-throne.  
Some deem him but a common lover lorn,  
Some make him founder of a novel faith,  
Not deeming pure esteem his love illumed,  
Not caring that Christ's Church was his delight.  
And who's to blame? The commentators first  
Who ignorant twaddle wrote instead of sense,  
And next the unskilled translators who have failed  
To grasp the ideas he wrought into his rhymes,  
And last the rogues themselves, whose scope has  
missed  
The man, his times, his object and his words.

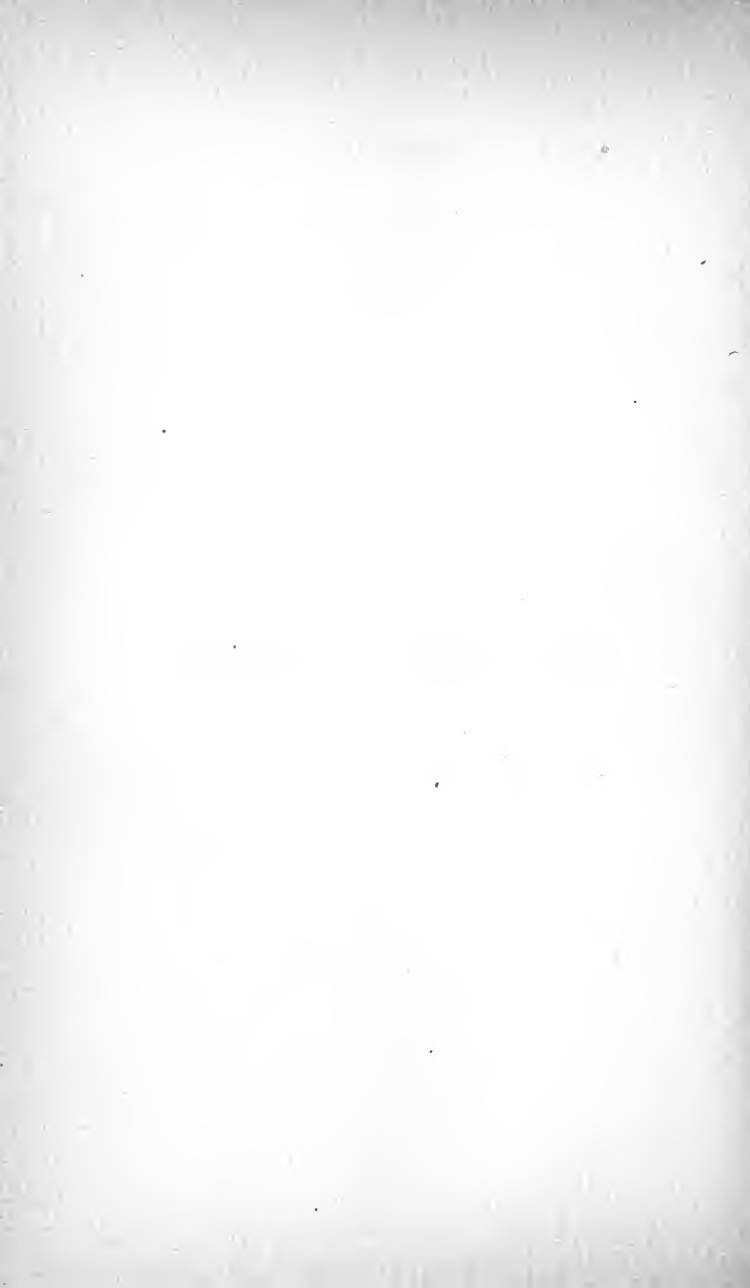
## II.—METAPHOR.

False phrases run in books, false metaphors pass,  
Analysis should weed plantain out of grass,  
And send the counterfeit coin to junk-shops base,  
But grows the plantain, speeds the metaphor's race.  
An instance much in point which thus has fared,  
And has wit, beauty, science, learning snared,  
Seems one of recent fashion, but not less  
To be condemned, whatever be its dress.  
This the cathedral metaphor may be named,  
And currency it have given wise authors famed.  
This methaphor curious let us analyze,  
And see from what it has its probable rise.  
Dante three-fold division gives his song,  
To these do rhetoricians manifest wrong,  
For architectural metaphors' narrow scope  
Fits illy in with faith and love and hope,  
And infinite thought comparison will not bear  
Even with a church which holds a bishop's chair.  
The first division Dante gives is Hell,  
Where every horror sounds and demons yell,  
More gently termed the lower world, and planned  
To include Elysium, with its worthies grand,  
But Christian never, and the allotment next  
Is Purgatory, which the ancient church  
Alone makes doctrinal, and which i' the lurch  
Is left by those same rhetoricians sage  
Who metaphors use whose force they do not gauge.

The third is Paradise, God's choice abode,  
The regions bright with stars and angels sowed,  
Deep, deep, aloft among the systems bright,  
Far, far, along the infinite planes of light.  
Considering these things let us see how fit  
These tropes when we consider them bit by bit.  
The metaphor false runs in this idle way:  
The Comedy Divine to a Cathedral may  
Comparison have, because the Inferno's lay  
The vestibule suggests, the Purgatorio hint  
Gives of the mid-placed nave, and that sweet glint  
Of glory in the Paradise fits the place  
Whence sound the tidings of redeeming grace.  
The vestibule the ancient place of ghosts!  
The vestibule the abode of Satan's hosts!  
Slight praise is this to gentle people meek  
Who therein pause the holy vase to seek.  
The auditorium, where sound dronings long,  
The place where saints praise God with fervor  
strong!  
And, last, the apsis where the Calvary stands,  
And Christ comes bleeding, side and feet and  
hands,  
Compared to heaven, where angels' harps and  
tones  
Cheer, in their joy, the dwellers in its zones!  
Ah no! the Poet's rhapsody sounds in thought,  
Sole in comparison therewith can be brought  
Infinity's self, nought else can furnish forth,  
As equal to the occasion's call in worth,

As not disparaging it, comparison due  
To what embraces all, far, near, false, true.  
Cease, idle critics, cease: celestial wings  
They need who would attain to heavenly things,  
And Terraced Mount and winding Banks of Styx  
Refuse alike the rhetoric of your cliques.

# THE DIVINE SATIRE.



THE DIVINE SATIRE.

I.—PARABLES.

MATTHEW XIII, 34.

HE spoke in parables, aye, and more than that,  
Satire divine upon his syllables sat:  
Satire divine which took of scorn the place,  
Satire divine which, while it moved in grace,  
Yet used the tones of noble, patient grief,  
Grief, scorn for men, of whom Himself the Chief,  
Took to himself the blame, the care, the cure,  
He Beam Divine from God's own lustre pure.

II.—CANA.

JOHN II, 3.

WHAT was't at Cana's feast but satire's play  
Made water wine, and made him pleased  
to say  
Unto his Mother: "Woman, what with thee  
Have I to do? Upon my mission me  
An hour supreme awaits, then may'st thou near  
Weep, plead, but all in vain, on Calvary drear."  
Ah what a satire on the soul of man  
Which, unlike God, cannot the future scan!

And satire here deserved is found 'gainst those  
 Who would the use of God's own gifts oppose  
 And laws which Nature made, and Nature's God,  
 Seek to reverse at a fanatic's nod.

### III.—BETHANY.

LUKE X, 38.

**A**T Bethany, too, what was't but satire's shaft,  
 When Martha sought her sister's aid, and  
                   laughed  
 Our Lord at her just claim, and, strangely "Go,"  
 He said, "work on, and let thou Mary so  
 Embrace my feet; 'tis best; whilst empty sloth  
 At this inopportune moment holds us both."  
 Ah! What a lash it gives the clergy's ways  
 Who sit fed fat with sickening women's praise!

### IV.—JERUSALEM.

MARK XIV, 58.

**W**HAT was't but satire spoken to the crowd,  
 Who jerr'd his sayings as absurd and proud:  
 "Make thou this temple, men, a ruin mere,  
 Whose building was a miracle: not a year  
 Will I require, nor month, to make it new;  
 In three days, men, and without aid from you  
 Or any man, I will restore it, willed  
 By me into new state, and with all worship filled."



Ah satire keen! The riotous multitude,  
By flowery tropes controlled or threatenings rude,  
So told that they themselves should break the walls  
Of God's appointed Temple, and the thralls  
Of prejudice and passion ope the way  
Which led unto the Resurrection Day!

## V.—PETER.

LUKE XXII, 31.

WHAT was't but satire when, to Peter, "You,"  
He said meaning the apostles all, "not true  
Unto me are; you Satan hath desired,  
With fell ambition 'gainst my mission fired,  
To sift like wheat; but, Peter, I have prayed  
My Heavenly Father that He give thee aid,  
And, aided, turn thy brethren from the snares  
That Satan sets; be wheat, enough are tares!"  
Ah satire on the preacher's frequent lack  
Of practice, and the insidious fell attack  
Which Sin reserves for soldiers who the guard  
Appointed are to keep, and who retard  
Sometimes, by their example poor, the pace  
Of men intent upon the heavenly race!

## VI.—CLEOPAS.

LUKE XXIV, 13.

WHAT was't but satire, when the Temple New  
Of God's Own Majesty quite nearly drew,

Upon the highway, to disciples twain  
 Who walked perplexed, in doubt and dread and  
 pain:

“What news, my friends, know ye in these dull  
 times?”

“Dull times! And canst thou, stranger, not have  
 heard

With what deep grief the hearts of all are stirred,  
 How one to whom we looked to lead our race  
 Has into danger fallen and dire disgrace,  
 Nailed on the cross, and three days in the grave,  
 He whom we hoped all humankind would save!”  
 But when at Emmaüs arrived, and raised  
 His hands were in His Heavenly Father’s praise,  
 Above the bread at dinner, then they knew  
 Was with them God, the Risen and the True.  
 Ah here was satire lips divine applied  
 To all who would the guise of man, as guide  
 Seek, for their estimates of character, worn  
 Not on the face, but in the bosom borne!

#### VII.—SAMARIA.

LUKE XVII, 17.

WHAT was’t but satire when Samaritan fields  
 Him, Master of all forms of power that  
 wields

Or saint or seraph, and each lofty height  
 Of knowledge, e’en in its empyreal flight,

Heard ask, as one might ask in questioning doubt,  
Intent to solve some puzzling problem out,  
"Where are the nine?" as t'wards him meekly  
came

The leper, sole of ten, to praise his name.  
"Where are the nine?" Response came none,  
for saw

The man his Lord, and stood, held dumb by awe.  
Ah, knew not then the Omnipresent God  
Where walked the nine, He by whose sovereign  
nod

Each system shines, each silvery planet rolls,  
And who all matter and all motion molds?  
The nine were of the Lord's own people, they  
Refused their debt of gratitude to pay,  
The stranger came, and homage gave profound,  
And thus o'erstepped his narrow nation's bound.  
"Where are the nine?" The stinging satire rings  
Where'er Redemption's voice its tidings sings,  
The satirist He who said the prophet true  
Shall to his home and kindred vainly sue,  
And praise exalted merit nobly earn  
From lands whose souls its radiant mission learn.

#### VIII.—JOB.

##### THE BOOK OF JOB.

AND what but satire is it shown in Job,  
That earliest breath of music on our globe?  
There friends came round a sick man full of pain.  
Intent him for his foibles to arraign,

They narrowed down in argument sour the laws  
That governed God, and scarcely gave Job pause  
To say he honored God, but thanked not them,  
A man renowned for patience moved to phlegm.  
What then? The wisdom of the ancients given,  
Approached a youth, Elihu, as from heaven.  
The course the ancients took he showed was false,  
But yet continued their ill-timed assaults,  
And, like them, urged a man all racked and sore  
Gay, cheerful, songs of jubilee forth to pour.  
All vain the human aid, the human arm,  
All bitter with impatience and alarm  
The tortured man, and angry each with each  
The arguers, as leech will rage 'gainst leech,  
Came from the whirlwind's breath the humbling  
voice

Of God himself, He who all blessings choice  
Gives at His will, and at whose will the unjust  
And just alike fall prostrate in the dust,  
And to the frenzied Job declared His might,  
His mastery, His providence, and His right  
O'er men and demons, fate, and sin, and hell  
And all the pains that goad and prides that swell.

# SONNETS.



## WHAT IS A SONNET?

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis a little bell  
Which rings, on paper, melodies of the  
heart;  
Its silvery tones no terrors rude impart  
In tinklings clear its quick-wrought numbers  
swell  
And reign in realms where fairy echoes dwell.  
'Tis heard in sweet philosophy's paths, where  
start  
Tear-drops, full oft, when, free from guile or art,  
The touched emotions own its Sibylline spell.  
Huge bells there be which storm or danger clang,  
Or with the epic muse sing fame and arms:  
Our little bell such numbers never rang;  
Its carillons' peals bring only love's alarms,  
Like that which from the altar sends its sound,  
Or that which says your guest your door hath  
found.

## THE MISSION OF FRIENDSHIP.

ARISTOTLE IX, ix, 7.

WHAT is the mission of friendship, and what  
Is the source of its power? Wherein  
does it move

To lighten the load of us mortals, and prove  
More lasting than love? Whence divinely are  
brought

The forces wherein our emotions are caught?  
Where in the nature of man is the groove  
Wherein with such pleasure such fond prompt-  
ings move?

The *heart* is our oracle here, not the lot  
From urns, old or new, of ambiguous rhymes:  
Its mission is happiness, sympathy's aid  
It seeks, and is strongest where contrasts exist.  
It has thrills which are heightened by differing  
climes,

Or when feature, or mood, or station, or grade,  
Make dear unto me what in my nature's missed.

INTENSIFIED.

**B**Y station are men's traits intensified.  
Take the professions: let the preacher  
stand

A sample forth: how is his arrogance fanned  
To ruddy ardor! Or, if lacking pride,  
How does humility send his praises wide!  
And then the man upon the mission grand



Of soothing human suffering: is he planned  
On little bases of deceit, or tried  
His nobler traits in crucibles divine?  
A mousing charlatan he is, or, great  
In wise simplicity, a welcomed friend.  
And then the advocate, law's learning's mine:  
Hear him or bark in some small, mean debate,  
Or, with angelic fire, worth's heights defend!

## THANKSGIVING.

**S**TANDS Candlemas for Saturnalias lost,  
The leaping priests who gladdened Roman  
streets

Give place to hymns processional and the sweets  
Of high communion with the sacred host,  
And all that reverence loves and prizes most.  
Gregarious, sure, is man; his nature meets  
The fine ethereal sense, which fondly greets  
The eternal and the heavenly; 'tis the boast  
Of every nation that it has its days  
Of frolic and of worship; e'en the sad  
And introverted Puritan finds at last  
A vindication in that joy which rays  
To-day throughout New England proud and glad  
That she with thanks can glorify her past.

## WORM, CHRYSALIS, BUTTERFLY.

SOMETIMES I muse a paltry worm is man,  
Changed by drear Azraël to the chrysalis  
state;

And next a butterfly bright at Heaven's high gate;  
And thus conciliate I the eternal plan,  
Formed when the counsels of the Word began,  
With suffering here, and sin, and lowering fate,  
And charity's laws divine, and earthy hate,  
And this our threshing-floor cleansed by God's  
own fan.

The worm is but a ghost, a spectre, mask,  
It comes from out the dust, but soul-possessed;  
A timid, eager child the chrysalis is,  
A girl who smiles her father's smile to ask,  
Like that fair vision Adrian's last sigh blessed,  
Then at His knee is hailed as always His.

## THE SACRED OFFICE.

CHRIST left to men the Golden Rule on  
earth,  
Which, followed, would bring back the Golden  
Age,

And named a Church, as shows the Scripture's  
page,  
But in his clergy was of grace such dearth  
That one a traitor proved, who, in its birth,  
Would strangle God's behests, and jealous rage  
Of deadly foes against its Life engage.  
And many of his preachers, since, lack worth,  
Ill-workers in the Lord's great vineyard, base  
Laggards when called unto His Marriage Feast;  
Showing of His meek spirit scarce a trace,  
Selfish, and rude, and gluttonous, they would  
smirch  
The fair, sweet fame surrounds His Bride, the  
Church;  
Angelic some, the name some earn of beast.

THE PLEIADS AND ORION.

JOB XXXVIII, 31.

CANST thou, vain man, that glittering scene  
restrain  
The Pleiads furnish in the autumnal sky?  
Or bid Orion's wintry girdle fly  
Dismissed from heaven towards some earthly  
plain?  
That glittering scene my changeless laws ordain;  
My laws, too, by that measuring girdle try

All depths, all space, or low or wide or high;  
 The twinkling Pleiads shall forever rain  
 Sweet influences down, and, dancing, shine  
 Like fairies prisoned in a silvery net;  
 The giant's studded girdle shall apart  
 Its mighty trinity, fixed in poise divine,  
 Hold, while my myriad systems rise and set,  
 High-sphered, nor based on human pride or art.

### ANTARES.

O STAR of summer, gleaming from the East,  
 Worthy to lead the advancing season's  
 march

Illuminating far the empyreal arch,  
 Whence hath descended the supernal feast  
 Orion's cortège gave, by thee increased!  
 Through thee we learn of him would rivers parch,  
 Through thee of antique jealousy which would  
 search

For punishment dire all worldly leavening yeast.  
 And lo! thy beams are poetry: far along  
 The perfumed heavens they bear the Arthurian  
 name

Arabia boasts: for, in the dates remote,  
 In prowess shone, and shone in lofty song,  
 Like Charlemagne gone, like Tennyson too, a  
 fame

Full worthy in thy crimson beams to float.

GALAXIA.

**A** LONG the summits of the sky I sought  
Star piled on star, the constellations wide,  
And that rich belt of myriad suns I tried,  
The paths whose silvery tints Orion caught,  
The path whereto their golden sandals brought  
Gods, demi-Gods, and heroes, when, in pride,  
Up to that throne where shall all men be tried,  
They praises sung with loftiest homage fraught.  
The ultimate far judgment-seat divine  
I saw before me, saw Alcmena's breasts,  
Her son, the child heroic, and saw stored  
In all the gems that all the pathway line,  
Things teaching of those infinite dread behests  
Announced to her who bore the incarnate Lord.

THE FAUN OF POLYCLETUS.

**T**HE faun of Polycletus be my theme,  
Theme dating back to storied times of old,  
When men in marble wrought their thoughts of  
gold,  
And lustrous Art made sure each brilliant dream,  
Concrete and clear to shine along Time's stream!  
Ah, Phidias! far beyond thee did unfold

Thy skilled disciple beauty's lines and mould;  
Aye, far beyond thy Gods his boys I deem,  
Boys which the glory crown of old renown,  
Beauty which shines in gait, in eye, in curl,  
And mould which makes us know man's form's  
divine;  
For, though the myths have laid their laurels  
down  
Before the throne of Jesus, He the Pearl  
Of all the Ages, yet their splendors shine.

### THE KNIGHT OF SANSOGNA.

FELL Lancelot to battle with a Knight  
Well named as of Sansogna; all of true  
And noble knighthood this one lacked, and knew  
Only to challenge anyone who might  
Furnish a foil unto his armor bright.  
But now from smittings on this Chloræus flew  
A flame of sparks, and heavy breath he drew  
To say: "A pause! Who art thou? Let the fight  
Stand still a moment!" "I am Lancelot,"  
Responded briskly then the indignant brave,  
And in pursuit straight lifted up his sword,  
But "Pardon!" said the dastard, "I am not  
Afraid of thee; thy sword aside I waive;  
The name I yield to of so great a Lord!"

FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT.

THREE persons in the Adorable Trinity are,  
And three in my friend's family too are  
found:

There is the father in whom traits abound  
Of goodness infinite, with nought to mar  
His rounded character seen near or far;  
There is the son, to whom instruction sound  
Has given a philosophical high ground  
Of contemplation, whence from star to star  
He views the dome celestial; and then Rome  
No worthier saint can claim than may claim those  
Who own the spirit sanctified of her  
They name as mother. Bless their radiant home,  
Thou Trinity High, a home where piety grows,  
And rustling wings of angels leave their stir!

WHAT IS IT, SISTER?

TO SISTER BLANDINA.

SOMETIMES methinks religion's but a thing  
Of putting on of airs: there is the priest  
Omnipotent o'er all, and there the minister least  
Of all his congregation; style e'en forms a ring

Within the sacred altar; praises sing  
 The choir to God, but money is the yeast  
 The leaven whereby pew piety's increased;  
 Its lubrication makes the censer swing.  
 Where is the lofty sense of right and wrong?  
 Where is the quiet life that shuns display?  
 Is it among the nuns all white of face?  
 Is there the beatific ardor strong  
 Where Saints Franciscan shun the public way,  
 Pageant and pomp and velvet, plumes and lace?

### TO DANTE.

**P**OET divine, or, yet, in terraces meek  
 The effulgent Cross of southern oceans  
                   lights,  
 Or, throned where Seraphs, in empyrean heights,  
 Close contemplation of the Highest seek;  
 Thy heaviest woes from wrath that factions  
                   wreak,  
 Thy keen resentments voiced in melody's flights,  
 Safe thou from Minos and infernal rites;  
 On whose behalf was Beatrice moved to speak  
 With Virgil's shade, his aid expert to pray;  
 On this thine humble follower's task do thou  
 Look down benign! Since went thy soul its way  
 From out the western wave hath risen, and now



Hails thy great Muse, a realm more wide than  
Rome's,  
And give thy themes their thoughts its studious  
homes.

WHEN GIRLISH CURLS DANCED  
'ROUND THY FOREHEAD FAIR.

TO A. Y. S.

WHEN girlish curls danced round thy fore-  
head fair,  
I paused sometimes upon the street to gaze  
And wonder o'er thy wealth of charming ways,  
And deemed some heavenly radiance filled the air;  
And when, with school girls' tasks sedate, would  
wear  
Thy face new beauty, I would think what lays  
Of happiest bard could paint thy glory's rays  
That left for added traits nor thought nor care;  
But now that years have brought thy summer-  
time,  
The triumph of thy spring's surpassed, while climb  
To ripe abundance thy perfected gifts;  
And may thy russet autumn view thee blessed  
With all good things that e'er the good caressed  
While slowly God thee to his bosom lifts!

## THE BIRTHDAY.

FEB. 9, 1887.

**N**ATURE is kind: she gives, in winter,  
 gloom,  
 That round it she may shed a halo bright  
 And stars that sparkle through the darkling night;  
 Midst accents rough of daily care to bloom  
 She grants sweet flowers of song; then, glad,  
                     assume,  
 Midst song and beauty, skies a brighter light,  
 And earth a ministry holds of high delight,  
 Which leaves for weak regrets nor cause nor  
                     room.  
 While Alice reigns the winter flees, the power  
 Of frost o'erwhelmed concedes the genial hour;  
 Before her beauty Nature hides her face;  
 Before her voice the minstrel's lute, the fame  
 That waits on art where'er its pennons flame,  
 Seem idly tame; all lack her power, her grace.

TO A. L. K.

**A**DAH, as often as I see thy face  
 A dream I see of stately loveliness!  
 Louise—it suits me well thus to confess—  
 When looking round the world for forms of  
                     grace,

I think of thee, all unadorned by lace,  
Or trinketry, but in the guise would bless  
E'en Psyche's self, whose smiles oft thee caress,  
Thee clothed with every charm adorns our race!  
And let me own thy majesty of worth,  
Thou moon full-orbed amongst the lesser orbs;  
And let me claim thy casual word or thought,  
Word, thought, exceeding treasures heaped of  
                    earth;  
And let me bend—this still my soul absorbs—  
In worship at thy shrine, divinely sought!

## TWO EYES I SAW.

TO C. H.

TWO eyes I saw, and they were sweetly bright,  
Two eyes which answered radiance to my  
                    own,  
Two eyes unrivaled in whatever zone,  
Two eyes which gave fair features what the night  
Which Luna rules gives to each lofty height.  
O were I privileged to assume the tone  
A lover knows, and mount love's lofty throne,  
I could fond tintage give to my delight!

But such is not the privilege I possess,  
My privilege is to worship from afar,  
But while I worship I can give my voice  
Some plenitude of license, as of right,  
And say that never came, with power to bless,  
My heart within, such orbs, each like a star.

## TO E. B.

SEPT. 1, 1889.

**B**EAUTY, and modesty, and worth, their light  
The lady gave who made my journeys sweet:  
A pensive beauty, for the gifted meet,  
And modesty serene, and worth whose bright  
Insignia lead to every lofty height.  
I would that she were born my vows to greet,  
And with like heat my passion's heat to meet,  
But Fates may not thus severing paths unite.  
Her mind sits calmly in its starry plane,  
She holds Diana's rule, nor gives  
Aught save mild scorn to gentle Cupid's bow,  
Whose shafts have caused her sometimes love's  
fond pain.  
I know not where a lovelier lady lives,  
A privilege 'tis her castle's wood to know.

RESCUE BY AN AMERICAN LADY  
OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

SHAME on our boasted times, that they count  
men  
Who treat with tiger cruelty a wife!  
But heard I of a mingling in that strife,  
For sought an Angel the vile husband's den,  
And brought her ward to heaven's own light  
again.

The story is of three lands rich with life:  
The one where sound the drum and stirring fife  
Pæans to Liberty; the next where glen  
And sea and mountain boast imperial themes;  
The third where Herrmann's lofty glory dwells.  
The bride and her deliverer were apart  
A thousand leagues from where their native  
streams  
And plains and mountains weave their mystic  
spells,  
And wove in alien lands this history of the heart.

## THREE SCORE AND TEN.

The seventieth wedding-anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. John Tallman,  
of Tappan, New York, Oct. 16, 1889.

WE read that years three score and ten  
Were given mankind to live on earth,  
To live in sadness and in mirth;  
We see, alas, how often men  
Regret that race none run again,  
Or, looking forward, reach from birth  
Few years indeed, and little worth:  
But here are friends who thrill my pen  
With *marriage* lasting seventy years!  
O wedded bliss how long drawn out!  
O wife and husband greatly blessed!  
O time, filled full with smiles and tears,  
And hopeful days, and gloom, or doubt,  
Now waiting only Heaven's behest!

## EPITHALAMIUM.

SEPT. 18, 1889.

BE it our prayer that God may speed them  
well,  
William and Alice, in their wedded life,

He man adored, and she beloved wife!  
May this of each sweet, jubilant wedding-bell,  
As on the air its pleasing accents swell,  
The prophecy be, and may the loyal strife  
Of mutual duty ne'er feel severing knife!  
This say, my son, and say thou this as well:  
That, as the years grow long, may love grow  
too,  
And graces grow, as grows the fragrant vine  
Around their cottage-door, and friends increase,  
Until all blessings that e'er marriage knew  
Shall bless their honored names, and joy be  
mine  
In oft observing this fair scene of peace!

### THE FEAST DECLINED.

THANKS for your invitation let me send?  
And, at the same time, this avowal make  
Of my dislike for parties? For the sake  
Of pleasing you or any other friend  
I might my strong disinclination bend  
To meet the occasion, might of cheer partake  
Which should appreciative praise awake—  
At your house things ambrosial without end;  
But then I should be sorry for it the next day;  
For posing, talking, looking wise and sweet,

An evening through, even in *your* presence  
    bright,  
Would be a tax my health might grudge to pay.  
Besides, there are very few I care to meet;  
And so, my frank regrets you'll own are right?

TO DOCTOR HOLMES,

ON READING HIS "CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC."

NO other bard, like thee, dear, radiant Holmes,  
    Can lyrics sing in English, French and  
    Greek,

And mix these in a sovereign song, where seek  
We not in vain the sterling words of Rome's  
Triumphal arches, forums, fanes and domes!  
With other bards it were an idle freak  
Of venturous humor, which full soon a-leak  
Would spring, and founder; e'en the admired  
    tomes

Which come from antique Europe's laurell'd  
    coasts

Of such an Argo sailed bring rumor none:  
No, 'tis not in fame's lofty trumpet's boasts  
That of this polyglottic feat the peer  
Has e'er been seen beneath the fruitful sun,  
One rounded thus, and mixed of smile and tear!



FOURTEEN LETTERS, FOURTEEN  
LINES.

1891.

A LANDSCAPE when we see that's truly  
charming,  
Aglow with tints that make it all entrancing,  
Fond looks we send upon its colors glancing,  
Or be it glimpses rich confused with farming,  
When sad clouds frown not on it for its harming,  
Or gaily there a cavalcade's advancing,  
Where laughing dames and knights curb coursers  
prancing,  
Such beauteous view no lurking foe alarming,  
Long, after gazing, do we muse admiring,  
Us, as of Arcady, a gleam enthusing,  
Recalling traits Narcissus dazzled peering:  
But one may look upon a face where tiring  
Will ne'er eyes own, and charms despair of losing  
Than antique myth or glade far more endearing.

## TREFOIL, QUATREFOIL.

FULL sweetly shimmer on the scene, thou Sun,  
O summer's Sun, above the field of dread,  
Unclouded, gild the grave where heroes bled,  
Reversed the scene that gloomed when sword  
and gun

Light gave the land from night's big battle done!  
 Each form of ill, each savage vision, fled,  
 Alert leads beauty where grim courage led,  
 Frowns yield to smiles, by each their victory won,  
 Contrasted on this field of clover-blooms.  
 Lay let us ne'er aside one lofty thought,  
 One aspiration for the great and good,  
 Voices surround us from heroic tombs,  
 Evangels come of peace through struggle brought,  
 Rings still the war through this majestic wood.

*Tippecanoe Battle-field, July 5, 1892.*

The above sonnet is to be read as an acrostic.

## THE AMETHYST.

SWEETNESS of manners, this the amethyst  
 Is held to signify in sentiment.  
 And when the thunders down from Sinai sent  
 Confirmed the array of gems that should a mist  
 Of beauty give the breastplate, in the list  
 This gem was found; hereby was plainly meant  
 How soberly unto his duties bent  
 Should be the pontiff. And its radiance kissed  
 In Sagittarius all the sparkling skies;  
 And sacred, said tradition was the gem  
 Unto Adnachiel, he whose pinions rise  
 In lofty heavens where glories Gabriel,  
 Those realms where angel with archangel vies,  
 And where all amethystine souls may dwell.

POEMS OF THE WAR.



THE VETERAN.

AT fifteen strode he in the war,  
In glowing arms and vesture clad,  
That heightened all his visions glad,  
And made a hero of the lad,  
And patriot to his bosom's core.

The march, the mess, the picket-guard  
Each found him gay, elate, superb;  
Naught could his temper's poise disturb;  
Sometimes his zeal the men would curb,  
Lest strategy's aims might thus be marred.

Rich Mountain saw him climb its steeps,  
Until from out his wounded thigh,  
Torn by a shell that climbed the sky,  
Came blood that him to death brought nigh  
And showed him why 'tis history weeps.

At Huntsville, yet with that wound wan  
He rushed upon the unguarded town,  
Rushed with his comrades, like a frown  
That came from Fate with terror down  
Through roseate skies at break of dawn.

And stood he where war's bloodiest rule  
Round Gettysburg poured shot and shell  
And heard the words through slaughters fell,  
The prelude to that storm of hell:  
"Wait now, and let the cannons cool."

And saw at Chickamauga gore  
Incarnadine the stubborn field,  
There where the lost cause would not yield,  
Although each smoking gun that pealed  
Wide rents in its sad banner tore.

In other battles, too, he fought:  
A Shiloh shell tore through his face,  
Where scars he wears yet, as a grace,  
And of that grand career a trace  
Which stars upon his shoulders brought.

At fifty past his vigor holds,  
But as he looks adown the past,  
He sees the war's ranks thinning fast;  
His beard shows streaks of gray at last,  
And grief sometimes his thoughts infolds.

The plumes above the heads that rose  
Of brave commanders sink in death;  
Those who survived the gory heath  
Where many a hero yielded breath,  
Have gone to meet in heaven their foes;

The world to him is changed, and rude,  
Sometimes from younger men he hears,  
Words which him sink in secret tears,  
Him whom counts Glory 'mongst her peers,  
Him treated with ingratitude!

Slowly his sun sinks in the west;  
The good will thank him, and the blood  
That for his country poured a flood  
Will unto Fame's pure amaranths bud  
Above his ashes wept and blest.

## GRANT AT SHILOH.

APRIL 6, 1862.

**S**TURDY foes on Shiloh's field  
Stood, and neither side would yield;  
For the prestige wide and great  
Grant, the iron hero had  
Only made their zeal more mad,  
Trembled courage, thirsted hate.

Days had battle raged, and out  
Grant was venturing as a scout:  
He too far alone had passed  
'Neath the bluff, where hissing wings  
Death-borne, sent their summoning stings  
Thick and merciless and fast.

Sabbath afternoon, alas,  
'T was saw men in battle mass,  
Saw grow heaped the death-rows red:  
Elsewhere chimes were sweetly rung,  
Sabbath scholars sweetly sung  
Hymns divine, and prayers were said.

Fear none Grant had, nor was rash,  
Duty's sense had held the lash  
Over caution, and his steed  
Had him carried onward far  
Where the heavy brunt of war  
Men met spread o'er hill and mead.

He a picket countersigned,  
And the twain, as brave as kind,  
Saw before them peril spread,  
Saw the signs whence peril grows:  
Yet no multitude of foes  
Could have given Grant aught of dread.

Now his steed he turned, but,—God!  
Dropped the picket on the sod,  
Headless from a cannon-ball!  
Said "Poor fellow" he so used  
Bloody scenes to view, and mused  
But a moment, that was all.



“Who commands this regiment, sir?”  
Then he asked of one whose stir  
    Showed him there to hold command;  
“I do, General, as relief  
To its wounded colonel. Grief  
    Meets us here on every hand;

“Fifth Ohio Cavalry; killed  
Sixty; Headley’s life is spilled.”  
Major Ricker’s voice he heard;  
Came then, and without retard:  
“Let me have a bodyguard,”  
    Order honored at the word.

Captain Curtis quickly out  
Wheeled his company, and about  
    Safety now the General clips,  
But, before ’t was done, with hot,  
Hissing frenzy, struck a shot  
    The cigar from ’twixt his lips.

“Lightning,” said he, cool as ice,  
“Strikes the same place never twice,”  
    And, as though ’twere quite of course,  
A cigar came from its case,  
Of that lost to take the place,  
    While around him formed the horse.

On they rode through cannon-crash,  
On they rode through cavalry-dash,  
Caring but to save their chief,  
Caring but for duty's call,  
Duty 'neath the sulphur-pall  
Of that reeking field of grief.

TO COLONEL WILLIAM C. WILSON.

THERE be some gems of speech too seldom  
heard,  
Gems which should radiate in a sphere more wide;  
There be some fortunes follow on the tide  
Of high resolve; and oft the spoken word  
Is as the air the pathway of the bird.  
These thoughts came to me, not to be denied,  
When I perused, and re-perused, with pride  
Thy speech, my friend, wherein again to gird  
The historic blade of battle was thy cue,  
And make a chieftain welcome to our vale,  
And strengthen bonds of comradeship divine;  
And, as I read thine eloquent words and true,  
Methought our people, surely, will not fail  
Full heed to give to such high claims as thine.

## SHERMAN.

WHEN from Atlanta reached his march the  
sea,  
Savannah fell, the ornament of the coast,  
A jewel superb, his conquering grasp within.  
"This city give I thee, a Yule-day gift,  
And, with it, seven full score of heavy guns,  
All shotted, and large store of powder and ball,  
And cotton one score and a fourth of thousand  
bales,"

Thus flashed he to the people's worthy head,  
The illustrious chief whom martyrdom soon sought.  
Flashed back response: "Well done, thou hast  
our thanks."

And asked bronzed veteran or meek refugee,  
In pride or wonder: "Sherman, whither now?"  
The gift, the question, bore the solstice-date,  
The sun upon his southward course had paused,  
And Sherman, not afraid to match his might  
With any star in heaven, e'en Phœbus' self,  
Responded: "Hither I southward came, as came  
That orb whose glory gilds our arms, the sun.  
He stands a moment ere is changed his course,  
And so do I, and then my course with him  
I take, as takes he his, towards the north."



And as flashed further north the mighty orb,  
So northward Sherman passed, and met him hosts,  
As met pale armies iron Charlemagne,  
To sue for peace and friendship at his hands.

IDYLS OF THE WEST.



## THE TREE AND ITS ROOTS.

## A PROLOGUE.

GREW in the Orient all the balms of life  
And all the lore; a vigorous tree; and there  
The trunk and lofty, leafy crown remain;  
But have swept onward to the Occident,  
As race hath followed race, ambitious all,  
And crumbling city city fair, by turns,  
The roots that held the baby bole aloft  
Until the sustenance supports the tree  
Comes not from that small pristine garden-plat,  
That Eden wherein the saplings earlier frond  
Of suckling beauty perfumed land on land;  
But,—all the moisture drained of regions old,—  
Drink those same roots, extended t'wards the  
West,  
From lands erst savage, filled with culture now:  
Aye, those same nourishing roots have swept far  
forth  
Across the lands Atlantis ruled, and strike  
New shores Columbus found, then bleak and  
drear.  
Tiber's, Seine's, Thames', successive nourishing  
floods  
Increased the frondage brave, so Lalla Rookhs,

Vatheks, and song, and history, and romance  
Which erst Euphrates fed, and Nile's fat ooze,  
And Simois' waves; and, later, tap those roots  
The waters rich the Charles and Hudson yield.  
Will reach the mighty progress further shores,  
Until, the Father of Waters' self, attained,  
And streams Pacific, send this nurture forth.  
The minstrel shall suggestive murmurs seek  
In lofty groves, born where the snowy crests  
Of mountain rivers send to either sea,  
Cañons and crags and plains, or white or green,  
And where burst forth the scalding geyser's floods  
From secret depths; new Alps, new Juras; tales  
Strange as the legends of the deserts old,  
And full of hazard as the Pyrenees' heights,  
Or all the glens and cliffs the Apennines claim,  
Shall grace the annals of the new-found world.

Be it our task to give some echoes form  
Which else might be neglected, tales which speak,  
Like Alden's, or Evangeline's, of home;  
Which court not all the barren lands grouped  
round  
The tree's huge breadth and height, but utter  
forth  
Facts, words, philosophy, which treat old forms  
And instances as yielding now to those  
Which later come as symbols in their stead,  
And gild the tree with fruitage of the West.



## HUMOROUS POEMS.



## AN INCIDENT OF THE COURT-ROOM.

THE court had called the bar for motions o'er,  
And opened had the docket for the day;  
But, now and then, his honor t'wards the door  
A glance inquiring sent, as though to say:

"The criminal cases have priority,  
And therefore should the state's attorney first  
Be heard in motions, I expect to see  
John Miller soon into the forum burst."

"You're late, sir," said the Judge, as oped the  
door,  
And came the attorney in with busy port,  
"But we have waited for you, since no more  
Important business is before the court."

---

NOTE—The Judge was the Hon. David Turpie, prior to the incident, and again, after it, a Senator of the United States.

## ASHEEM AND CHOACE.

"ORDER, keep order," said the judge in  
court,  
"Disorder in this room has reached its *asheem*,  
No more confusion of this rowdyish sort  
Must happen here, much as this hubbub may  
seem

The proper thing to counsel in their sport,  
 And I will stop it here now, quick and short:  
 See, sheriff, strictly, you no more grace  
 Give thus to talking, walking at a high pace,  
 Or, at each moment, giggling with a grimace,  
 I only hold the joker, and can throw ace,  
 We must at once bring order out of *choace*!"

### GOOD ENGLISH.

A CELT and Teuton were opposed  
 Attorneys in a suit,  
 Huff on the bench, and, sitting round,  
 The usual audience mute.

The suit was of a trivial sort,  
 But one a jury claimed,  
 B\*h\*m was the Teuton, of grand port,  
 The Celt was R\*l\*y famed.

The sheriff called the jury-list,  
 And read, upon the roll,  
 A quiet clothing-merchant's name,  
 A certain Jacob Joel.

There Jacob sat, averse to serve,  
 He first refused to budge,  
 "Axcuse me," then he said, "I no  
 Ond'stand goot English, Judge."

The Judge, a wag, first gave a shrug,  
Quite in his usual style,  
Then, "No good English, sir," he said,  
"You'll hear upon this trial."

So Joel, compelled, assumed the box,  
With one consent all roared,  
But not a sign of merriment showed  
The two attorneys bored.

## ON THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT—The poet, in reciting this lengthy, and of course, fatiguing poem, devoted to sensibility and philosophy, imagines himself in view of the lofty and elegant half-million edifice, and in his best Homeric attitude reaches forth the hand (the dexter hand) and proceeds thus :

A Thing that is Fine should have a Fine Name:  
I therefore call this the Temple of Fame.

END OF THE POEM.

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APPENDATORY NOTE—The announcement "End of the Poem" is supposed to have a soothing effect upon the stretched attention of the auditors (or auditor, as the case may be).

## THE BALLAD OF BLUFF SUMNER.

**B**LUFF Sumner had, in some wild mood,  
His neighbor's cattle penned,  
And snort up, when the neighbor sued,  
A snort the sky would rend.

'Twas in the early days, when roamed,  
Wide on the prairie grand,  
O'er miles of waving sward, fat herds  
Known only by the brand.

Steers, with initial T, not his,  
In number seventy-seven,  
He drove from section, town, and range:  
On this was brought replevin.

The case was flagrant, so much so  
It made some people stare,  
But others said, "That's Ned again!"  
And gave it little care.

But Sumner, lawless, owned the law,  
Before him shrunk the judge,  
And every juryman did his will,  
To 'scape his grinding grudge.

For raw the county was, and votes  
Were by his word controlled;  
It made a precious difference when  
His herdsmen's votes were polled.

In caucuses he was powerful,  
Conventions feared his nod,  
Men treated he like cattle, and  
Them ruled with potent rod.

But much of equity's force he knew,  
And lawless was in sport,  
And, in this case, he only sought  
To have a scene in court.

The case was tried before Judge Mills,  
Of the Benton Circuit Court,  
In the commission of the peace  
The judge had been up-brought.

In such a suit much argument,  
Of course, was lavished round,  
And this ex-justice Mills's brains  
In dire confusion bound.

In awe of Sumner's lawyer most,  
He judgment gave for him,  
Whereon the other error prayed  
Unto the Court Supreme.

This Mills refused. "Is this the court's  
Decision?" asked the bar.  
*"If this court understands herself,  
And she thinks she do, it are."*

Sumner, while roared bar, jury, crowd,  
Said, with the occasion gay:  
"Let Templeton have the judgment, I  
The costs will willingly pay.

“And let me say, judge, if in law  
I were as you are short,  
I would not suffer myself, sir,  
To sit and hold a court.”\*

---

\*Summer would have applauded the waggery of Sir John Millesent in the anecdote related by L'Estrange. Millesent was a lawyer of rare ability, and being made a judge, he was asked one day how he contrived to live in peace with his brother judges. “Why, in faith,” said Sir John, “I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the Bench.”

### JUDGE DEAN.

SAT in his ermined state Judge Dean  
With lengthened law-suits sore,  
While on his docket to be seen  
Were twelve sad cases more.

The law the worthy judge well knew,  
Knew lawyers' ways and clients,'  
And, in these cases, had in view  
A clever piece of science.

“Not through these cases will I hear  
The citing of bad law,  
And jibe, and taunt, and fling, and jeer,  
Low joke, and loud guffaw,

“But guilty every wretch shall own  
Himself, and waive all trial,  
The lawyers, e'en, with humble tone  
Shall own their clients' guile.”



“Stone,” said he to the sheriff, “which  
Of all the dozen’s the worst?”  
“The worst, I think, my Lord, is Fitch.”  
“Him, then, I’ll try the first.

“You tell him, Stone, to guilty plead,  
And I will easy be,  
I think this will the others lead  
To leave their fate to me.”

“I thank your lordship for this chance,  
His wife and blue-eyed girl,  
When they know this, for joy will dance,  
Now plunged in sorrow’s whirl.

“Last night their sighs and moanings stirred  
The echoes of the jail,  
And afterwards in my dreams I heard  
The shrieks of phantoms pale.

“I’m sure his wife’s a lady, sir,  
And has seen better days,  
And of the child’s sweet face no blur  
Disturbs the enchanting rays.”

“Bring them all in at once,” he said,  
“Array the full dozen, all;  
I wish you’d see, Strong, that of dread  
Their modicum is small.”

The twelve appear. "Fitch, what's your plea?"

"I guilty plead, my Lord,  
And hope that you will mercy me  
Be pleased, sir, to accord."

"Your life may, prisoner, not so slack  
Be as it seems to be,  
'Tis said that Satan's not so black  
As we him painted see.

"Three months your sentence is, and let  
Me hope that when 'tis run,  
Your old companions you'll forget  
And their example shun."

"What plead the others?" Then ensued  
A whispering 'mongst the clan,  
All pleased to find the judge's mood  
So favorable was to Dan.

There were young Diggs and Donnegan old,  
And Rattler, Rawles, and Rugg,  
Gray huge, Green slim, and villainous Fould,  
And Mulligan, Cowles, and Crugg.

Make no mistake, the clients these,  
And not the lawyers were,  
Let us be just to Sergeants Breeze,  
Day, Hay, and Gay, and Blair.

“We’re guilty all, all plead the same,”  
Came from the wretched throng,  
Their lawyers, e’en, were rendered tame,  
And joined, too, in the song.

Then came upon the judge’s face  
A frown, severe and deep,  
Of his good humor not a trace  
Seemed there its seat to keep.

“Prisoners, your many criminal deeds  
Me my strict duty teach,  
I follow where my duty leads,  
And give ye ten years each.”

“Sheriff, the sentence of the court  
See that thou execute.”  
Forth went the eleven with rumpled port,  
And sad, and grim, and mute,

But round the neck of happy Dan  
His wife and daughter hung,  
While tears down rugged faces ran  
From rugged natures wrung.

LINCOLN AND THE BRITISH MIN-  
ISTER.

ONCE in a while most curious things there be  
Which men supreme in fame and state  
think on,  
An instance came well certified to me,  
As characteristic of our great Lincoln.

It seems a high lord came across the sea  
(This you may answer by a smile, or call facts)  
Accredited to this land of liberty  
(I had it from a witness, Schuyler Colfax)

And sought a suitable opportunity  
To hand in his credentials to the President,  
Accompanied by a speech of comity,  
In settling down as British Minister resident.

The speech made, Lincoln said with brevity:  
"Your name we'll easily recall, Lord Hart-  
ington,  
It makes a rhyme, you know, so perfectly,  
With that of our Mrs. Partington."

SAINT PATRICK PREACHED BEFORE  
THE KING.

SAINT Patrick preached before the king;  
His voice had ring, his eloquence rose;  
He lifted up his staff, and down  
It came upon the royal toes.

Uprose the king, convinced, but pained;  
The saint explained it was not meant;  
The rubric called for no such thing;  
'Twas but the vehemence of the saint.

BRUNETTA SCRUPULOSA.

BRUNETTA Scrupulosa went to church  
To make confession for imagined sin.  
She had done nothing to provoke rebuke,  
But feared she had, in thought, or deed, perhaps,  
And, possibly, had suffered some relapse;  
Her habit, too, had been this quiet nook  
To seek against the world's disturbing din.

There found she one who never in the lurch  
Left duty any which his station brought:  
The Reverend Doctor Michael John O'Doyle.

To him Brunetta made her foibles known,  
To him made ample promise to atone  
For wrongs to heaven, and begged him, in the moil,  
To help her grasp the great reward she sought.

Full many a time had he Brunetta heard,  
Bowed with regret and trembling with remorse,  
Make similar mention of her faults divine,  
Full oft had he judicial answers given  
To aid her on her trembling way to heaven,  
And, citing holy precepts line on line,  
Encouraged her through all her prayerful course.

But now disturbed his judgment just one word:  
Brunetta asked, "Good father, can I *paint*?"  
"Why, yes, my child, make thou the canvas glow!  
When perfect in the art I will require  
You in the church place, where may all admire,  
Worthy, perhaps, of Fra Angelico,  
Proof of your skill, a seraph or a saint."

But sweet Brunetta was ill-understood,  
And, dealing ne'er in ambiguity,  
And seeing how was lost her actual drift,  
She quickly said: "Good father, 't is my face!  
May I 'Invisible' use without disgrace?"  
The avowal almost gave her heart a rift,  
And woke the kind priest's curiosity.

He knew his penitent of all that's good  
A miracle, and deemed some strange offence  
Lay wrapt in this mysterious, curious prayer,  
He therefore said: "Come with me to the light!"  
Her face, erst black, was beauteous now and  
bright:  
Permission gave he to the questioning fair,  
And drove her with an added blessing thence.

## HUMORS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

### A LYRIC OF ERIN.

1884.

“‘**R**AH fur Blaine!”  
Says Cragin;  
“‘Rah fur Logan!”  
Says Hogan;  
“Let’s be rallyin’!”  
Says Callahan;  
“Cheer ’em hearty!”  
Says McCarthy;  
“America Go Bragh!”  
Says Meagher;  
“No! *Erin* Go Bragh!”  
Says McGrath.

## RUM, ROMANISM AND REBELLION.

1884.

“**R**UM, Romanism and Rebellion, Mister  
Blaine,”

Said Burchard, “all our history’s annals stain,  
Them every Christian soul must view with pain.

“Of these portentous evils huge the worst  
Arises from indomitable thirst:  
Rum of all evils is the most accursed.

“And Romanism follows next in suit,  
No tree in Erebus bears more hateful fruit,  
Of many minor ills it is the root.

“And almost equally base Rebellion frowns  
In many of our treacherous northern towns,  
But in the South of course it most abounds.”

Blaine heard the strange alliterative blast,  
And smiled, and gayly through the occasion  
passed,  
But, when he read the specials, was aghast.

The election came, and Cleveland won the day,  
For not a thirsty soul would say him nay,  
And all the allies rallied to the fray.



THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVEN-  
TION.

1850.

TO frame a constitution for the State,  
Met sages, each a representative Hoosier,  
And while there were discussions often wise,  
Things otherwise would frequently amuse you.

Came to the capital a man of brains,  
A reverend preacher, Alexander Campbell.  
"To make the prayer to-morrow," preachers two  
Said "let's invite him; it will nothing trammel."

"Consent!" came back the universal voice,  
Which pleased the mover, Reverend Mister  
Badger,  
Of Campbell's church, and, like his master, shrewd  
In things polemical, and ne'er a cadger.

Could scarcely have a more incongruous name  
The other: Pastor Wolf he was; a shepherd  
Among a flock of lambs, this preacher mild  
Might just as aptly have been named a leopard.

The incongruity struck a brother sage,  
A great man with the little name of Pettit,  
A scoffer, too, but in a gentle way,  
Who, seeing the drollery, more than halfway  
met it.

“I see,” he said, “how fitting ’t is we send,  
We who misrepresent the sovereign masses,  
A wolf and badger to arrange a scene:  
A camel praying for a pack of asses.”

## IGNORANCE.

**I**GNORANCE of fact's a good defence, if  
true,  
And if not true, and sworn to, it will do:  
Ignorance of law excuses none, and gone  
Is that man's cause who in its net is drawn.  
Two bright, keen men these sound truths each  
in turn  
Illustrated, each had somewhat to learn.  
One, Watkins, was an editor, he sneaked  
A lottery advertisement in, and wreaked  
Just vengeance on him one who held the post  
Of village postmaster, Ben Sims, the boast  
Of social and religious life, but most

Of learnèd and political circles. Well,  
The editor, arrested, went pell-mell  
Into the swearing business, said he knew  
Nothing at all of things notorious; flew  
The prosecution, in this mode, to wreck;  
But on Sim's record Watkins found a fleck:  
Some weeks before, when Christmas presents  
rained,

Sims had his record all too plainly stained  
By taking from his clerks a present; caned  
He had been in good style, an ebony staff  
Gold-headed and inscribed, and Sims would  
quaff

The incense thereon graven, and would laugh,  
Clear down into his boots, with soul-felt glee  
When he this stick would rap 'gainst palm or  
knee.

What said he when the editor demand  
Made through his columns he should forthwith  
stand

Dismissed from office as the penalty  
Printed in black on white for all to see?  
What shrewd defence was then forthcoming?  
This:

That true the law's plain terms were such, but  
miss

It clearly did the case in hand, because  
Sims, every moment conscious of all laws,  
Had not accepted this same ebony wand,  
Had always told his clerks so, nor had dawned

This idea on his mind after he read  
Keen Watkins' article, but that, instead,  
Immediately upon the cane's receipt,  
Cancelled the gift had been, as was most meet.

### ORION OR O'BRIEN.

ADDRESSED TO JOHN O'BRIEN, ESQUIRE, OF  
SAINT PAUL.

[S there a constellation of Orion?  
Or have men missed the letter B, O'Brien,  
And turned one E into an O? 'Tis tryin'  
And then, the apostrophe; there's no denyin'  
Stars moan through all the heavens for this loss  
sighin'.

A glorious name comes not by fraud or buyin',  
And ignorant ages have the heavens been eyin',  
And precious loss to Erin this see I in,  
And sometimes ask myself the reason why in  
The name of Goodness men should be so pryin'  
Through telescopes and opera-glasses spyin'  
The spangled fields of heaven, when there's a  
cryin'

Injustice done a royal race, which, high in  
Historic fame, no hero fears nor lion.

## ORIGIN OF THE WORD TORY.

Came from pedantic times the name of Tory.  
Some foreign witling, in his way sarcastic,  
Deeming his cue called for a term bombastic,  
Of England's King spoke as the Alpha Tauri,  
Comparing thus the Johnny Bullian glory  
To that of stars, all in a method plastic  
Which learning mingles with allusion drastic.  
This student's name has not come down in story,  
But all his promptings must have made him curious  
To find all terms legitimate or spurious  
Which warring Albion's friends might render  
furious.  
Brittania at his punning irony wondered,  
And then the name adopted, which has thundered  
Wherever states have leagued or armies plun-  
dered.

## SIMPLES AND SYMBOLS.

## I.

“JOHN, do you have the simples bad as ever?”  
A lady asked me as we drove to church.  
I thought she would my claims to sanity smirch.

And yet the carriage-wheels o'er gravel and  
stone  
Such rattling made that all except the tone  
Of her fine voice reached me through some endeavor.

## II.

Thought I unto myself, the name of "clever"  
Some English friends applied unto me once  
But now I think I'll own I am a dunce.  
So, with meek hesitation, said I "Yes."  
My looks betrayed me; came, with greater  
stress,  
"John, have you faith in symbols, now as ever?"

## ABSOLUTELY PURE.

"**L**ORD, make me pure," the child sighed  
forth,  
A girl scarce six years old,  
"O, absolutely pure, dear Lord!"  
While she her eyes uprolled.

Her mother heard, and much was piqued  
To know the reason why,  
And asked the pious child the cause  
Of uttering such a sigh.

“Than our newspaper,” she replied,  
“Was gospel never truer,  
And baking powder, it tells me,  
Is absolutely pure;

“Perhaps that I will public praise  
For merit have, some day,  
And for good baking powder’s worth  
Is what I humbly pray.”

PHUNNY CRAFT, BEE BANE, AND  
BOLIVAR ROBB.

PHUNNY CRAFT, Bee Bane, and Bolivar  
Robb;

The first two,—ladies; and the last,—no snob,  
Nor mixing ever with the groveling mob,  
But cause full often of the love-sick sob.

And would you know who was this Phunny  
Craft?

A solemn maid she was who never laughed,  
And who with love of Bolivar was quite daft,  
But whom Cytherean wings refused to waft.

And who the last, the innocuous, sprightly Bane?  
Alas! She tattle talked through street and lane;  
Robbed flowers of honey never, but would fain  
With little effort a good husband gain.

## THE DAINTY HOUSEKEEPER.

“STOP there,” she said, and crossed the floor,  
And stood inside the wire-screen door,  
“Your feet are large and clogged with dirt,  
They would my dainty kitchen hurt.

More real estate in Omaha  
Upon a man’s feet I ne’er saw,  
Were you a Rocky Mountain bear  
You could not give me such a scare!”

She took his bunch of butcher-meat,  
And then he beat a quick retreat,  
His eyes a-gog, his senses low,  
While she went back to sweep and sew.

## PEARL.

A YOUTH, the dandy of the hotellerie,  
Prompt to bestow his patronizing ways  
On prandial maidens primp whom he might see  
To guests distributing eatables on trays  
Extended,



A new girl noticed, spruce, alert and shy,  
And thought: "Here is another; now I'll show  
My knack at talking, even though thereby,  
After continual nagging she may grow  
Offended."

So, as a dish of rather dainty hash  
She placed before the sovereign of the hall,  
"My dear," he said, "tell me your name." A mash  
He sought, and insolence with his manner all  
Was blended.

"Pearl," said the rosy maid with reticence fine;  
Replied he: "I suppose one of great price?"  
"O no," she said, "the sort are thrown 'fore  
swine."  
All laughed, and he to silence in a trice  
Descended.

### CONCORD.

"COME see me, friend, at Conquered," kindly  
said  
To me the incomparable sage of Concord; whence  
I gleaned that, by pronunciation led,  
Peace comes from victory gained—peace? har-  
mony!

Heard I, before, of quite a clipping strain  
From Saint John of Seven Oaks, and readily  
thence  
Inferred that one was welcome, when he said:  
“Sinjon of S’nooks, my friend, come thou, and  
see!”

## NEW YORK.

THROUGH busy streets once called of Am-  
sterdam

We took one day a friendly, social walk;  
I found my friend disposed to rout my calm  
By using constantly the word “N’Yawk.”

And as there passed us on the trottoir’s marge  
Man, woman and child, I heard the self-same  
talk:

’Twas ever the same courteous manner mild  
Spoiled by the gulping way of speech:  
“N’Yawk.”

I had abroad heard used their Lun’ and Ween,  
And said I’m sure if British men may balk  
Upon their town, and Austrians so demean,  
Why may not New-York Yankees say  
“N’Yawk?”

TERRE HAUTE.

“**W**HERE do *you* live?” He answered with  
much care,  
Like one who on his spoken French could dote,  
But of the double R regardless, “Tare,”  
And ended with a daintily-spoken “Hote,”  
Tare Hote.

“Where do *you* live?” The man a maid to marry,  
Who might his views of matrimony suit,  
Sought on the Wabash, and with readiness,  
“Tarry”  
Was his response, to which he added “Hoot,”  
Tarry Hoot.

“Where do *you* live?” The maid with fun was  
merry,  
A coquette brown as any beechen nut,  
Her dimples moved, and giggling came forth  
“Terry,”  
And with a pretty little simper, “Hut,”  
Terry Hut.

"Where do *you* live?" Saint Mary's graduate  
ne'er a

Good chance could lose to call an oat an oat;  
She answered: "Sister Eugénie called it 'Terre,'  
And therewith taught us also to say 'Haute,'"  
Terre Haute.

## SAINT LOUIS BURNS, AND HOW.

### I.

A MOST irreverent proclamation makes  
The interior of my fire-place, used now  
For Natural Gas: severe as burning flakes  
On Phlegethon by Dante seen, or pains  
On purgatorial terraces felt, where stains  
From souls nigh pure are wholly burnt away:  
SAINT LOUIS BURNS, AND HOW.

### II.

But closer scanned, an E develops there;  
A forked tongue of gas has, like a plow,  
Almost erased it, as the laboring share  
Gives shaping new to tufts in violets dressed  
On vernal fields; and, in the fire-clay pressed  
The earlier shape gives pause to our dismay:  
SAINT LOUIS, BURNS AND HOWE.

## THE MASQUERADE.

“ ’TIS all I ask, O grant it me,  
     I only ask one glance from thee!”  
 Entranced all other voices fell,  
 Enchanted by the singer's spell.  
 The lover La Belle France had seen,  
 Had passed thence through gay scene on  
     scene,  
 And dancers danced with Italy's queen.  
 His idol, Frances, had been, too,  
 Abroad, where classic banks her drew,  
 And rinks, seen brought in gay review  
 Upon the Danube, and she said,  
 Since thus the advance his voice had led,  
 And in romance her dread had fled:  
 “ O Olbert, fancy, I you task  
 To ask in glances, I unmask!”

## VASE.

## I.

I BOUGHT me a vase,  
     And it came by the cars,  
 'T was not like papa's,  
 It resembled mama's,

It received some hahas,  
Just as good as huzzas,  
The marines and the tars  
Would have thought it the Czar's.

## II.

Tom gave me a vase  
Bright, summit and base,  
And on each side a face.  
One beauty in lace,  
One pride of the race,  
One holding a mace,  
One wherein of grace  
Was more than one trace.

## III.

But a theme for all lays  
Is, Stella, your vase  
Surrounded with rays  
Of beauty would daze  
One not used to a blaze.  
On it I oft gaze  
As on Fanny's sweet ways,  
And it has my praise.

ENGAGED.

**A**N unsophisticated maid,  
Engaged to tend the door,  
A caller meets, on street parade,  
A wag and something more.

“Tell Laura, Lillian Liptrap’s here,  
My card I need not send,  
Her pleasant voice I seem to hear,  
Quick on your errand wend!”

Responds the servant oddly, “Miss,”  
Then, stammering, “she’s engaged.”  
“Engaged! ’Don’t say? What worlds of bliss  
Are in the announcement caged!

“I must her see, I mount, I fly,  
I must congratulate,  
I must behold her dewy eye,  
And pat her pretty pate!”

## WHAT DID THEY SAY?

FATIGUED by numerous calls of late,  
    "Say I'm not in," the lady said.  
"What did they ?" the lady prayed,  
    As from the door returned the maid.  
"Each in a breath the same thing said,"  
    Replied the maid, 'How fortunate!'"

## MISS HOOPLA.

TWO ladies meet, all in a glow,  
    And one, demure and sage,  
Midst other talk, asks "Do you know  
    How old Miss Hoopla is?"

The other lady, blandly gay,  
    A white, unprinted page,  
Responds: "She sick! You me dismay!  
    When heard you of it, Liz?"

"I know she talks of heart-disease  
    But still she's all the rage!"  
"O," said her querying friend, "do, please,  
    Forget the doctor, Jane.



“I heard that fifty was her age,  
And this my question meant,  
But here she comes; the court, the stage.  
No beauty holds more vain.”

THE DUKE AMUSED.

THE Duke of Lancaster, benign and calm,  
Sat in his chair, a judge 'twixt true and sham,  
Midst things expressly to his lordship given,  
Things not alone of time—the hour was eleven—  
But, in this glorious autumn, things of heaven.

Just at this moment lugged a porter in  
A pine box labeled, nor concealed a grin;  
The Duke perused the marks, and with a hush  
Upon his voice, which made it soft as plush,  
Read: “Mrs. Sly,” and “Fragile,” and “Don’t  
crush!”

Now, this same Mrs. Sly an orator was,  
As keen as is a saw that’s called a buzz;  
Gibraltar was not firmer, sure, than she.  
The law had her pronounced as pure; and he,  
How could he here a spur to levity see?

## LE DIAMANT DÉSIRÉ.

[The reader will more readily appreciate the absurdity involved in the idea of giving to a provincial merchant an order for a hundred-carat diamond in recalling that very few diamonds of such size are known to exist. The Kohinoor, the Regent, the Austrian, the Orloff, are not greatly larger. The largest diamond, probably, in the United States is the President, of the weight of fifty-two carats. In diamond-producing countries a custom prevailed to manumit the slave who had the good fortune to find a diamond of the weight of seventeen and a half carats.]

I SAID, with solemn tone, and sober face,  
In chatting with a friend, a jeweler, "Try,  
Go into all the world, search every place,  
Cross sapphire seas where coral islands grow,  
And me a hundred-carat diamond buy,  
With not one less than seventy facets; cheap  
You must not think to get it. Let me know  
Whene'er you find the jewel; do not sleep  
Until you me report the price and stone,  
And what land yields its high prismatic glow,  
For much I wish to claim it as mine own."  
With gravity mock the jeweler gave consent;  
And, as I turned, and left his cozy store,  
A rustic to the jeweler said, "He's bent  
On having something stylish; isn't it more  
Than he can, even in a town, afford?"  
"No, that man buys regardless of expense,  
He scatters money like a very lord,  
He rolls in coupons, consols, bonds and rentes."

SWEET WAYS OF A LADYKILLER.

THERE is a ladykiller in this town  
Concerning whom the women are all mad.  
His pew at church is packed with ladies glad  
To do him homage; maidens cap and gown  
Fix for his capture; he, silly, has no frown  
For anything in petticoats, and each has had  
From his sweet leer warmth like a liver-pad  
Encouraging and gentle; but goes down  
All hope again in each enchanted heart  
When things occur which show that this sweet  
man  
No fondness has for beauty, only when  
'Tis gilded with a fortune; Cupid's mart  
Him only pleases when he bonds can scan,  
Lands, houses, and percentage, eight, nine, ten.

PUNISHMENT OF AN ILL-MANNERED  
DANDY.

IMET a fop of sixty years and o'er;  
I 'Twas near his polished, aristocratic door.  
I said, "Good morning, G \* \* ," and he  
Responded with a tittering "Te, te, te."

"What ails you, friend?" was next my cautious quest.

"Well, John," he answered, "well, if I aint blest! You've got you a new pair of pantaloons!

And, don't you know, such breeches many moons Ago went to the dogs? They are a mile too wide!"

At my old dandy's want of courtesy to have cried, Would have been joy to him, but I espied Just down the street a tailor named Relief.

Well named, he held the cast of joy or grief.

"Rattle your dice, old man," I thought, "we'll know

Whether in style I am or is this beau.

For, know you, my own measure gave the size

Whereby my legs were fitted with that guise,

And knew I nothing of the fashions, nor

Cared one sole straw; not so my dandy bore.

"'Lief," said I, as we came to where he stood,

"Here's a debate of fashions? Be so good

As to disclose from all your stores of art,

Whose legs with fashion's ruling laws take part,

The legs of G \* \* here, like a pipe-stem small,

And pinched by trowsers almost make him bawl,

Or mine, in graceful ease reposing, in fair folds,

Which free the wind seeks, as it rolls and rolls

Their amplitudinousness? You are made judge."

Responded 'Lief: "Against you, John, no grudge

I have; you're in the fashion, whereas G \* \*  
Is 'way behind the times, and he must hustle  
to catch up. His legs, now look, betray  
Neglect of sense, neglect of fashion gay."  
I exultation felt, but not confessed,  
It was an easy victory; I was dressed  
In fashion's style, while manners dreadfully bad  
In G \* \* received deserved revulsion sad.

A PROTEST AGAINST THE INCUR-  
GIBLE LIAR.

**H**E that will pry will tattle,  
And he that will tattle will lie;  
She that will pry will tattle,  
And she that will tattle will lie;  
Pry and tattle and lie,  
Lie and tattle and pry,  
Pry and lie and tattle.  
Why should the tongue so rattle?  
Why against truth so battle?  
Why should its still defy  
All who its lies decry,  
And incessantly lie and lie?

## GRATITUDE.

FARMER BUCKWHEAT had met with a  
terrible loss,

He had missed' from his pocket a roll of bank  
bills,

Three hundred good dollars, the price of a horse,  
And it made him decidedly down in the gills.

But here comes a boy with an honest, bright face,  
Who the much-mourned-for treasure had found  
on the road,

And relieved his sad friend, with a very good  
grace,

Of that grief which upon him weighed as a load.

"Ah, Tommy," the farmer said, "come to my  
heart,

Such integrity fine should have a reward,"

For, relieved, by this salve, of a festering dart,

The man, for an instant, the good boy adored.

And but for an instant; his worship returned

To gold, and his caution again found its feet;

So he said, as he all sense of decency spurned,

"Come, Tommy, we'll—draw cuts who shall stand  
treat!"

FRAGMENT OF A CRITIQUE.

. . . . . society,  
. . . . . piety.

STELLWAG AND COCKRELL.

October, 1890.

I.

TWO cronies met, and stood upon the walk,  
There halted they to have a friendly talk,  
They opposite were in politics, and quite near  
Approached the fall election of the year,  
For county offices, held, and those of State,  
Judges, and clerks, and men to legislate.  
Of Round Grove one was, Billy Stellwag named,  
The other, Tommy Cockrell; Tommy claimed  
His residence on that proud, ambrosial height  
Called Oakland Hill, a hill where, in delight,  
Live goodly men, and queens on social thrones,  
Midst railroads, ravines, cliffs and telephones.  
The electric lights were blazing keenly round,  
The heavens above with twinkling stars were  
crowned,



The Scorpion held almost the south exact,  
The east Andromeda graced, nor Pleiads lacked.  
At hand stood Justice on her classic dome,  
With sword and lifted scales, and quite at home,  
So much so that the usual bandage worn  
By Goddesses of Justice, in her scorn  
Of things conventional, she had thrown aside,  
And this caused some her rulings to deride;  
And, *sure*, decisions there have been called law  
Which men have heard, and devils, with wonder-  
ing awe.

Not far the Artesian Well was, with its spikes  
Condemned by all philanthropists, where likes  
The visitor never his first taste, but builds  
A gradual liking up for its clear rills.  
Thence sees the Frenchman, hero of two worlds,  
The imbibing people happy, men, boys, girls,  
Who, 'neath his feet can read the histories true,  
Of men renowned as e'er fame's bugle blew,  
La Fayette, Harrison, Digby, and Purdue.  
Bankers around their offices have, and there  
Admirers are of every widowed fair  
Whose bank-account affords sufficient charms,  
And bonds, and corner-lots, and shares, and farms.

## II.

But let me now describe the walk whereon  
This meeting was, a walk from nature won;  
Furnished and set, no doubt, at usual rates,  
It had come down from geologic dates,



Had been fog, fluid, jelly; was now stone,  
Brought from the Greensburgh quarries; always  
prone  
To wear too smooth, and walked upon with care,  
Lest, as has sometimes happened, it the calm  
Might mar of one who, as a battering ram  
Is called upon to use his spinal column, fate  
Which spoils the sufferer's temper, and his gait;  
(For no one, as a catapult that's human  
Likes to see fail high heaven's protecting numen;)  
Not quite as costly as the best Berea,  
But, when the bill comes in, sufficiently dear;  
Blue limestone, in large flags, five wide, twelve  
long,  
Put there to last forever, broad and strong.  
A sidewalk 't was before the Temple Hall,  
A mart for merchandize, of stories tall.

## III.

But, truce to this. There, on the Temple's sill,  
Quite near the chatting gossips, with good will  
To give them prices and to sell a bill,  
A merchant stood; he heard their busy chat  
Of tariff, temperance, candidates, this and that,  
And stood there waiting till the climax came,  
Or, rather, anti-climax, rout and shame.  
The stone a secret flaw had, not yet known;  
Beneath it was an area void and lone,  
An utterly uninteresting hole,  
Which had a place been to deposit coal,

Used before Natural Gas was introduced,  
Whose Kempton geysers, drilled, and cased, and  
noosed,

For enterprising capital formed a roost,  
Piped thirty miles through roadways, and then  
turned

By keys convenient in, where'er 't was burned;  
And 't was supported only, was this flag,  
At either end; but who'd suppose would sag,  
And snap off in the middle, like the stem  
A clay-pipe has, a stone should have the phlegm  
To hold an army up, supposing e'er  
The host could stand on feet just three score  
square?

Eight inches was its thickness; it would seem  
No weight could break it, accident, or scheme,  
And yet it broke in one brief instant; snapped  
As quickly as your eye could wink, and wrapped  
In blank amazement these two men, whose  
weight,

Scarce sixteen score of pounds, was adequate.

#### IV.

Cockrell had given his crony some huge point  
In politics, or news, or (laying his finger's joint  
Upon his nose) uttered some deep, wise saw,  
Or, from his counsel fresh, a point of law:  
That wages would go down, pearl buttons up,  
Or prohibition dash the flowing cup,

Or that one party sought by fraud to win,  
Or secretly disbursed, the other, tin,  
Or that the murder case, just then in vogue,  
Would end in the acquittal of the rogue;  
When Stellwag brought his hand down on his  
thigh,

And said, impressively, "I don't believe it, I—"   
A sentence he ne'er finished: there and then  
The stone broke in the middle, and the men  
Went with it to the vacant place below.  
The incident stopped the breath, stopped logic's  
flow,

They danced, for a moment, just as gay Terpsi-  
chore

Might in a waltz, or, in a fight, old Hickory.  
But, in another moment, "Where in the hell  
Are we going to," said the astonished Stell—  
Wag, as he clumsily floundered round, caressed  
By his co-tenant in the darksome nest;  
And, at the same time, the astonished Cock—  
Rell as he saw the hitherto-solid block  
Disintegrate, and its two fragments slid  
So as to form an inverted pyramid,  
Oblique in two divisions, in the pit,  
And stunned and bruised: "Why, what sort of a  
cit—

Y is this?" The merchant had quick aid, and care  
Soon roped the men out of their casual lair,  
Whence they arose a panting, famous pair;  
And, sure, ne'er friends were, in so rough a muss,  
Fished from an improvised sarcophagus.

## FANNY KISSED ME.

IMITATION OF LEIGH HUNT.

FANNY kissed me when we met,  
 Running to me 'cross the avenue;  
 Fame, good woman, never set  
 This aside whate'er you have new!  
 Say I'm prosy, say I'm old,  
 Say no Muse would e'er assist me,  
 Say aught else, all faults unfold,  
 Press with firmer lips than yet  
 Pressed have on your clarionet,  
 Blow, but, Dame, this ne'er withhold,  
 Fanny kissed me!

## THE BAPTISM DISTURBED.

“DIP *him* again, Boyd, *he's a dirty dog!*”  
 The Elder heard, all heard, the blas-  
 phemous rogue,  
 The river seemed to tremble with the wrong,  
 Already blessed with prayer and sacred song;  
 The police seized, the broken statutes fined,  
 Him whom no rules of decency could bind;

And high the Elder's indignation rose  
'Gainst one he counted 'mongst religion's foes.  
But said the Elder, later, " Friends, I must  
Admit Reub Taylor's punishment was unjust,  
The words were true which us so much annoyed."  
And so agreed hot Reub and Elder Boyd.



## EARLIER POEMS.





BEAUTY SEEN BY GLANCE.

'T IS in the great world's visions warm  
As in the moonbeam's trance,  
There is a halo round the form  
Of beauty seen by glance.

Loveliest when rough clouds map the skies  
The peerless queen of night  
Marks out to quick adoring eyes  
Her mimic seas of light.

There are some forms, that seem to glide  
Around our earth-wrought bowers,  
We would detain, but is denied  
Their stay to bless the hours.

Such, though enshrined like stars that set  
But when our being ends,  
Our outward vision scarce have met  
Ere space our rapture rends.

Have you not dreams you would not break,  
Linked thoughts you can't unchain,  
Fair dreams of those thought can't forsake,  
Links binding heart and brain?

## MUSINGS.

I'VE looked upon her ivory brow, I've looked  
upon her eye,  
I've felt in homage to her charms I'd never cease  
to sigh.

The rude and boisterous storms of fate, or fortune's  
'wilderling maze,  
May mar me or may make me great: there would  
I ever gaze.

A thousand dazzling forms and fair may glitter  
in the light  
Of fashion and of folly, where dark tempters try  
their might,  
And beauty's ray, as bright, as pure, for others,  
round me shine,  
But let me call, as its fond wooer, her peerless  
beauty mine.

The meekness of an angel's grace, the pride that  
loves the poor,  
The winning terrors of a frown that make me  
love the more.  
No wonder that ye all she slights; to love is to  
adore;  
Ethereal splendor seldom lights our dark and  
heartless shore.

INDIAN PICTURES.

**I** HAIL each beauteous Indian scene,  
The American warrior's noble mien,  
The graceful form of the prairie's queen.

In what halls doth this princess dance?  
The prairie's skies her charms enhance,  
Skies that gild fair this prince's lance.

Light is her step on her own sward,  
And bright her smile by all adored,  
Can greater charms the East afford?

All stern is thy keen eye, young chief,  
There glory, power, vengeance, grief,  
Mix they with love's emotions brief?

JOY AND GRIEF.

BALLAD.

I.

**O**FT, while the lover's knot is tied,  
And the happiest hearts united,  
There comes to others a terror wide,  
And the hopes of earth are blighted.

Well on it was to midnight's hour,  
The wedding-guests departing.  
They passed a house where death his power  
Had shown with vengeance darting.

O 'twas to them a contrast drear,  
Their trusting bride's devotion,  
The smile of love, of joy the tear,  
The bridegroom's pleased emotion.

But in this room a drink-racked form  
The widow's tears fell o'er him,  
With liquid fire that pulse once warm,  
The "devil's clutch" hence tore him,

Him seized on that same afternoon,  
While bride and bridegroom waited  
To hail the hour which now was soon  
To see the lovers mated.

Then, while the bride her bonny hair  
Was braiding for her bridal,  
While glass and maids bespoke how fair  
Was Mr. J'aimetu's idol,

While the blest bridegroom thanks his stars  
For the gift that heaven has given,  
His sober peace no terror mars,  
His honest name by crime ne'er riven,

Then were there others plunged in woe  
Dark as his joy was grateful:  
A drunkard sought his deadliest foe,  
Than human foe more hateful.

Grasping the liquor with a vow  
To drink and then renounce it,  
That he would take his "last grog" now,  
And then the pledge, pronounce it,

He swallows like the leech that cries  
"Give, give, I cannot leave thee,"  
Then backward falls, and groans, and dies:  
Ah! Woman, does it grieve thee?

## II.

The bridal throng had passed along,  
And light their hearts and merry,  
They listened to the soft-tuned song  
Of the music-loving Marie.

The bridal pair stood in that hall,  
Glad friends their nuptials greeting,  
The bride a queen whose graces fall,  
Like sun-light moon-beams meeting.

The goodly man who tied the knot  
Was there among his people.  
His was a halo blessed the spot  
As crowns the church the steeple.

The church-aisle they had left in haste,  
The streets were passed sans leisure,  
There was no thought of wrong and waste  
Where all was smiles and pleasure.

## III.

Where, where, was then that hollow eye,  
That breast with anguish broken,  
Where was that woman's carking sigh,  
Of ruined hopes the token?

That *was* thy last drink, suicide,  
Rushed o'er thy soul a torrent,  
And swept it where the billows ride  
Eternal and abhorrent.

Scarce placing down that bucket vile,  
The "devil's clutch" still o'er thee,  
Those curses broad, that bitter smile,  
To death's dark regions bore thee.

O 'twas a scene of horrid shame,  
That maniac-gulp was maddening:  
The blight and ruin we should blame  
Red Bacchus for are saddening.

And I was one that passed in fear,  
And saw the candles burning  
Round drink's pale victim's gloomy bier  
And comrades t'wards him turning.

Behind me was the dazzling glare  
Of beauteous forms and faces;  
Before me, with their demon stare,  
Death's ignominious traces.

Ah, while the lovers' knot is tied,  
And the happiest hearts united,  
There comes to others a terror wide,  
And the hopes of earth are blighted.

---

The foregoing ballad is founded on facts. A man had one afternoon committed suicide in the following remarkable manner: Yielding to the anxious pleadings of his wife, he vowed reformation, and promised to take a "last grog" and quit the practice. Then, taking up a bucket full of whiskey, which he had in the room, he swallowed an enormous potion, and immediately fell backwards, and shortly after, in great misery, died. Some persons returning from a wedding which had been solemnized that evening, were informed, as they passed near the house, of this melancholy occurrence. "The poor widow," said one of the party, "would receive no consolation, for she said that her husband had died 'in the devil's clutch.'"

Mr. J'aimetu was Mr. S. S. T.; the bride, Miss L. M.; and the officiating clergyman, the Rev. Samuel R. Johnson, a gentleman distinguished alike for his learning and his piety. The date was June 26, 1845.

### DIRGE.

TIME is fleeting, breath is passing,  
Sieve each moment as it flies:  
Sickness will, our frames harassing,  
Send our spirits to the skies!

Time is fleeting, breath is passing,  
Lose the first not, and the last  
We shall yet, in love surpassing,  
Yield when life to us is past!

Time is fleeting, breath is passing,  
Towards eternity both hastening,  
Time so long our sins amassing,  
Breath whose accents needed chastening!

Time is fleeting, breath is passing,  
Hasten then we on our path,  
Patient through fatigues harassing,  
Watchful, such the Father hath!

## LA FONTAINE.

### A LAMENT.

[In compliance with the terms of the treaty of 1840, the Indian tribe, the Miamis, had removed to lands beyond the Mississippi. Accompanied by some sixty of his people, their principal chief, La Fontaine, was returning to Indiana in the month of April, 1847, with the design of spending the remainder of his days at his former place of residence near Huntington, as stipulated by the terms of the treaty. On his way up the Wabash he experienced severe symptoms of pneumonia, which at length terminated fatally at Lafayette, April 13, 1847. His age was thirty-nine. He was of mingled French and Indian descent, and by religious persuasion, a Catholic; a man of prodigious frame; remarkable for extraordinary courtesy; and possessing the entire confidence of his tribe.]

THE Chief had bade his exiled tribe farewell,  
And, weary, journeyed to his old domain,  
But o'er his path the gloomy angel's veil  
Hung in dark folds, and shrouded him from  
pain.



Behold!—their thrones fast crumbling into dust—  
Earth cold clod closes o'er her forest kings,  
Yet dims no eye keen sorrow's rising gust,  
No heart of ours its tearful homage brings.

Oh, Chieftain, resting with the royal dead,  
Why Pity, lonely, mourneth o'er thy grave?  
Whence our indifference to thy kingly dread?  
Ah, why the oblivion of those ancient brave?

Last of the rulers of their native vale,  
Pride of thy people, in their distant home,  
How will they proudly check fond nature's wail,  
How sink still deeper in their gathering gloom!

A race, the lords by right of all our soil,  
Theirs the wild forest and the prairie-sea,  
Why among strangers rest they from their toil  
On Wabash banks and Oui-a-ta-non' lea?

Their deathless names even on our mountains  
graven,  
Their slumbering kingdoms all our valleys  
swell,  
From Alleghany's pinnacles the raven  
Shrieks o'er no space where red men do not  
dwell;

Dwell 'neath the trophied honorable tomb!

Dwell 'neath the soil the Manitou had given!  
Why roamed their children crushed down to their  
doom?

Why hath not vengeance swayed the sword of  
heaven?

Behold, the eagle of their native skies

Screams o'er the white man's heraldry of war—  
Hark! Even now those notes of triumph rise  
O'er fields empurpled by the Indian's gore!

Came bigot cruelty's and robbery's hour,  
Dark "tyranny that hunted and reviled,"  
False greatness that hath no remorse in power,  
False, boasted right above the forest's child.

These tell the reasons of their fallen state,  
And these the sources of their wounded fame;  
Long on their hearts its grievousness hath sat,  
The red man's sorrow and the white man's  
shame.

O, who shall say what savage glories bright  
Might robe in splendor now deserted thrones  
Had not the terrors of the unequal fight  
Broken the proud spirit of those glorious ones?

Had not the Christian desolating band  
    Brought drink and vices stronger than their  
        swords,  
The echoes of this far-off western land  
    Had rung them back La Fontaine's battle-  
        words!

O'er yonder point where war's hot carnage rose  
    (The hallowed field where Owen and Daviess  
        sleep)  
Now, Chieftain, might thy power appall thy foes,  
    Like the red storm that blazes o'er the deep!

For thou hadst, Chief, what nobleness of form !  
    A stature like the early kings of earth!  
A mould invulnerable to the pigmy swarm,  
    Like the old heroes of immortal birth!

If reared in days of vengeance and alarm,  
    When warriors crowded to dark scenes of  
        blood,  
Swift deaths had hurtled from thy sinewy arm,  
    And blood gushed freest where "The Foun-  
        tain" stood!

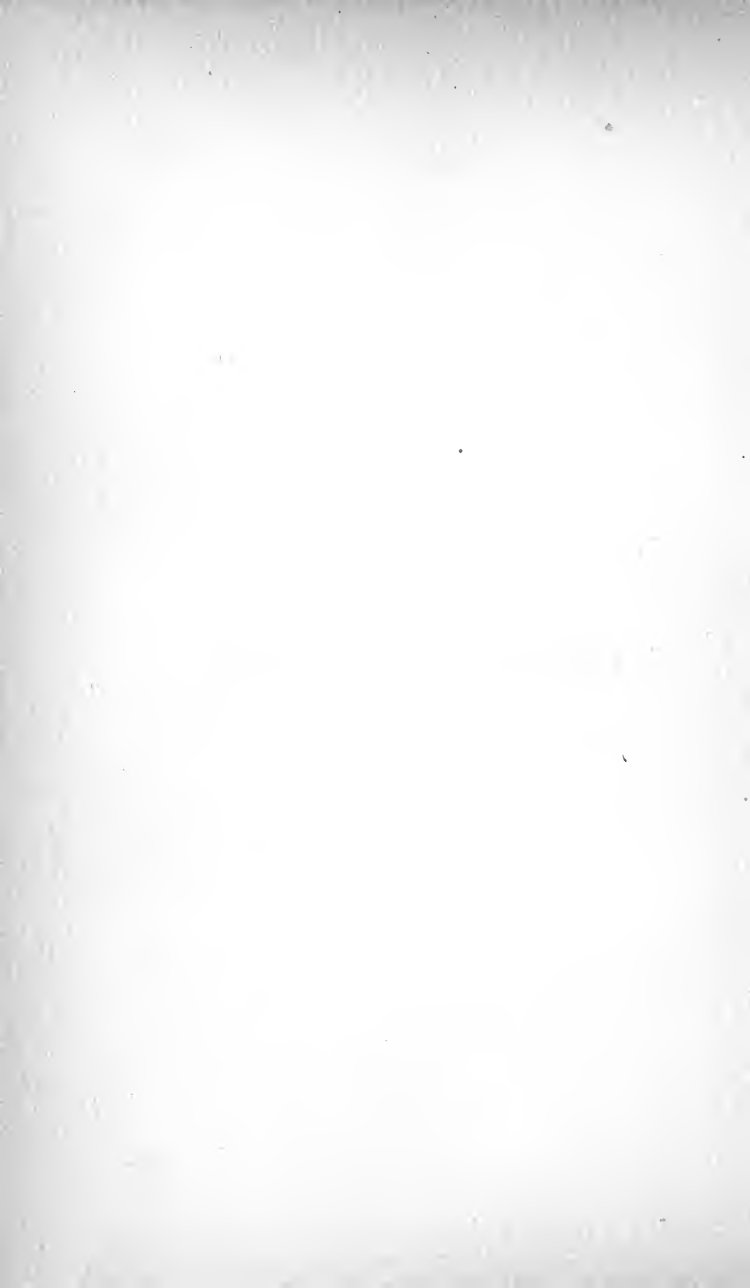
What Pontiac wisdom might thy fame have sealed !  
    Thine great Tecumseh's fearlessness of fate!  
Pet-aw-lesh-aw-roo's chivalry in the field!  
    And Ong-pa-tong-a's thunder in debate!

But all thy force was bent 'gainst fate to plead  
That honor might not yet be merged in peace,  
Content that none but memory's wounds now  
    bleed,  
And sorrowing that e'er long these, too, may  
    cease.

For human destiny flow our sorrows forth,  
And hope, immortal, hath its earthward trace;  
Lean thou on God; He knows, besides thy worth,  
The moral, passive courage of thy race.

Thus, then, thy simple virtues we enroll:  
    (Compared herewith the wealth of fame were  
    dross—)  
He lived in peaceful dignity of soul,  
He died an humble follower of the Cross.

PERSONAL POEMS.



## ANCESTRY.

YES, I go back a thousand years, and half  
Another thousand, to the date remote  
When Gaul, at Soissons, changed its name to  
France.

There clashed the Salian host with legions trained  
In Rome's high discipline, and there his sword  
Syagrius unto Clovis gave, superb,  
Clovis the King who led the Salian Franks.  
There Bruno, chieftain, lustrous with renown,  
Renown upon renown acquired brave,  
And, more than Wellington he, reward  
Proportioned to his merits: this he had  
In that estate, far-spread, vine-clad, Deer Park  
On the Rhine, lands, castles, mansions, over which  
The sun the shadow throws of Strasburgh's spire.  
There he his seat built, there his family grew,  
And grandsons to the fiftieth degree have dwelt,  
Some chieftains, prelates some, some bards, and  
some

Like to my humble self, who claim no fame  
Nor merit, all content to know that days  
Have been when honors hung around my race.

## THREE CENTURIES.

LIVED of my ancestors one in centuries three,  
 The sixteenth placed him on the family tree,  
 Wherein five years he passed in infancy.

The seventeenth throughout his progress saw,  
 And of decay he seemed to escape the law,  
 Midst health and wealth that never felt a flaw.

Years of the eighteenth passed he happily seven,  
 Mind, soul and heart of his were of good leaven,  
 Ye can his age tell when he entered heaven.

## WELSTED.

WELSTED—1689-1747; POPE—1688-1744.

WELSTED of England flourished in Pope's  
                   time,  
 And with blank verse was skillful, and with rhyme.  
 Some said he Pope surpassed: they rivals were,  
 And mutual satires mild employed their care.  
 But mutual admiration, too, flowed forth  
 From hearts intent to recognize true worth.



Such promptings gave me freely history's Muse,  
And gave me leave in my own way to use,  
Free with her laureled praise and Sibyl-chants,  
And that romance which England's annals haunts,  
And sure that Welsted to my race belongs:  
Thence claim I kinship with his name and songs.

## TO MY MOTHER.

MARCH 4, 1889.

A ROUNDED space of ninety years to-day  
Marks of a life yet vigorous decades nine;  
Nine are the Muses, of the jubilant line  
They crown the birth, that, wander where it may,  
It may the echoes rule of every lay.  
Come, Muses, then, inspire this line of mine,  
This wreath around her brows help me entwine,  
An honored life ancestral claims the bay!  
Born when our land its great career began,  
Each year has seen my mother's graces grow,  
While she has seen these millions multiply:  
May God ordain a hundred years her span  
Of life, midst children's children's smiles, while  
flow  
Blessings from Him who hails to seats on high!

## TO THE SAME.

MARCH, 4, 1890.

**N**OW ninety-one! Yes, ninety-one is won!  
 Lived in three centuries past an aged bough  
 Of our ancestral tree, and o'er his brow  
 Graces of years a hundred and twelve werespun  
 By weaving webs of time; and what was done  
 When felt Welsh mines his pick, Welsh soil his  
     plow,  
 May once again be experienced, even now,  
 When centuries three again are on the run.  
 For ne'er ancestral, ne'er historic line  
 Gave than my mother better proof of health  
 Corporeal, intellectual, than does she;  
 She may adorn the coming century; wine  
 Of human tone and merit ne'er more wealth  
 Of praise gave worthies famed beyond the sea.

## TO THE SAME.

ON HER NINETY-SECOND BIRTHDAY, MARCH  
     4, 1891.

**T**HOU of the jubilant voice, historic Muse,  
 Arise, and sing another natal day!  
 Sound, sound, the cymbal, thou who givest the bay,  
 Nor classic phrase, nor words of choice, refuse!

Not yet doth earth the pleasing presence lose  
Of her who lingers on her lengthening way,  
Content to go, content alike to stay,  
Behind her earth and all its mingled hues;  
Before her heaven replete with lustrous stars.  
Sing, sing, O Muse, her many merits great,  
The elastic spirit, and the judgment clear,  
The eye-sight, e'en, which not yet weakness  
mars,  
And us, attending, prompt to show, elate,  
Continued praise with each revolving year!

## TO THE SAME.

ON HER NINETY-THIRD BIRTHDAY, MARCH 4, 1892.

SAW Dante holiness in the number nine,  
Being, as 'twere, a triple trinity,  
The three developed by the number three.  
Thine anniversary, mother, seems divine,  
Because it doth, for me, the twain combine;  
I see the twain united, dear, in thee,  
The reverent age of thirty threes and three,  
Symbol on symbol, sacred sign on sign.  
So lofty is thine age, the retrospect  
Reminds me too of Dante's, for his sight,  
While Beatrice with him stood, a spiritual flame

Swept down throughout the stars the infinite  
flecked,  
And scanned the past, dim, dark, or dazzling  
bright,  
And memories fair of every lofty aim.

## TO ALEXANDER POPE.

MARCH 4, 1892.

THE age thy mother reached, immortal Pope,  
Mine has attained, and that my constant love,  
Before she joins the radiant thrones above,  
May long attend her here, is my fond hope:  
Thou who with wits of every age couldst cope,  
And caustic mirth and blistering satire move,  
I who, in gentler times, am called to prove  
My gifts of melody, and my fancy's scope.  
O teach me, favorite of the tuneful nine,  
Like thee to cherish memories filled with joy,  
While town, or fields, or forum, or far lands,  
(Friends, duties, books, in copious measure mine)  
Work, study, musings, fortunate me employ,  
Grateful for myriad boons from her sweet hands.

IDAHO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

JULY, 1890.

BURST waves from out the caves of Santa Fé,  
Blest mount from which the fount ebullient  
springs,  
My praise employ with joy Isaiah\* sings!  
Ye made me feel how much may heal your  
spray,  
Which, like En-Rogel's Gihon's, Ophel's, play,  
Of health gives type and heavenly wealth, and  
wings  
Suggests whose fluttering to Bethesda clings,  
Sweet pool whose waters cool warmed in the ray  
An angel's presence strange gave, deeply stirred!  
Long hail ye those who fail in bodily force,  
Long well your welcomes forth to distant lands  
May pilgrims learn of ills the healing word,  
May your hot steam long gleam along its course,  
And pour to every door your golden sands!

---

\*Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.  
Isaiah XII, 3.

## A PRISONER OF WAR IN SPAIN.

[The flight of Queen Isabella of Spain to France in 1868 threw the government of Spain into the hands of the Republican party. Don Carlos proclaimed himself King under the title of Charles VII., and, with armies operating for the most part in the north of Spain, besieged several Republican cities with varying success. The Republic, in 1875, gave place to a Monarchy under Alphonso, and the Carlist cause was lost. On the 25th of November, 1874, I was taken prisoner of war by a Carlist force encamped in the Pyrenean mountains, under the circumstances detailed in the following lines.]

IN Spain, a prisoner fallen at Moloch's shrine,  
I little saw of war or of its woes;  
'T was but an episode, and a surprise,  
That in the course of an excursion rose.

Thus was it: I was lodged full well at Lourdes,  
And, charmed with all the Pyrenean heights,  
I could not rest till I had seen and tried  
Gavarni's snows and its sublime delights.

Ah, how the heart leaps in the Lavedan!  
What music in the Gave that sings to Pau!  
I hear its murmuring voice come down the years  
As though around me pressed its beauty now.

Or stand I on the bridge that Paradise  
Commands and all the supernatural place,  
And breathe the fragrance southern breezes send,  
And muse, midst proofs of rare celestial grace,

On thee, war's jewel of the ancient days,  
Nor wonder England claimed thee prize so  
long,  
Nor that around thy walls foes camped in vain,  
And omens cheered thee worthy Roman song,

Or follow I the stream to Cauterets,  
Made famous by the laureate Tennyson,  
Or, branching, seek Barèges les Bains, Vigne-  
male,  
Trounouse's Peak or prattling Gave d'Azun.

Ah, how the mountains cling around the soul!  
How they unite the lofty and the deep!  
How like to joy the sunlight on their crowns!  
How sympathize their feet with those that  
weep!

Sighing midst rocks to reach ethereal planes,  
Ah, how the lofty temples of the pines  
Soothe the tossed mind, while nature's infinite  
scope  
Is seen in all her flowers and ferns and vines!

The first third of my journey was by rail  
To Pierrefitte in Nestalas; a home  
Me furnished there an inn, which seemed a toy  
Compared with its huge neighbor, Mount  
Soulom.

Why was I thus alone? My lazy friends,  
Of School Street one, one of the Golden Gate,  
Had missed the time of the departing train,  
And on them I, enthused, refused to wait.

My Pierrefitte host would me have held an age;  
I saw, with him as guide, fair view on view,  
But I at last said, "I must on my quest,  
We must give up the Pic de Balétous."

So, on the morrow, I the genial man  
Left while he urged me to look up his friend;  
Saint Sauveur's sought I in a carriage; thence  
Must I on foot upon the journey wend.

But no, a horse could me convey as far  
As to the village at the mountain's base;  
Therein I could to Manitou's snug site  
Beneath Pike's Peak resemblance somewhat  
trace.

Gavarni is the village at the base,  
Named from the mount. There I arrived, and  
sent  
The steed back by a messenger, and again  
A garrulous host found to my service bent.

At Saint Sauveur's the Bergon's lofty peak  
In isolation sought the distance blue,  
While round it towered its neighbor peaks, less  
high,  
But which no end of stirring romance knew.



On to the South, t'wards Spain, a ribbon shone,  
As shine the glimmering Pleiads in the night:  
Against dark mountain barriers twinkled fair  
A cascade sparkling down Gavarni's height.

And, on my horse-back ride, full oft mine eyes  
On beauties of the stream were fed, or fields,  
Or from the mystic summits came effects  
Kind nature to her fond observer yields.

Alighted I, near Chèze, an obelisk  
To see, which could not ask a lovelier site,  
In memory of the lustre Queen Hortense  
Shed through this valley by her presence bright

At Pragnères I reined in my grey, aghast  
At seeing an humble rustic dwelling crushed  
Beneath a giant rock that, sometime poised,  
Like Damocles' sword, from its steep height  
had rushed.

At Trimbareille, the halting grey I found  
Had cast a shoe somewhere upon the road:  
Dismounted I, and sought a chestnut tree,  
'Neath which arose a shop and snug abode.

The shop, protected by its spreading bole,  
The smithy of a blacksmith was, and came  
Into my mind our Longfellow's graphic lines  
Consigned, with more he wrote, to endless fame.

At Trimbareille I caught a glimpse of Spain,  
For t'wards the left of that fair ribbon's sheen,  
Mont Marboré, concealing Perdu's heights  
And Cylinder's, could be distinctly seen.

Through Pyrenean mountain-gates came hosts,  
'Neath Hannibal's lead to bend the power of  
Rome,  
A power he bent not, but which broke 'neath tribes  
The north sent forth, and who here made their  
home.

These northern tribes the Moorish armies' dash  
Here afterwards met, here smote Martel in  
fight,  
Here Christian hosts for Christ the victory won,  
And swept the infidel through these gates of  
flight.

How could Illuro speak and Portalet!  
How might that murmur deepen of the Aspe's  
Which rivals found, within her defile, shrill  
With triumph's cheers, and sad with terror's  
gasps!

Yet still I never dreamed that Spain was near;  
Alone my thoughts were of the land of France,  
Perhaps my talk, wherein all names were French:  
Held all my mind as in a lingual trance.

Past Cronmelie's heights and frowning Pic Méné  
I was by rocks met, mighty, savage, black,  
Rocks thrown in such disorder that their name  
Of Chaos seemed in force somewhat to lack.

Or had some giants of the earlier days,  
Whose heads held converse with the clouds,  
there fought,  
Or shook volanic thunders some steep height,  
And to the plain its mighty ramparts brought.

Romance on one a hoof-print plain describes,  
By Roland's horse Bayard 't was made, they say,  
When Roland urged him at a single bound  
To reach this spot from heights four leagues  
away.

Joseph Victor de Mirabeau Dumont,  
So called himself the guide to me assigned;  
I doubt if anywhere in all the world  
A better-mannered man you e'er will find.

On foot we toiled to towering esplanades  
In number many, often making pause  
To view the ravishing delights around  
And ponder of such grandeur vast the cause.

The ribbon had a muslin veil become,  
With all the beauty of the sunlight white,  
With all the charms which give to Undine's realms  
The rainbow and prismatic tintage bright.

Aloft the inaccessible summit shone,  
Crowned with pure snows that at no season fail,  
And, as from nymphs ærial, floated down,  
In graceful undulations, that fair veil.

It floated down or into diamonds dashed,  
Or opals, or smaragdine gems, and round  
Attendant cascades plunged towards the plain,  
And miracles made of vision and of sound.

Long feasted we upon the wondrous view,  
Long watched the foamy crests the mountain  
tore,  
As, down beneath, they sought the lower heights,  
And cascades formed which sought the valley's  
floor.

Descended we towards the Porte Méné,  
A pass that outward leads towards the south;  
I hurried on, and faster than my guide,  
And soon was gone far on beyond its mouth.

I knew not then what made the boy retreat.  
It was because he knew that flagrant war  
Held Spain convulsed with armies, and that I  
Had passed of France the very farthest door.

This knew he and not I, romance held me.  
Before me rose a ruined castle's towers;  
I climbed with weary footsteps it to seek  
Far up the steep sides of a hill all flowers.

Ruins I found, but also picket guards.

They speedily haled me to an inner gate,  
And I, a student-tourist in the land,  
A prisoner stood within a donjon's grate.

And so one waking dream was made concrete,  
Nor could I at Fate's irony complain,  
For I had found, with guns replete and men,  
A castle safe, a castle fair, in Spain.

Me interviewed the officer in command,  
And fully searched I was from top to toe,  
And questioned was acutely, but at last  
The officer's faith in me began to grow.

"Tell me, my friend," were Caballero's words,  
"Unquestioned, all your story, hiding nought."  
I did so, and he said: "You are no spy,  
And so to Saragossa I'll report."

He Spanish, I American, what plan  
Of mutual converse had we? Spoke French  
each,  
And found a pleasant mode of interchange  
The accepted vehicle of courteous speech.

What did we talk about? Of everything,  
But chiefly of the lands beyond the sea,  
And proud he was to hear me own that Spain  
Had given a hemisphere to history.

Him I recalled the lines that Claudian wrote,\*

The last great poet he of Rome's bright reign,  
Who said no words of man can worthily reach  
To picture forth the wondrous world of Spain.

We talked of that Princess Antonia,  
Whom I within my native land had seen,  
A dream of beauty and surpassing grace  
And sought by Spain from Germany as a queen,

And Leopold, her prince, the German chief,  
Of Hohenzollern's long and lofty line,  
And all the turmoil of the war which cost  
Fair France her lordly states upon the Rhine,

And gave the Third Napoleon to disgrace,  
A ruler who in wisdom ruled his realm,  
And whom his nation strangely then disowned  
When most his hand they needed at the helm.

And as, one evening, watched we star on star,  
He seemed by their magnificence quite pos-  
sessed,

And said: "The orbs of heaven observe the rule  
That sends all glories onward to the West;"

Nor heed would give my scientific plea  
When I observed: "Our globe's revolving east,  
And 'tis this motion gives us the idea  
That moves, and westward, all this starry feast."

---

\*Quid dignum memorare, tuis, Hispania, terris,  
Vox humana valet!

“There sends the Bull,” he said, “his horns abroad;  
He, as a God, Europa through the brine  
From orient lands far westward bore, and gave  
To paths of nations an appropriate sign;

“The mythic hunter fronts him in the skies  
With club upraised and shield of lion’s hide,  
But shine the golden horns as brightly now  
As when at first they met the Giant’s pride.”

The guest of Caballero I remained  
A dozen days; arrived a courier then,  
Who from headquarters orders brought in form,  
Which gave me back Gavarni’s inn again.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



## PURE LIGHT.

**R**ED, blue, green, yellow, violet, indigo, and orange:

Such is the Alexandrine line that shows  
The true prismatic colors of pure light,  
Light natural, intellectual, the same. [blood,  
There is dread war which clothes the earth with  
There is reviving nature makes it green,  
The violet which the labored furrows charms,  
The auroral dawn divine, the yellow noon,  
The indigo of storms, the blue serene,  
The march of mind, the march of nature too.  
From all the varied learning of man's life  
The simple poem comes; from all the hues  
Surround life's changing battle comes the glow  
Of light supernal, such as prophets saw  
At times appointed, but which is reserved,  
In copious everlasting floods undimmed,  
For all who, in supernal realms, may claim  
By merits earned, or charity given, a share.

## THE DAWN.

## I.

**S**AFFRON, and gray, and white, and then the  
sun-burst!

Such is the progress of each glorious dawn:  
The light comes not abruptly forth in one burst,  
But, through marked changes, slowly, on and on.

## II.

The tintage first that's seen is richly golden,  
But, following it, the promise sinks to stone,  
And blank the heavens become as calendars olden  
Till shines at last of stars the central throne.

## III.

So fare, through various zones, our longings  
human;  
Delayed the hopes of man are in the earth;  
At last in heaven is seen the Almighty's numen,  
Our saffron hopes attain celestial birth.

## THE HEAVENLY TIDINGS.

**G**LORY to God, and peace to men,  
But not to all men, sung the choir,  
The Angelic choir which chanted when  
Of ages came the great Desire,

And why to all men is't not given  
To enjoy the peace which comes from God?  
Why bound the charity free of heaven,  
And wield o'er men a tyrant's rod?

'Tis not of heaven to bless the base,  
No tyranny 'tis to praise the good;  
What David sung with royal grace  
Has always as established stood.

The royal minstrel sung that peace  
Unto the wicked there is none;  
This prophecy holds, and ne'er shall cease  
While mortal man his race shall run.

God made the will as free as strong.  
The angels recognize his ways,  
And sing through echoing ages long  
*To men of good will* peace and praise.

#### HEAVENLY TRUST.

FORTY days the deluge poured  
Round the prisoners in the ark,  
Through the sunlight, through the dark;  
Then the olive-branch the dove  
Brought as sign that God is love,  
And with grateful songs adored  
Noah and his sons the Lord.

Forty years the struggling band  
Led by Moses every woe  
Suffered that the deserts know,  
Want and sickness, dread and pain,  
And their trust was not in vain.  
God, at last, with His own hand,  
Brought them to the promised land.

Forty days Christ passed, divine  
On the mountain, bowed in prayer,  
In the star-light, in the glare,  
Heeded not the tempter's taunts,  
Dared the treason, dared the lance:  
Shall we mortals poor repine  
And distrust heaven's high design?

Heavenly trust these lessons teach:  
Sorrow's waters flood the soul,  
But to Ararat they roll;  
Satan spares none in his guile,  
Let's distrust his guilty smile;  
And the wilderness bids us reach  
Forth to homes God gives to each.

## MENTIBUS NOSTRIS INFUNDE..

**I**NTO our minds infuse, O Lord, thy grace,  
Thy heavenly grace, that so we men, to whom  
Was sent an angel in the earlier days,  
To make us know that God Incarnate dwell  
Soon would 'mongst us, may, through his suffer-  
ings, borne  
On Calvary's heights, to realize be brought  
The glories of the resurrection morn;  
And this we ask through that same Christ our  
Lord,  
To whom be praise and worship evermore.

## MANIFESTATIONS.

**N**OT frequent have the manifestations been  
Whereby the Almighty has appeared to men;  
Whereby the spiritual has become concrete,  
Describable by wending voice or pen.

Only when rang throughout the adoring skies  
The jubilant words the heralding angels sung,  
Was seen on earth, that all men might him know,  
The Incarnate God, the praise of eye and  
tongue.

Elsewhere men knew him only by report;  
Moses on Sinai heard his voice in awe,  
And Margaret at Paray-le-Monial;  
And visitors to Louise his sufferings saw.

The Maid of Lourdes, the sacred form aloft  
Saw, in the niche, of her who gave him birth;  
To Bernadette the audience high was given,  
And secret held from all souls else on earth.

Job his rebuke heard in the whirlwind's roar,  
Job the impatient, wrongly patient called,  
Made humble by the amazing, strange event,  
And from his haughtiness by God's voice  
appalled.

The fortunes of our lives not us allow  
His footprints e'en in Palestine to tread,  
But seen throughout the universe are His works,  
Through them are we to know the Infinite led.

## MOSES.

### EXODUS, CH. XXXIV.

WHEN Sacred Writ speaks of the Mount and  
Moses,  
It thrice repeats the sacred name of Moses,  
Thus making triple mention strong of Moses.



This doeth it twice: and first when from God  
Moses,

It says, came down with shining face; then Moses  
Knew not that shone the honored face of Moses.

And then that o'er his face a veil placed Moses,  
Before the trembling people, but that Moses  
No veil wore when with God was speaking Moses.

### BISHOP PAOLINO.

TO Bishop Paolino once there came  
A mother sad who said, "My son is ill,  
A prisoner, in a dungeon, without blame.

"Help me, Lord Bishop, him to rescue thence,  
Else soon will me this carking sorrow kill,  
This misery torturing heart, and soul, and sense."

"Your son is sentenced by the law," he said,  
"Upon some sufferer must it fix its hold,  
And I will suffer in the poor boy's stead."

Forthwith he sought the dungeon, and the chains  
Would on his own limbs place, in grime and  
cold,  
And bear, content, the gloom, and weight, and  
stains.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

TO die is but to live again  
Diviner life in nobler spheres;  
To live is but a moment vain  
Compared with never-ending years.

Hope steers a troubled voyage here,  
It watches stars that change and set;  
Hope in the heaven's loses fear  
And wears a starry coronet.

How blest the memory of the just!  
How sweet their rest on Eden's shore!  
They know where we can only trust;  
They praise where we can but implore.

If music here of singing birds  
And garish sunshine thrill the heart,  
What joy must heavenly seraphs' words,  
Attuned to golden chords, impart!

Why, when our pure and good in peace  
Resign this earth for happier skies,  
Should sorrow still refuse to cease,  
And grief's hot tear-drops sadly rise?

But no! Our tear-drops are the soul  
That bursts in pearls upon the cheek;  
Good angels watch them as they roll;  
The eyes of God were mild and meek.

ISAIAH LXII, 10.

GO through, go through, the gates,  
Cast up, cast up, the highway;  
Prepare ye, prepare ye, the ground,  
That pass may, that pass may, the chariot.

Cast out, cast out, the stones,  
Make smooth, make smooth, the highway;  
Speed onward, speed onward, and bear  
To far fields, to far fields, the tidings.

World o'er, world o'er, make ye  
Men's hearts, men's hearts, a highway;  
Let roll there, let roll there, the wheels,  
And glow there, and glow there, the triumph.

THE RIVER.

TO S. H.

THROUGH yonder vale a river flows,  
Rippling o'er pebbly reaches wide,  
Serene except when melting snows  
Or weeping clouds obscure its tide.

It dimples onward to the sea,  
Through hills of beauty, wealth of grain,  
A land of braves where all are free,  
Whose glittering sword hews slavery's chain.

So flows the river of our lives:  
The same eternal hills are seen  
And waving fields, and darkly strives  
Or brightly plays its silvery sheen.

### TEACH US CONTENT.

O NORTHERN Pole  
Whereon all summer glows the attendant  
sun,

Whereon all winter glooms continuous night,  
How doth thy lesson teach us hardihood won  
From fortune's moods of favor or of slight,  
In cheer or dole!

O Northern Star,  
Whereon our latitude looks throughout the year,  
Which, seen from sea or land, a Pharos shines,  
How like the Light Supreme, unchanged and  
clear,  
Is thine, which all of all the heavens combines,  
Or near or far!

O rolling Earth,  
Which, light or dark, in grooves appointed glides,  
And gives, in changing measure, joy or pain,  
Teach us content, in all the ebbs and tides  
Of God's allotment, and the loss or gain  
Death gives or birth!

IN WHAT MOOD?

“ALLZEIT FRÖHLICH IST GEFÄHRLICH.”

I.

**H**E who is always gay is oft in danger,  
He who is always sad a burden bears,  
He on whom Fortune smiles is not a stranger  
To strifes, illusions, envyings, dreams and cares.

II.

What then? Combine them all, be cheerful  
When mirth the moment rules; and then, with  
grace  
Receive each serious word, each thought that's  
tearful;  
And greet fair Fortune with her own sweet face.

GREGORY IN THE FORUM.

“**W**HOM have we here?” said Gregory the  
Great,  
As once in Rome he walked with little state,  
Just as, when judge, in friendly, kind debate  
That forum he had trod, while from the court  
Would pour the crowd 'mongst children gay  
with sport  
And earnest men who haled from forge or fort.

‘Whom have we here?’ He looked on English  
boys,  
Their large blue eyes he saw, and artless joys,  
And flowing curls the wind’s caress employs,  
Pearl-rose their faces, golden-hued their hair,  
Slaves, by the time’s sad usage, in a fair  
Barbarians called, whereat all Rome might stare.

Response came from the boys: “We’re Angeli.”  
“Yes, angels are ye, that I well can see,  
And from what province may your origin be?”  
“The province of Deira.” ’T was the same  
That has Northumberland for its modern name.  
“De ira,” said the pope, “conveys the blame

‘At once and mercy free of heaven, and surely  
means  
De ira Dei, whence at once one gleans  
Angels of right may scan celestial things.  
And by what name call ye your reigning king?”  
“Ælla,” they said, and he: “Herein ye bring  
A promise ye shall Alleluias sing.”

#### THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

CHARLES OF ANJOU Sicily lost,  
He was a Frenchman, they Italians,  
Lost the French too in that island,  
Lives and weapons, steeds and galleons.

After vesper service closed  
Happened this one feast of Easter,  
Easter Tuesday evening 'twas,  
And a slayer was each feaster.

For the hostile bands of soldiers  
Charles had placed within the city  
Stung with insolence the Palermans,  
Who them slaughtered without pity.

Often cited, oft excused too,  
Cruel deed and ne'er forgotten,  
It a warning stands that people  
Will resent a government rotten.

In France afterwards Henry ruled,  
Had passed over years three hundred,  
Henry whose white plume in battle  
Order brought while nations wondered.

Said the King one day to Italy,  
In the person of her minister:  
"I like not, sir, what your King says,  
Sweet words covering purposes sinister.

"If in this way he annoys me,  
Will soon cease the *entente cordial*,  
I will try, sir, what may come from  
War's dread plans and blood's red ordeal.



“ You may look to see me breakfast  
In your plaza grand at Milan,  
And to dine where glare at Naples  
Sulphurous flames o’er saint and villain.”

Although by this fling provoked much,  
Courtesy kept the minister silent,  
He, a diplomat, made, wisely,  
No response to this speech violent.

All were awed, except one wag there,  
For there Spain had her ambassador:  
“ In doing this, your majesty, surely,  
Speed than usual you’d make faster.

“ I suggest that when, at evening,  
Glow the ray serene called Hesper’s,  
You may reach Palermo’s gateways  
In good season, sire, for vespers.”

### FREDERICK THE GREAT.

1740.

**K**ING FREDERICK had a secret treaty  
made  
With England, which pledged subsidies in aid  
Of Prussia, as of jealous states are laid  
The mighty plans, when foes, before they invade,  
Embarrass.



The King then, prompt sly cutting quips to  
weave,  
And fixed the French ambassador to grieve,  
Sent for him, and with nothing to relieve  
The suddenness of it, asked him: "When d'you  
leave  
For Paris?"

### THE MARK OF OSWALD.

THE blind have an interior inward light,  
And other senses; these exert their might,  
And Homers see without exterior sight.

Duke Oswald had been taken prisoner; long  
His son him sought, until, expert in song,  
He, as a singer, hunted out this wrong.

Duke Saneck's moated castle strong he sought,  
And sung therein such minstrelsy as brought  
Gold first, and then the father's rescue wrought.

The fine poetic fire delighted much  
The lawless baron, and with pleasure such  
He neighbors called to judge of voice and touch.

The wassail-bowl, the beakers, freely passed,  
Duke Saneck's self in drink was ne'er the last,  
And loud roared revelry free and gay and fast.

“Duke Saneck, goes report that Oswald’s here,  
The chief of Fürsteneck, and mightily fear  
His friends has happened him some mischief  
drear.”

“H’m,” said the drunken Duke, “not all reports  
Are lies.” Another said, long bred in courts,  
But drunken, “For his many slippery torts,

“Men say that you have made your prisoner blind.”  
He answered: “Gossips surely are quite kind.  
What use for eyes can dungeon-dwellers find?”

“It seems a pity,” said one standing by,  
“Such harm to do the art of shooting. Why  
Of shooters sharp he was the leader high.”

“I’ll wager you,” another said, “he yet  
Can hit the mark, if he can only set  
His mind thereon.” “Done! I will take your bet.”

This was the rash engagement of Saneck,  
This led him soon to suffer mortal wreck,  
Upon a sea where rivals trod the deck.

All this passed while the son sat wondering there,  
And pain and anger felt and heavy care,  
But knew he cooped was in a tiger’s lair.

“Bring forth the prisoner!” Oswald guarded came,  
And heard the bet, and took the gun, and aim  
Had well in mind, but not the very same

That Saneck meant. But, "Tell me," said he  
now,

"Just where the beaker is. Duke, place it thou,  
And this charged bullet shall its centre plow."

"I place it on this table," Saneck said,  
And instantly his breast was filled with lead,  
And on the fortress-floor he tumbled dead.

The son drew sword, and said "He hath done  
right.

I as his son will answer this in fight,  
Saneck both died and lived a caitiff knight."

The guests a moment thought, then said "'T is  
well,

Duke Saneck here hath wrought a deed of hell,  
And goes the train of cursed fiends to swell."

## THE IMPERTURBABLE.

**I**N the times Italian past,  
And in the domain of Florence,  
One rough Duro, who a vast  
Feudal dukedom had amassed,  
Had a vassal, honest Lawrence.

Duro, through his lands, one day,  
Made a journey in his carriage,  
That he might fair work survey,  
Or his vassals find at play,  
Sick, or meditating marriage.

Came he finally to where,  
Cap in hand, the honest vassal  
Met his lord with greeting fair,  
Not, like others, with some prayer  
Given that therewith he might wrestle.

"Ah," said Duro, "in yon row  
There's a fig-tree that's a beauty.  
Some of its figs please bestow  
On your lord when further flow  
Of the juice shall make them fruity."

Lawrence kept in mind his word;  
In due time the best selected,  
And in a new basket stored,  
Ready for his feudal lord,  
And ne'er thought they'd be rejected.

But caprice and sport and mood  
Often ruled the tyrant feudal.  
"What is here?" he said, "Here's food  
Fit alone for hogs, that spewed  
Would be by my lady's poodle.

“Tie him, men, to yonder tree;  
Let him thoroughly be pelted  
With his worthless figs. We'll see  
How men fare who jest with me.”  
Seized he was, and strapped and belted.

But, as oft as near an eye  
Came a well-directed plumper,  
He was heard with warmth to cry  
“God be praised!” and all asked why?  
And herein was found a stumper.

Of the man the pious phrase  
Was unto his lord reported.  
Thought he, shall I blame or praise  
Such demeanor, such strange ways?  
“Let him hither be escorted.”

Thither brought, the fellow's face  
So besmeared was, of his vision  
Seemed no longer any trace,  
Even of where his eyes had place  
Seemed there to have been elision.

“Tell me,” said his lordship, won  
By the man's forlorn condition,  
“Why you show resentment none,  
But, as answer to our fun,  
Piety rather, and contrition.”

“ It was, sir, because in mind  
I, when pelted most, revolved  
Lucky ’t was my present kind  
Had me saved from being blind.”  
Yet was not the question solved.

“ But,” he added, midst surprise  
Evident made by curious glances,  
“ Had of fishes of good size  
Been my present, I no eyes  
Had borne hence for work or dances.”

“ Noble fellow, soldier, wit,”  
Then the suzerain lord exclaimed,  
“ Bathe him, bring him clothing fit,  
And a purse, and be it writ  
Duro of his sport’s ashamed!”

### GRUNHILDA.

“ CHILD, we had not missed thee, why  
Should’st thou wring those hands  
and cry?”

Thus the Lady Abbess spoke,  
Answered thus the moan of pain,  
Answered thus the pouring rain  
From the nun’s sad lids that broke,

While the Abbess led the way  
To the nun's sweet cell, where heard  
Had been praying night and day,  
Where the music of each word  
Was of one who ne'er had erred.  
Nor had she, Grunhilda, lost  
Grace divine, of priceless cost,  
Though of hope almost bereft.  
She had with a trifler left,  
Had the trifler's arts defied,  
And had feared to be denied  
Access to her convent cell;  
In temptation's furnace tried  
By a recreant, faithless guide,  
She had come her tale to tell,  
Come to risk contempt and scorn,  
Thence perhaps to go forlorn,  
Turned by holy hands from home,  
Sent through misery's lanes to roam,  
Sent, a leprous thing, to meet  
All the scoffings of the street.

What was then her stunned surprise  
To be met with favoring eyes:  
Deemed she it but irony,  
Feared she that the Abbess would  
Plainly make it understood  
That no tainted thing like she  
Should be suffered by the good  
Sisters of the convent,—wharf

Of a river where should land  
Nought to harm the pious band,  
Gerresheim-by-Düsseldorf.

O the heart! How oft it beats  
With a clamor for the seats  
Of the heavenly, the divine!  
But how often it retreats  
Only to lament, repine,  
And to taste the bitter wine  
Of distrust, and on the earth  
Grove with thoughts of little worth,  
Grove with dangers, grope with snares,  
Seek for wheat and gather tares,  
Seek for bread and find a stone,  
Friendship, readiness to disown,  
Mercy, and a cruel jeer,  
Charity, a bitter sneer.

Consciousness of right may aid  
The interior sense, but made  
Is of more than self our life.  
We are what the world us paints:  
Uses it a color fair  
It assists us in the strife:  
Paints us dark, the hostile stare  
Social leaders start us taints  
With repute that's base, and God  
Is alone our witness: Thence  
Comes regard for that great world



Which can round us throw its fence,  
Which can o'er us hold its rod,  
Which can fiend or angel be,  
Slavery give or liberty.  
Tints none delicate are as those  
Maidenly fame has, and no flower,  
Lily, violet, tulip, rose,  
Has of beauty such a dower.

Guardian angels sometimes gleam  
Through the mazes of a dream,  
Guide the life, instruct the heart,  
Bid the tempter to depart;  
But not often is it seen  
Comes the angel in between  
Fate and her endangered ward,  
In such guise as came the Lord  
Unto Peter when, in dread  
Of the yielding waves, he said:  
"Save me, Lord," on Galilee,  
"Me betrays the treacherous sea."

Said the Abbess: "Thou hast thirst,  
Eight days hath thy fast endured,  
Eight days in thy cell immured,  
Thirst and hunger must be thine!  
Come, partake of bread and wine!"  
She! Grunhilda! she accurst!  
She into a frenzy burst  
Of wild grief, and thought "I know

Comes at last the cruel blow ;  
I shall leave my home, my friends,  
This on earth my happiness ends,  
O the folly of my flight,  
O that hideous, hateful night,  
Night I shall forever rue!  
O the vows of fealty true  
Broken by the wretch whom fiends  
Sent to tear me from my heaven,  
Sent to sink my soul in dole,  
Parched in sulphur, torn by levin,  
Sent to dash me from the skies  
Whereto all my longings rise,  
O'er me horror's clouds to roll,  
Driven from these delightful scenes!"

But the maiden had not deemed  
Overruling destinies worked  
For her aid the while she dreamed  
Only that her feeble will  
Aid afforded, and that lurked  
'Neath the darkness only ill;  
Strength was given her in the moil,  
Prayer had saved her soil from soil,  
Power given power ill's power to foil.

They approached, at last, the door;  
Blind with tears she saw no more,  
But the Lady Abbess voice  
Gave to her surprise: "Are two

'Hildas in the convent?" Rose,  
Softly as the zephyr flows,  
In response, a tone so choice  
She was stunned, and meekly threw  
Eyes to heaven, for well she knew  
Melody such was not of earth.  
Superhuman was its worth,  
And a heavenly visitant had  
Place held of the absent nun.  
Awe her being filled, but done  
Was the angel's mission, glad  
That to happiness brought again,  
Through whatever gate of pain,  
Was the maid unto her given  
To protect, to warn, to screen,  
To adorn with grace and mien  
Meet for lives devotional, her  
Prone to wandering, apt to err,  
But from ill kept safe. The tone  
Changed to distant music; clang  
Seemed it had with notes which rang  
From the heavens when Bethlehem gave  
Him to earth who came to save.  
Sought she thus the ethereal zone,  
And the splendor softly rose,  
Sweetly as a perfume goes,  
Vanishing into fields of heaven.

## HEROICS, ELEGIACS.

A SERIES feigned of finger-joints, some long,  
 Some short, of ancient poets' honored song  
 The structure was, compared at times to sounds  
 The ocean gives when on the shore it bounds,  
 Or to a silvery column in the air,  
 Which springs a jet thrown from a fountain fair.  
 By genius managed thence came dignity:  
 The sounds sublime are that gives forth the sea,  
 And nought more simply pure and grandly bright  
 Is than the fountain's leap into the light.  
 This is admitted, but the truth remains  
 That modern poesy has the greater gains.  
 The seashore and the fountain are not lost;  
 In modern poesy throbs the heart and soul;  
 Here mountain-brooklets lisp, and tear-drops roll;  
 The wide domain of nature fills the verse,  
 Or soft or sounding, or diffuse or terse;  
 And sweetness oftener comes in modern lays  
 Than in hoarse lines accorded boundless praise.

## SESTINA.

THE POET DEFENDETH THE CLAIMS OF MODERN  
 BEAUTY AND WORTH.

I F Petrarch worshipped Laura on the earth,  
 And Dante followed Beatrice to the skies,  
 What yet remains for later poets' lays?

Already Homer Helen had given fame,  
And Maro to Lavinia long renown,  
And shines our mother Eve in Milton's song.

But have we now no dames deserving song?  
Has Eve no daughters to inspire our lays,  
Daughters whose charms have ripened as the earth  
Ripens since paradise first spread her skies?  
Have not our girls a heritage of renown,  
And lineage long, and toppling fame on fame?

And why should Helen have been given to fame?  
Her only merit sole beneath the skies  
Was beauty. Why should Beauty lord the earth?  
Why should she meed demand of peerless lays?  
Why should she be the queen of loftiest song,  
Song consecrating her wide-spread renown?

And while Lavinia, sure, deserved renown,  
And Maro could not better grace his lays,  
Yet rule domestic was her sphere on earth,  
Although her race was ancient, and in fame  
It well deserved fore'er in exquisite song  
To shed bright rays through fair Ausonia's skies.

And why went Beatrice to the loftiest skies,  
Preferred before so many for renown?  
Was it to please the bard and aid his fame?  
Was it to spread his verses through the earth,  
And make supreme his queenly lines of song,  
Graces divine assuring deathless lays?

And Laura, why was she, in later lays,  
Crowned sovereign queen of Italy's sovereign  
song?

Have we no Lauras worthy of renown,  
Whose merits should be lauded to the skies,  
And bear a crown all Kohinoored with fame?  
Is Petrarch's land the favored spot of earth?

Yes, fame for our own dames we claim, and song  
Them yields our zone of earth to raptured skies,  
And them with lays we load and all renown.

TO A. L. R.

RHYME ROYAL.

AH, friend divine !  
Ah, learned and skilled  
In minstrelsy e'er had seven circuits run  
Thy life in revolution round the sun,  
And ere thy years of girlhood had begun,  
An infant thrilled, high-willed,  
And lisping line on line !

Come, sacred Muse,  
And touch my tongue  
With ardor such as gave the Angel him  
Who stood within the holy precincts dim  
Of prophecy, Isaiah. Let me hymn  
The future's tongue; be sung  
By me its roseate hues.

There see descend  
The lyric crown!  
See Laura greet its rays, and calmly wear  
Its honors gained by genius void of care,  
And heights assume which none of us may dare,  
And, with the crown's renown,  
May God his blessing send!

## CLARA LAURA LANG.

ON classic shores the far-famed Lorelei  
Sings strains harmonious full of mystery,  
But all the notes her fair lips ever sang  
Yield to thy name, sweet Clara Laura Lang.

And Italy's bard, a busy honey-bee,  
Wove round his Laura wreaths of poesy:  
His numbers find in me no answering pang,  
Since I've known thee, fair Clara Laura Lang.

Come songsters blythe from lands beyond the sea,  
And bind our souls in spells of ecstasy:  
No note divine in court or hall e'er rang,  
My ear so thrills as "Clara Laura Lang."

Voices angelic, from earth's grossness free,  
Have, in the past, praised heaven's high majesty:  
Such voices might, with fitting melody hang  
Round thy loved name, dear Clara Laura Lang.

## THE LILY MAID OF LAFAYETTE.

“COME, dainty little beauty, a picnic would  
you have?

The violets smile in secret nooks, the red-buds’  
blossoms bloom,

The hyacinths, convolvulus, the heliotrope, the  
rose.”

“Yes, I would dearly like to go,” said the dainty  
little beauty,

“And what is ’t now you’re laughing at?

Cool grottoes are, Belle talked about, at fair  
Tecumseh’s Trail,

There wonders are of land and wave, and founts  
with jet on jet,”

Said the lily maid of Lafayette.

“But, dainty little beauty, the place is rather far,  
We’ll have them hitch the horses up, and give you  
quite a feast,

With Laura, Carrie, Elbra, joined, in Happy  
Hollow’s shade.”

“Yes, I would dearly like to go,” said the dainty  
little beauty,

“And what is ’t now you’re laughing at?

There pimpernel and daisies, and footsteps seen of  
fairies,

And you to go along with us we’ll gladly, gladly  
let,”

Said the lily maid of Lafayette.



WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF MISS  
U. G.

**S**HE has my heart, she asks my hand,  
Sweet Ursie and her dimple:  
An asking I cannot withstand,  
I give it in fee-simple.  
My heart, my hand, are now the girl's  
Whose album's page I write on,  
She with her wealth of chestnut curls,  
And I as gray as Triton.  
But love will always rule us two,  
Whichever lives the longer,  
For ne'er was truth itself more true  
Than this: That love is stronger  
When heart and hand together go;  
There summer's choicest roses blow,  
There pansies bud beneath the snow.

EMMA CONNER.

**T**HANKS, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!  
That she guarded Glory's flag,  
Symbol of a mighty Nation,  
Saved by her from desecration,  
Nor allowed profaned to drag  
As a base, ignoble rag!

Thanks, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!

That her moved our soldiers' fame,  
Grace her with Fame's fadeless roses,  
And where valor's self reposes,  
Breathe with praise her patriot name,  
Waking ardor into flame!

Thanks, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!

Comes from blood the fire she shows,  
'Twas her fortune to inherit  
From her father faith and merit,  
Thence her brave devotion flows,  
Thence assail her freedom's foes!

Thanks, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!

That might float that symbol grand,  
Precious blood spilt he in battle,  
Now his life, amidst the rattle  
Of salutes and drums, the land  
Hails with raptured heart and hand!

Thanks, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!

Of a rustic school the head,  
O'er the building she the banner  
Placed, that in such pleasing manner,  
Might be love of country fed,  
And young minds therein be led!

Thanks, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!

But words fail the indignant tongue  
To denounce the skulking traitor,  
Of his land and flag the hater.

Be his crime no further sung,  
Lost his name the base among!

Thanks, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!

Not alone when rages strife  
May a patriot win devotion,  
War's as permanent as the ocean,  
War to save the Nation's life,  
War to foil the traitor's knife!

Thanks, renown, and honor  
Be to Emma Conner!

Valor women have and nerve,  
Shines at times a glorious maiden  
With a State's fair honors laden,  
These the heroic impulse serve,  
These the people's cheers deserve!

## TWO INSCRIPTIONS.

TO G. W. C.

IN THE FIRST VOLUME:

*October 15, A. D., 1884.*

LET not the forum's calls, my friend,  
 Thy thoughts, thy time, too much employ,  
 Lay briefs aside, relax, unbend,  
 And be awhile, with me, a boy.

IN THE SECOND VOLUME:

*October 15, B. C., 70.*

'Tis Virgil's birthday which I write  
 Upon this gift of Virgil's page,  
 Here where the Wabash courts the sight,  
 The Mincius of our later age.

## THE CHILD, THE MAN.

*"C'EST que l'enfant toujours est homme,  
 C'est que l'homme toujours est enfant."*

Always we see in manhood childhood's ways,  
 Always the child's a man of fewer days.

## THE LADY-BICYCLIST.

CLIFF-DWELLERS were there in the  
ancient days,  
They may have numbered ladies, knights and  
seers;  
Before their dwellings we inertly gaze,  
Because no history comes which their careers  
Gives toned with joy and grief and strifes and  
fears.  
Mound-builders were there, but their mounds are  
mute,  
And furnish little for or pen or lute.  
What lordliness of character was theirs  
We know not, nor their triumphs nor their cares.  
But this we well observe, and 't is the last  
Great scene upon the unrolling scroll of time,  
Which cancels all the losses of the past,  
And shows in clusters rich the ages' fruit,  
It is the lady-bicyclist sublime.  
Her know we well; her joys, her cares are ours,  
No cliffs she needs ascend, nor donjon-towers.  
May she long cycle, needing ne'er a mound,  
And be with homage as with merit crowned!  
May she long drive, adorning height and vale,  
And roses share her cheeks with lilies pale,  
While we her pleasing presence gladly hail,  
And deem the navigation of the air  
At last has been accomplished by the fair!

## FACIAL EXPRESSION.

(A FRAGMENT.)

COMPARE it some might to a Quaker's face,  
Or Presbyterian's, deacon's, priest's, or grace  
Some other settled form of habit gives:  
I only say that in the man's face lives  
That he believes; an earnest, settled life,  
And strong conviction gives son, daughter, wife,  
An air serene, a settled, pleasing pose;  
This we all see, and every one of us knows.

## A LEGEND OF ALSACE.

THEY say in Alsace once was wine  
More plentiful, even, than was water.  
So plentiful was't that once a shrine,  
A lofty church, was built with mortar  
Made from the mingled wine and lime,  
And that each wife and son and daughter  
Who lives in Thann, or since that time  
Lived there, or in that pleasant quarter,  
Can smell the fragrance of the vine,  
And birds and bees love, too, to loiter,  
When summer blooms, in that sweet shrine.

## TENNYSON.

AH, Tennyson! A little quaint and queer,  
And sometimes angular, but always touched  
With sacred inspiration! How I love  
Thy little flower in the crannied wall,  
And how I often wonder genius stops  
Never at trifling, school-boy methods, else  
Thy verse severe would ne'er have err'd to say  
"What God and man is," meant to rhyme with  
                    crannies,  
But would have said, with due regard to grammar,  
And rhyming still, that God *is* and man is!

## TRACING THE STARS.

*December 16, 1889.*

WHEN glorious winter spreads his pictured  
                    skies  
Behold Orion's giant form arise:  
His golden girdle glitters on the sight,  
And the broad falchion beams in splendor bright;  
  
A lion's brindled hide protects his breast,  
And seeks his club each world-invading pest.  
The river's shining streams beneath him pour,  
And angry Taurus rages close before;  
  
Behind him Procyon snarls and Sirius whines,  
While full in front the whale enormous shines.  
Nor bright Capella nor Medusa miss,  
With snakes that through their horrid tresses hiss.

See Cancer, too, and, near, the Hydra dire,  
With roaring Leo, filled with furious fire.  
The timid Hare, the Dove with olive green,  
And Aries, fly in terror from the scene;

The warrior Persæus gazes from above,  
And the twin offspring of the thunderer Jove.  
Lo! in the distance, Cassiopeia fair,  
By Persæus aided, seems a W there,

While near Andromeda, her daughter, stands,  
And vainly strives to free her beauteous hands;  
She calls, distressed, King Cephæus to her aid,  
Her father, powerless to assist the maid.

And see, beyond, around the glowing pole,  
With shining scales, the sinuous Dragon roll,  
The Greater and the Smaller Bear betwixt,  
And with their never-setting splendors mixed;

While to the left glides on Arcturus famed,  
As in the oldest extant writing named,  
Which names the Pleiads too, and names, divine,  
Our Hero-Hunter, who shall ever shine

As one who woman's warm devotion gained,  
And whose sad death the chaste Diana pained.  
Roll on, O Winter's stars, in beauty dread,  
The world by ye to your Creator led!

[The foregoing verses were suggested by those of the late Professor Green on the same subject, and in one instance, his phraseology is used without change.]



## PATRIOTISME, RAMPANT, ENRAGÉ.

Tending to show that the spirit of patriotism overrules all other influences and all other considerations, there is found in the vicinity of the town of Montefiascone, midway between Florence and Rome, in the churchyard of the church of St. Flavian, the tomb of a former bishop of the diocese, unhappily a German, a German bishop of an Italian diocese. His epitaph, in Latin supplied by Italians, accuses him of excess in the use of a wine, produced in that region, known by the peculiar name of Est. The Latin epitaph, followed by an English translation, is given below:

EST EST EST  
PROPTER NIMIVM EST

JO·DE FVGA D·MEVS HIC MORTVVS EST

IS IS IS

ON ACCOUNT OF TOO MUCH IS  
MONSIGNOR JOHN DE FUGA HERE DEAD IS

The epitaph is of unknown date. Dante, in his *Purgatorio*, Canto 24, line 20, has given Pope Martin the Fourth a similar aspersion under an allegation that he died, in this same neighborhood, in Bolsena, from a surfeit of eels and wine.

And he  
A space beyond, the leanest face we see,  
The holy Church held in those arms of his;  
Of Tours he was, and make him penitent pine  
Bolsena's eels, and grieve the Vernage wine.

The pontiff's real offense, in the mind of Dante, probably was that he was a Frenchman. In the *Commedia* throughout Dante takes repeated occasion to emphasize his hatred of France and French influence. And both instances deserve to go with that other, recorded in church histories, that the Italians, A. D. 939-942, disfigured with knife-cuts the face of Pope Stephen the Ninth to show their hatred of his German origin and to prevent his appearance in public.

350      *Pope and His Tree, and His Sibyls.*

In our times Bishop De Fuga's memory might have been thus libeled:

BIER    BIER    BIER  
THROUGH TOO MUCH Bier  
MONSIGNOR JOHN DE FUGA WAS BROUGHT TO  
HIS BIER.

How ignoble do such epitaphs seem in contrast with that of Cardinal Alciati in the Church of Saint Mary of Angels in Rome!

VIRTUTE VIXIT  
MEMORIA VIVIT  
GLORIA VIVET  
  
BY VIRTUE HE PREVAILED  
HIS MEMORY NE'ER HATH FAILED  
HIS SOUL'S IN GLORY HAILED

POPE AND HIS TREE, AND HIS  
SIBYLS.\*

'TIS *early* training forms the growing mind,  
Just as the *sapling's* bent the tree's inclined.

\*       \*       \*

*Our buskined sibyls, redolent of perfumes,  
Bathe oft, and sometimes in Castalian flumes.*

---

\*Pope's words, as will be remembered, are:

"'Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig," etc.  
"A slipshod sibyl, meditating dreams,  
And never washed but in Castalia's streams."

COMMENT ON EMERSON'S  
"PROBLEM."

EMERSON:

"*THE hand* that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of ancient Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
*Himself* from God he could not free;  
*He* builded better than *he* knew;—  
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

COMMENT:

Ralph, it was not a single man,  
For many worked upon the plan.  
Bramante laid the programme down;  
La Porta earned therein renown;  
Carlo Maderno built the nave;  
Buonarotti, artist brave,  
With Raphael, worked upon the piers;  
Bernini, he and all his peers,  
Built on, in prayer and zeal and hope,  
Two centuries long, from pope to pope.

THE GERMAN BAPTISTS.

WHY call men a Tunker a "Dunkard"  
When *Tunfen*, to dip, means *Βαπτίζω*?  
Let cease now the name, almost drunkard;  
Muse, correction thereof you I bid sow!

## THREE CONUNDRUMS.

## I.

WHY are the French most abstinent of all men?

Because, with them, one egg's always un œuf.

## II.

Which race is it no care in eating shows?

The German, for it dearly loves the wurst.

## III.

What cultured city has foul cannibals' ways?

'Tis Boston, through its fondness for baked bein's.

## JE T'ADORE.

SHE spoke no French. The crucial time had come,  
The supreme moment, and his knees collapsed  
Upon the brussels of her parents' home:

"The weird and solemn hour of ten has lapsed,  
And let me say it, Hattie, je t'adore."

"Go on and say it then," thus in she cut,

"What need to talk about the door? The door!

Why all the doors, you see yourself, are shut!"

## N' EST-CE-PAS ?

SHE talked with him *one* evening, that alone,  
But while abroad, she had quite learned grown,  
And loved with foreign phrases to adorn  
Quite common-place affairs, health, weather, corn,  
Trips, picnics, and a thousand other things,  
The fashions, and the races, and the Springs.  
On this particular occasion the young man,  
Who as a linguist was not in the van,  
Observed that often she said "*N' est-ce-pas ?*"  
And deemed it an illusion which not far  
Concerned her father, for he thought "Nice pa!"  
Was dutiful, but somewhat oddly brought  
As comment upon almost every turn  
Of conversation: Why the swain would learn.  
And so he finally said "Ask his consent!  
Your nice pa will it give, and be content  
With me, I warrant, for his son-in-law!"  
Alas, she then talked Dutch: "*Du lieber Gott!*"  
"*Ach! Donner! Blitz!*" and "*Ausgezeichnete Spott!*"

With this she mingled laughter that brought tears,  
Not to his eyes, but hers, and wordless jeers,  
Which him persuaded to look up his hat,  
And to adjourn without or this or that.

## NAPOLEON THIRD.

N APOLEON placed his N on pier  
And temple, arch and pillar, and a sneer  
This brought from foes (until Sedan but few):  
*"Il a ses ennemis partout!"*

## NEWPORT.

"S OON, George, I'll visit Newport with ma  
mère."  
"O Julia, give yourself for her no care,  
For I will have the best of horses there."

## A LESSON IN FRENCH.

N OW tell me, pray, what is the word  
Which often I in Paris heard?  
It certainly was not French that's pure,  
It had the sound of Empahrewer.

And not alone by this perplexed,  
The Louvre found me mightily vexed  
Because each careless laugh-renewer  
Used much a word like Amachewer.

One by his friends was said to know  
 Whate'er belonged to art, but, O,  
 A number of the American boys your  
 Crowd contained called him Connoyzher.

And there stood on the Louvre stairs  
 One burdened with religious cares,  
 And said Jones to his friend, "Now ought yer  
 To speak of him as a Colporcher?"

## THETA.

### A GREEK PASTORAL.

In the following lines are introduced, as components of English sentences, *all* the letters of the Greek alphabet. The author has the suggestion, and a share of the lines, from Prof. J. B. L. Soulé.

**A** LPHA, a shepherdess, led the swains  
 Where rivulets purl o'er roseate plains,  
 And murmur bees, and wing on wing  
 Of dove flash where the shepherds sing  
 And shepherdesses, or in grot,  
 Or bower, on cliff, or sunniest spot;  
 But she a rival saw in  $\theta$ ,  
 Her sister, than a primrose neater,  
 And she would often flout and  $\beta$ ,  
 And punch and pinch, and pound and pelt her;  
 Full many an angry blow she  $\delta$ ,  
 So that the birds, in air or  $\mu$ ,  
 By sympathy  $\theta$ 's sufferings  $\nu$ ,  
 And sympathy siezed each lamb and ewe.

For Alpha was so rude to  $\theta$ ,  
 That every time she chanced to meet her,  
 She looked as though she longed to  $\eta$ ;  
 And oft 'gainst myrtled slopes she jammed  
                   her,  
 And, with her crook, all rose-wreathed,  $\lambda$ ;  
 And afterwards nothing would denote her  
 Remorseful in the least  $\iota$ ;  
 But, with a sly, deſning eye,  
 She out would cry: "Oh, coquette,  $\phi$ !"  
 And then towards the willows fly.

Oft Theta, sweet with blush and clamor,  
 Would run and tell her grief to  $\gamma$ ,  
 And  $\gamma$ , with a pitying  $\psi$ ,  
 Would promise her a piece of  $\pi$ ,  
 Of meat, and fruits, and salsify,  
 And say, "Now darling mustn't  $X$ ,  
 Wait, dear, until I put a  $K$   
 Top of my head, and don a wrapper."

Two swains Hibernian of good make  
 Had grottoes just across the lake,  
 The lake wherein at shores not deep,  
 Would bathe nymphs, swains and meek-eyed  
                   sheep,  
 Their names  $O$  and  $\Omega$ ;  
 Both work and pastime found them eager.



The sward (which was no  $\acute{o}$ \*)  
 They sought while lingered yet the dawn,  
 The one as stout as  $\Sigma$ ringen  
 E'er saw, or vine-clad hills of Bingen,  
 And neither in "dyspepsy" gone,  
 Nor like a poet making yawn  
 All comers to his  $\epsilon$ †

For Alpha, brilliant though severe,  
 $\mathcal{Q}$  owned a friendship dear;  
 And Mike in love with little  $\theta$   
 Fell deep when first he chanced to meet her,  
 And made a deep impression too  
 On  $\mathcal{Q}$  her eyes of blue,  
 Her golden hair, her manners simple,  
 And here and there a crazing dimple.  
 And oft at eve the swains would go,  
 And on the glassy mirror  $\rho$ ,  
 And leave their sheep to nip, in view  
 Of shepherdesses, mint or rue,  
 Osier, or ox-eye, or oxalis,  
 Plants needing never prop nor trellis,  
 But dear, in nature's dewy palace,  
 To Amaryllis, Maud or Alice.

So when the pretty envied  $\theta$   
 $N$  Alpha was about to  $\beta$ ,  
 She down upon the bank would  $\zeta$ ,

---

\* Upasy lawn.

† Eposy lawn.

And call her friend (by diva done  
 No sweeter notes have plaudits won)  
 "Run Mike! Run Mi-kee! O\*!

And though *Cast* gave him breathing rough,  
 He would of breath find quite enough,  
 As he for land would leave the water,  
 To say to baffled Alpha "*Tτ!*"  
 And check thus easily her abuse;  
 And the next day, while held the truce,  
 And thinking always of his *θ*,  
 And in what courtly way to greet her,  
 Would, in a billet-doux, make use  
 Of that new diphthong seen in *Zeus*,  
 Done to impress the little goose  
 With learning found not in her *Homer*,  
 And give her for reflection *broma*.

Needless to say that marriages two  
 Those scenes of sylvan beauty *ν*.

\* O Mike, run!

## INTERROGATION.

"**T**WIST thou its tail, and turn it upside  
 down."

"What, man! Treat thus the British Lion or  
 John Bull?

Such language, surely, well befits a clown,  
 But not a bard of wit and learning full."

“Well said. The Greek interrogation point  
Is what I meant, a ; 'tis.  
The tail, being twisted almost out of joint,  
John Bull would hardly recognize as his.”

“Let me accost thyself, thou mark antique,  
Thee whom perhaps the Argonauts sought  
sublime,  
Thee whom have sought all lands all sailors seek,  
All coasts whereon art gilds the mists of time.

“Thus twisted, wilt thou for a moment stand  
Poised, a trained athlete, on thy classic head ;  
And then, upright, as seen through land on land,  
In books by these our later readers read ?”

Books claim us where each honoring fashion  
stays:

The Spaniard could not to the Greek say nay:  
“¿ Que pueda,” runs his psalmody of praise,  
“Igualarse con el Señor?” to-day.

## THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

STOOD forth the pedagogue in the Institute:  
“My friends, pronunciation has to me,”  
He said, to hearers at his learning mute,  
“No difficulties, as you soon shall see.

"I meet, for instance, with a puzzling word  
Which halts, as in hard oak will halt a dry nail.  
I see at once that never was there heard  
A word pronounced that's easier than *finale*.

"But, let me see, I would be careful here;  
I would not say a thing to make you grin all;  
It may be that some very learned seer  
Might be correct, and prompt me to say *finale*.

"Why, yes, to be sure, there seems to be a choice.  
It may be, friends, I'm wrong herein, for sin 'll  
Find easily the sinner, and the voice  
Be managed so that we shall make it *finale*.

"Indeed, the word may take another turn:  
I cannot act the despot over *my* Raleigh,  
And cannot really undertake to spurn  
The idea of calling this strange puzzle, *finale*.

"But, friends, at my own wanderings, I'm aghast;  
I must my straggling senses in this din rally:  
The counsel I arrive at, as the last,  
Is that you call the curious thing a *finale*."

The rogue the bull's eye had still nearer hit  
In trying again, for then we might have seen  
Al  
Akbar praised, and saved his blundering wit,  
At reach, at last, of this his happier *finale*.

THE THERMOMETER ANALYZED.

A BOVE eighty, torrid;  
A Above ninety, horrid;  
About seventy, chilling;  
Below zero, killing.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

MANITOU SPRINGS, AUGUST 4, 1890.

H ERE, in this Field Olympian, strange and  
weird,  
Aloft among the glowing cliffs remains  
The Eagle's Nest supreme: but eagle none,  
Nor eaglet, seeks the rock so fitly nighed  
The bird to couch Jove's footstool grandly graced,  
Bird still of glory's heights the favorite guard;  
For civilized man's approach has made him seek  
An eyrie lovelier 'mongst remoter heights:  
True symbol of the high poetic soul, which paths  
seeks out  
All unfrequented, where the thunder's crash  
Falls on the rock primeval wet with spray  
Which leaps in foam down purple mountains'  
sides,  
And blooms the sweetbrier in the laurel's shade.

Yet rocks around in wondrous beauty glow,  
Glow with a ruddy radiance which the rage  
Of æons passed declares, when the fierce heats  
Interior of our globe threw suddenly forth  
Hot, sputtering, pinnacles huge of tinted clay,  
Clay that deep down its convolutions rolled,  
Clamoring the earth within in mighty throes,  
Then sprang at one wild leap towards the skies,  
A wonder to all times, and where crowd men,  
In frequent caravans glad, God's works to see  
And ponder on the glory of his ways.  
Then, after flame-convulsions, torrents came,  
Torrents celestial, wearing to shapes grotesque  
The amazing pinnacles born of fire: at times  
An added fairy grace contributing;  
At times constructing tracery fair of spires;  
At others making seal kiss seal aloft,  
Or, on a lower plane, but yet divine,  
Figuring a mimic world of plastic forms:  
The crocodile fixed in stone immutable,  
The noisome toad, the hedgehog bristling rough,  
All petrified into colossal shapes  
That met the gaze of wondering nations gone,  
They who the mossy mounds mysterious built,  
Or they who in sheer cliffs high-laddered watched,  
Or in dim caves which bounteous nature gave  
To shield, delight, and puzzle, ages long  
Of many peoples. Last there came a race  
Of learning wide and potent, and they asked  
Of that one of those shapes who seemed to keep  
Guard o'er the place, now Major-Domo dubbed,

Though stone, or almost stone, was then his state,  
Yet armed by grace Apollo gave with speech,  
Best gift of power that comes from Gods to men,  
What *name* this unexampled glen should have.  
"The mountains ask where Gods resort," he said,  
"The lofty Peak there witnessing their ways:  
This tinted, glorious place their Garden is;  
Adore ye them whose works here glow; 't is  
meet

This Garden, yonder Peak, this affluence grand  
Of mighty nature should devotion claim  
And honor high for *all* the radiant Gods,  
And have the name the Olympian Jupiter bore;  
And his whose glory glows in Holy Writ,  
Jehovah's, who from Sinai sent the law  
Written on nature's tablets, graven on stone;  
And his, the Incarnate Lord's, who in the Mount  
Strove forty days in solitude and prayer,  
And thence descended to the praise of men."

### THE TRUE ROME.

**O**F Rome, true Rome, was no decline and fall,  
And history's course, by famed historians all,  
Has been perverted: vicious emperors ne'er  
Could more than murder; and it is not fair  
Heroic peoples carrying war far forth  
To distant states to smirch as of no worth,  
To name barbarians from their length of beard,  
Or claim had visages unwashed and weird.

No, kings are not the people, and the power  
That brings a nation to its supreme hour  
Is not the vice and folly of a few.  
All nations are conservative, the true  
And honest, modest, earnest, kindly, form  
The nations all; 't is not the idle swarm  
Of mendicants around the city's streets,  
'Tis not the army that careers, retreats,  
Advances, sets up monarchs vain, or holds  
Its better citizens in terror's folds,  
It is the great majority: these men  
And women are of wholesome lives, and when  
Nations decline it is when conflict comes  
Between the pride of sovereign peoples: war  
Is but the vent wherein for glory more  
The noble pride of nations moves, and change  
Comes not from manners rude or costumes  
                    strange,  
Comes not from feeble emperors or their slaves,  
But comes from foreign rivals and the braves  
That national pride fans into flaming fire:  
Thence war, thence revolutions, thence the lyre  
Of bards immortal sounds heroic strains.  
One nation loses while another gains,  
For national jealousy solves many things  
And patriotism conquers even kings.  
Rome falls and Germany rises; national force  
On either side has been contrasted; course  
Has had that rivalry God's decrees have given  
To all the tribes of men beneath the heaven.



The life of nations, as of man, is clash,  
 Some meekly wise are, others bravely rash,  
 And conflict is a part of nature's gifts,  
 And human levin shines through human rifts.  
 Incessant struggle is man's chiefest law,  
 This rules the people, rules it not the awe  
 That lazy kings or vicious princes wield,  
 'Tis in the battle felt and in the field  
 Where labor plods, and in the family's love  
 Caressed ancestral, where the greatest store  
 Of honor goes to him who fought,  
 And somewhat less to him who worked or taught.

## ODE

FOR THE OPENING OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,  
 1892.

AS when, in Rome, the fruitage of ripe lustres  
 Was sung by Horace, following Sibylline  
                     maidens,  
 So now a hemisphere, ours, the glory radiant  
                     Sings of Progress.

Shone forth, in earlier dates, the Games Olympic,  
 And, later, came the Amphitheatre Flavian,  
 And then the palaces rose of Gaul and Britain,  
                     Brilliant, lofty.

Sung well th' athletic limb the graceful Grecians,  
And Phœbus sung and Luna stately Romans,  
Art, last, and commerce sung the rivaling  
                moderns,  
Lords of Ocean.

Grace, skill, and art, forever be ye honored,  
And ne'er forgotten be ye, ancient eras,  
But yield here, praised Apollo and Diana,  
To Columbus.

Strike ye the sounding harp, ye mighty minstrels!  
Pour hence, adown the stream of time, the chorus!  
Turn ye, to flowing measures, notes of Empire,  
In Chicago!

God, do Thou give these scenes thy Benediction!  
O Thou who art of Land and Sea the Ruler!  
O Thou who claimest all, the Past, the Present,  
And the Future!

Come, ye vast nations of the distant Orient!  
Come, ye whose isles renown gave Ariadne!  
And ye whose waves saw landward borne Europa!  
Be ye all welcome!

And lag ye not, ye of the land of Ferdinand,  
And of our Christopher's friend Queen Isabella,  
And of those shores Italian where young Colon  
Passed his boyhood!

Hither bring ye your prized, your marvellous  
products,  
Hither bring ye your speech ornate and various,  
And here your pleasing ways and accents courteous  
Teach Columbia!

Meet ye, pleased, here our miracles of invention,  
The steam, the lightning, every pulse of science,  
Meet ye, too, here our God-given ores prolific  
And our harvests!

Pray ye that here long may the prosperous people  
Fair mirrors be of all the saving virtues,  
And here religion youth and age hold honoring  
And contented!

Faith give ye, and give Law, for our example!  
Return ye, friends, to harbor pleasing memories!  
And come, midst clustering years, your children's  
children  
To renew them!

## THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

“GO flout him in his chosen seat, abase his  
pride of power,  
Select your men, let forty meet at such a place  
and hour,

Break rudely in upon his speech, cry down his  
friends, declare  
Him traitor, murderer; thus ye'll teach the timidest  
how to dare!

“Let, on a signal, daggers gleam, in forty hands  
upheld,  
Then will his power pass as a dream by gallant  
courage quelled,  
Else will he kill his fellows all, thee and the rest  
he hates,  
And quickly act, his head must fall to save a  
thousand fates.”

So Tallien's wife to Tallien spoke, and not too  
soon spoke she,  
For vanishing in blood and smoke was France's  
liberty.  
Then fronted they fell Robespierre, and on the  
signal given  
Rose forty members, each his peer, by noble  
courage driven.

Collot, Fréron, Garnier were there, with godlike  
gifts adorned,  
While Thuriot from his lofty chair the falling  
tyrant scorned.  
“Down, despot, down!” each voice exclaimed,  
“this dagger seeks thy heart,  
The demon discord shall be tamed, and checked  
the blood-clogged cart.

“Thy head the last shall feel the knife, and  
France once more arise,  
Yield then to France thy dastard life, claim it her  
myriad cries!”

The woman's counsel saved the State, made strong  
the timid peers,  
And lifted from mankind a weight of crime and  
dread and tears.

## THE FOUR SOVEREIGNS.

### A BALLAD OF PARIS TOWN.

One afternoon, in the summer of 1867, the author, while in attendance on the Universal Exposition as one of the Commissioners from the United States, met, in the *Place des Pyramides*, a public square separated only by the width of the *Rue de Rivoli* from the main entrance to the Tuileries, under the circumstances indicated in the following verses, the four sovereigns named therein.

#### I.

'T WAS once a mighty autocrat walked through  
the Paris streets,  
Nor bodyguard had he at hand as one who danger  
meets,  
Nor trappings had he of his state, nor sceptre bore  
nor crown,  
O this dread sovereign on his walk in streets of  
Paris town.

#### II.

Sickened at home with empty forms and crazed  
with flattery,  
In sooth he had his state laid by that he might  
better see

How lived the people, how they talked, and what  
were Paris sights,  
This mighty emperor who of power had reached  
the loftiest heights.

## III.

Nor menials had he who might cringe, and watch  
his slightest look,  
His thumb he held where last he read within a  
little book  
Of places known for deeds of blood or other deeds  
of grace,  
A strawberry walking-stick supplied the lack of  
sword and mace.

## IV.

But three companions, garbed as he, and royal  
sovereigns too,  
Who each his fellow-sovereigns' names and great  
dominion knew,  
Each with his little stick and book, made up his  
company,  
And all were from the curious crowd and grim  
assassin free.

## V.

Albeit, while rode, a few days thence, the Czar in  
landau gay,  
With France's idol by his side, upon the Elysian  
way,

Burst from the crowd a pistol-shot which Poland  
sent, but aim  
Too rash and hasty sign alone gave of a slumber-  
ing flame.

VI.

And who were these three brethren great, who  
made the stately four,  
O would you hear, then let me tell the occasion  
great which bore  
These wondrous men to Paris streets and wind-  
ings of the Seine,  
They who at home led armies forth to risk the  
embattled plain.

VII.

'Twas when the world came trooping up from  
every shore and sea,  
And traders sought from far and near Louis and  
Eugénie,  
That all the sights of Paris town and all the  
merchandize  
Might, midst fair fêtes, for prizes strive, and  
dazzle wondering eyes.

VIII.

And every clime its products sent and every  
nation men,  
And all went gaily to this Fair, and were assem-  
bled then

Those who at home were singled out for beauty  
or renown,  
The fairest troop of knights and dames e'er  
thronged to Paris town.

## IX.

But O who were the sovereigns three who, with  
the autocrat,  
Bore walking-stick and guide-book there, black  
boot and silken hat,  
That thus of citizens enjoyed the easy, plain attire  
Which to these sovereigns was beyond all price  
or kingdom's hire?

## X.

O one from Cleopatra's realm came through the  
tinted waves  
That Africa's northern border-lands and Europe's  
southern laves,  
But he had laid aside his arms and his insignias'  
store,  
And but the customary dress of Paris men he  
wore.

## XI.

The land wherein the lotus blooms and heard is  
Memnon's voice  
Should always lofty thoughts inspire and inspira-  
tions choice,



But she, a ward of lands remote, bows to a foreign  
yoke,  
And Ismail for his throne in vain shall England's  
aid invoke.

XII.

Another from the Orient came, he was the great  
Soldan,  
He who, at home, wore baggy suits by sovereign  
worn and man,  
The garments trim and high-crowned hat upon  
his person drew,  
And, like the Viceroy now disguised, none from  
the crowd him knew.

XIII.

And who was he the last that came? Ah, here is  
destiny shown,  
King William, Prussia's king, was he, to be as  
Emperor known:  
The guest whom France received with joy her  
made to bleed and sigh,  
Ah, many a man he met that day his legions  
doomed to die!

XIV.

Him none would deem a chief severe. Garbed as  
the rest was he;  
None would this gentleman, sure, have driven  
from this his liberty;

If shrewd surmise the others had in their disguise  
found out,  
None would have said 't is he shall hold of Paris  
each redoubt,

## XV.

Shall hold each fort that circles there, shall hold  
their garrisons all,  
Hold every gate and battery ranged on slope or  
height or mall,  
Shall, while Napoleon's triumphs gay from tower  
and arch look down,  
Hold in his strong hand all the hosts and gold of  
Paris town.

## XVI.

And who is he that comes with bland and cheer-  
ful mein along  
While something makes him single out from all  
the pulsing throng  
These sovereigns four he dealers deems in sugar,  
wines, or wool?  
It is a Paris citizen of wealth and leisure full.

## XVII.

"Sir," then unto the Czar he said, "I see you're  
strangers here,  
To show you up and down the town wherein for  
many a year

Of pleasant residence I have dined, read, thought,  
and talked, and slept,  
A town wherein myself was born, will you my  
aid accept?"

## XVIII.

"Kind sir," the Czar made due response, "our  
meeting's opportune,  
We take your kindly offer as an unexpected boon,  
We strangers are, and started forth your beau-  
teous town to view,  
And we shall feel forever, sir, indebted unto  
you."

## XIX.

He showed them much, one walk is slight, how-  
ever, to see all,  
He showed them where Lutetia stood, upon that  
island small  
Where law-courts and Our Lady's shrine now  
grace a varied scene,  
Of these and other sights lacks time more than a  
glance to glean.

## XX.

He showed them where, a tilery once for making  
bricks, now glowed  
Imperial palaces wide whence art's and govern-  
ment's honors flowed,

That where, in Clovis' time, the wolf prowled  
with his stealthy mate,  
The radiant Louvre now displays its Melian  
queen elate,

## XXI.

The Palace of the lazy kings, the boulevard Saint  
Germain,  
The Invalides, the Pantheon, the blood-besprinkled  
plain  
Whose history Luxor's mystic shaft can ne'er  
from men conceal,  
The Luxembourg, the place where stood the  
world-renowned Bastille,

## XXII.

And Bosio's charioteer and steeds where once  
Lysippus' stood,  
Mint, Printing House, and Library, and ('t was a  
satire good)  
The cannon Russia lost in war now to her Czar  
brought home  
In that proud shaft, for fates reserved, the Column  
of Vendôme,

## XXIII.

Sweet charities in God's Hotel, saints in the Mad-  
eleine,  
Sweet troops of children driving sports upon the  
well-trimmed green,

And there, on asphalt wide and long, the lordly  
equipage,  
Where flowers and perfumes and delight charm  
matron, youth and sage.

XXIV.

Much were they pleased, as debtors to the courte-  
ous citizen,  
The sovereigns four, who thus at hand, the bour-  
geoisie, its men  
And women saw, and history lived, without the  
carking crown  
Which would have thrown at distance far the  
sights of Paris town.

XXV.

Low sinks the sun, and they, fatigued, must  
lodgings seek perforce,  
When just at hand upon them gleamed, all  
mounted on a horse,  
In bronze colossal, a fair Maid, a work of sovereign  
art,  
A dream to bless the five good friends just at  
their time to part.

XXVI.

And would you know what Maid was she that  
thus upon them smiled?  
From fields where flowers of fair romance fame's  
gory path beguiled

Her name comes down, and latest fame with  
jubilant trump shall tell  
'T was she who bore Saint Catherine's sword,  
the worshipped La Pucelle.

## XXVII.

And spoke the Czar, "Sir, let me say, now that  
is closed our stroll,  
We thank you for instruction given and comment  
sage or droll,  
And since it may be that some day you may us  
meet again,  
Let me tell you that when at home we royal state  
maintain.

## XXVIII.

"This gentleman the Viceroy is of Egypt's realm  
antique;  
The Soldan this, whom tribes diverse for rendered  
tribute seek;  
And Prussia's crown this wears; and I of the  
Russias all am Czar,  
We hope that we may see you where men know  
just who we are."

## XXIX.

"The Soldan! Czar! The Viceroy! King!  
A brave and sly quartette!  
But let me tell you, you, my friends, your suzerain  
lord have met,

I rivers own that run with gold, I've chests of  
diamonds full,  
And, when at home, unnumbered slaves me call  
the Grand Mogul!

## XXX.

"Good evening! But let me one word of honest  
counsel add,  
That is, if ye the police 'scape, thereof ye may be  
glad,  
This Fair of ours brings rogues about, but seldom  
in such crowd,  
Or with slick tongue so oily quite, and impudence  
so loud."

## XXXI.

Then left in haste, and greatly miffed, the man of  
Paris town,  
While stood I near the peerless Maid who looked  
upon us down,  
Us five, the sovereigns four and me, and I a  
sovereign too,  
Then mirthful looks the four exchanged, and  
t'wards the Tuileries drew.

## XXXII.

There gave they to their merriment vent, and  
joined in that same glee  
The cordial roar of Louis' voice, the laugh of  
Eugénie,

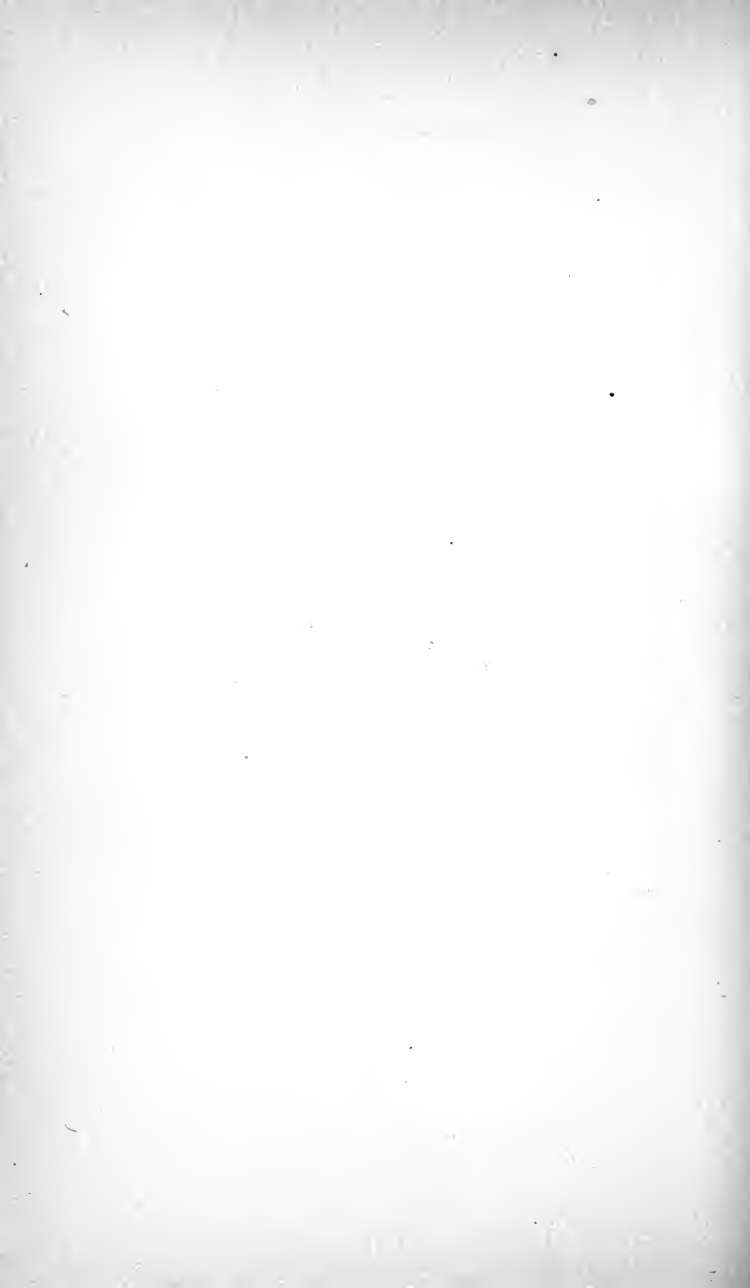
And soon it burst the palace walls, and flew o'er  
Paris town,

And joined therein maid, matron, knight, and  
blouse, and cap, and gown.



## LOCAL LYRICS.

In explanation of the three local lyrics here given, it should be said that the city authorities of Lafayette, Indiana, had determined that the people should not be allowed to rest themselves at the public drinking-place, the Artesian Well; and to prevent their using the convenient low stone fence, near the fountain, as a seat, the authorities fixed heavy and sharp iron spikes in the fence. The lyrics failed to make any impression upon the brilliant authorities. It is said that against such people even the Gods meet with no success.



I.

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

APRIL 17, 1887.

“DOWN with the spikes!” the old man said,  
Who came along and saw them there;  
“The place is public, but instead,  
Some narrow mind would steal our air.

“Down with the spikes! No Bastille’s here!  
The fount of God here freely flows!  
Why should the pampered townsman sneer  
Because fatigue he never knows?

“Down with the spikes! Draw near we will,  
And sit where we care not to stand?  
Our farm’s remote, or up the hill  
The homestead by our fathers planned.

“Down with the spikes ! No eyelids raised  
By ambling fops who loafers’ scorn,  
Can make us yield our rights, while praised  
Is public right of freedom born.

“Down with the spikes ! For ‘public use’  
The words read on yon corner stone;  
Where our own Wilson spoke, excuse  
Is none, which would ~~his words~~ disown.

“Down with the spikes! My dusty feet  
Have found repose in other towns;  
And elsewhere ne’er did iron greet  
The dusty foot with friendless frown.”

## II.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID.

APRIL 25, 1887.

“**M**AMA, I heard a man say ‘damn!’”  
“It must have been a loafer, son.”  
“No, ’t was a farmer, so said Sam;  
He had his boy, and team, and gun.

And other people said ‘he’s right!’  
A lawyer slapped him on the back,  
A preacher said, ‘My friend, polite  
Your phrase is not, but has the smack

Of things that men of old have said;  
If there’s a hell it is for men  
Who have for fellow-men a dread,  
And would them in hard limits pen.’”

“And where did you hear preachers such?  
Of course ’t was not our pastor, dear;  
It sounds just like the *nosty* Dutch  
Who smell of cheese and Wagner’s beer.”

“I know not who the man was, ma,  
But he a cane had, and the staff  
He raised against each iron bar,  
And said, ‘The man who would here quaff .

From this Artesian Fountain wealth,  
Had better leave his manhood home,  
Had better seek God’s Fount by stealth,  
And bate his breath ’fore yon cheap Dome.’”

“And somewhat else he said, I think,  
Of ‘Pharisees’ and ‘taxes’—sure  
The man forgot to take his drink,  
And wended homeward quite demure.”

III.

WHAT THE BOY SAID.

APRIL 29, 1887.

“**M**AMA, I see a picture here,  
A park in Europe, where are seats!  
Can it be that the loafer’s leer  
Their ignorant way of living greets?

Why, here no man can sit him down,  
Nor woman either, in our Square;  
‘Drink and pass on,’ the police frown,  
Nor at our Hoosier beauties stare.’

And when I closer scan this scene,  
I see here idle people sit,  
The young, the old, the proud, the mean,  
The beggar, and the man of wit.

The nurse here brings her knitting forth;  
The idler, turned from tasks that pay;  
And baby limbs, and aged worth,  
Have seats which to them 'linger' say.

Why is it that in Lafayette,  
A foot-worn idler cannot stay  
Around the spot where friends have met,  
Perhaps to see the fountain play?

Don't you remember Roswell Smith  
Met us one day in Union Park,  
And seats were there; a man of pith  
Is he, The Century bears his mark!"

The boy had said, and waited till  
His mother pursed her pretty mouth.  
"These foreign pictures always fill  
The mind with notions of the South

Of Austrian, or Parisian, ways,  
Of idle people born for nought,  
Who know not of King David's lays,  
And have no spark of godliness caught.

A man who stops upon the street,  
Or woman either, near a well,  
A loafer is, and such should meet  
A seat which should such laziness quell.

And such a seat of spikes should be,  
Of various heights, arranged to catch  
The Pharisaical eye, and free  
To all, a couch to catch the wretch."

"Why, ma, I heard that Lafayette  
Was born in Europe, and in France;  
I think that he would feel regret  
To find, instead of rest, a lance.

And once I heard, in Sunday-school  
That good men lived 'neath Southern skies,  
And at Samaria's Fountain cool  
Heard words from One divinely wise."





TRANSLATIONS.



## DIES IRÆ.

## PREFACE.

The task of translation is a difficult one. Its chief difficulty arises from the almost impossibility of substituting the idiom of one language for that of another, or of suggesting paraphrases to take the place of idiomatic expressions. Translations, therefore, must to some extent be always failures. They must mar, or neglect, or fail to reveal in all their fullness and truth, the words of the original, and the translator cannot achieve even a comparative success without a ready knowledge and an easy use of both languages. He must have studied them both *con amore* in spite of their mutual jealousy. Such felicity is rarely vouchsafed to the most fortunate student. For one Cowper deserving immortal honor for his translation of Homer, we have fifty Derbys deserving, as Diedrich Knickerbocker might say, to be utterly famous for their deliberate want of success in the same work.

The difficulty increases when it is proposed to treat a religious subject, and becomes more formidable still if the composition be metrical. The success of an original composition of this character entitles it to claim a position among the works of genius, and the achievement of a creditable translation of such a work entitles its author to a cordial recognition in the ranks of scholarship. Such a work is the classic hymn, the "DIES IRÆ," a description of the Day of Judgment—a subject of dread sublimity, and yet, in the original, at least, treated admirably in rhyme, and that rhyme double, and not in lines double only, but triple.

The authorship of the poem is a question for archæologists. For them it is to decide between the claims of Gregory the

Great, of Thomas of Celano and others—perhaps to fix the merit upon some shrinking scholar modest as Virgil condemning his *Æneid* to the flames.

English translations of the poem in the trochaic measure are rare, and still rarer are those in triple rhyme, or what might be called the triple double rhyme, the "*terza rima*" of the Divine Comedy. The trochaic measure, short and strong, has the ringing vigor of a descending sledge-hammer. It has those forceful notes which in the nether world the Trojan hero heard, ages before the modern troubadour brought the anvil without metaphor upon the stage to emphasize the chorus of romance—

"Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt!"

In all the translations of this great poem which have fallen under my notice, I have observed certain palpable wrongs done to the original. Let me note one in the very outset of the poem—the determination of all translators to render "*IRA*" into "*wrath*" or "*vengeance*." Now the literal word is not wrath or vengeance, but "*ANGER*." *DIES IRÆ* means Day of Anger—of Divine Anger. On that day the Redeemer will appear as a Judge. Rage and vindictiveness are not the attributes of the judicial office—they are characteristics rather of demons. Anger, on the contrary, is a characteristic of good men and of the good God. When, at the sight of the golden calf, Moses broke the tables of the law, his anger waxed hot. And when, too self-sufficient, the same law-giver smote the rock in the desert, the anger of the Lord came up against him, and against all Israel. In the new dispensation the sense is the same, for it is an apostle who says "Be ye angry and sin not." Shakespeare uses the right word when he makes the good Duke of Vienna counsel Isabella about redeeming her brother from "*the angry law*." In this instance the excuse so obvious in other instances, cannot avail the translator—for here there is no necessity, actual or supposed, of neglecting the sense for the benefit of the rhyme.

Another wrong which is usually, if not always, done to the original is that the translators treat the poem as if it were not upon the Day of Judgment but upon the Day of Despair. Judgment does not necessarily imply condemnation. Sinners will in quantity surround the judgment seat, but there will be multitudes, too, of saints. The seven-sealed book will contain not only the lives of the wicked, but also of the good. It will have in it pages red with crime, pages black with fraud, but also pages white with purity and effulgent with sanctity. The opening of the sixth seal will reveal a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, clothed in the white robes of innocence and bearing in their hands the palm-branches of victory.

Some translators fail to reach

“——to the height of this great argument.”

They affect to circumscribe even the extent of the Resurrection. Hampered by the rhythmical difficulties of the situation they fail to give to an event embracing all the nations of the earth its universal scope. To read their lines one would suppose this event might be restricted to some patrimonial graveyard, or at most to a parish cemetery. They even fail to find room in their lines for words prominent in the original, and which to the unsophisticated might seem of prime importance, like the word “resurrection” itself, or that upon which rest the hopes of a fallen world, the “crucifixion.”

Another wrong consists in this, that whereas the verses of this poem are remarkable for natural and unaffected diction, for ease and flexibility, the verses of some of the translations are remarkable only for stiffness and quaintness. As comparatively free from these faults, however, I am glad to note the efforts in this direction of Dr. Abraham Coles and General John A. Dix. Of this poem Dr. Coles published, in 1868, in an elegant volume, with other gems of Latin verse, no less than thirteen original translations all by himself. The first in the series is as a whole by far the best, and aided by a stanza

from the sixth and a word from the eleventh, has been so highly appreciated as to be adopted by the Catholic Publication Society of New York in their favorite manual of prayer, "The Mission Book." The translation by General Dix is published in Judge Nott's "Hymns of the Middle Ages," and has been recently reproduced in "Scribner's Monthly."

As to General Dix's translation, I regret that I must qualify my commendation by observing that, as it seems to me, he has rejected his best stanza, the first, urged to it in part, it would seem, through sensitiveness at a quip of Thackeray's—a poor authority, I fear, for the acceptance or rejection of anything whatever, and especially for the rejection of anything savoring of good taste and sound learning. I regret, too, in his translation to observe, in the eighth stanza, the use of the word "tremendous" as applied to the Deity. It can scarcely be said to be justified by the word in the original, where it is *tremendæ* (in the genitive, agreeing with "*majestatis*") fear-inspiring, causing to tremble, again not through demoniac horror but through divine power. I submit that the word is one which is seldom or never used in English in a good sense. Gibbon uses the word to give voice to the appalling summons of the barbarians at the gates of Rome: "The tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet." Motley, appreciating, too, the English sense of the word, speaks of a "tremendous mischief." Doubtless it would be proper to say of a king—mayhap of a judge in an exceptional moment—that his temper had betrayed him into a tremendous explosion of rage, but to any characteristic of a king clothed with awe-inspiring majesty and seated in solemn state to exercise the office of a judge, the English use of the word "tremendous" seems inapplicable; besides, the use of the word by this translator has other disadvantages. It imparts an exceptional turgidity to that part of his translation, and betrays him into the use of the plural "us," in the style of the litanies, where the context and the style of the poem require the use of the singular "me." Beyond all this it is perhaps no idle com-

ment to say that the translator, carried away by a ponderous word, like a prisoner of war in irons, has missed the "free salvation" accorded to all who seek it in the middle of the same stanza.

It should be remarked that the poem divides itself into three parts:

I. The first six stanzas are occupied with a description of the *Day of Judgment*.

II. In the next eleven stanzas are comprised the *address of the suppliant* at the bar of God.

III. The last stanza of the poem is a *prayer of the poet* that God will spare his guilty creatures.

## DIES IRÆ.

## PARS PRIMA.

## DESCRIPTIO.

## I.

**D**IES iræ, dies illa !  
Solvat sæclum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.

## II.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta strictè discussurus !

## III.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum,  
Cognat omnes ante thronum.

## IV.

Mors stupebit, et natura,  
Quum resurget creatura  
Judicanti responsura.

## V.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.



VI.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

DAY OF ANGER.

FIRST PART.

DESCRIPTION.

I.

DAY of anger, day of burning!  
All the world to ashes turning!  
David's and the Sibyl's learning!

II.

On this day of grievous trembling  
Judge and people are assembling—  
Now's an end to all dissembling.

III.

Through the graves of every nation  
Sends the trumpet animation—  
'Fore God's throne each takes his station.

IV.

At the creature's resurrection  
Nature greans in every section—  
Death is stunned at the defection.



## V.

Then the books of records hoary,  
Full of guilt and full of glory,  
Of the world shall tell its story.

## VI.

Then the Judge, His seat assuming,  
All things hid His Light illuming,  
Good exalts, while evil dooming.

## PARS SECUNDA.

## SUPPLICATIO.

## VII.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

## VIII.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvis gratis,  
Salve me, fons pietatis!

## IX.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa Tuæ viæ;  
Ne me perdas illâ die!

X.

Quærens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus;  
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

XI.

Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donam fac remissionis  
Ante diem rationis!

XII.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
Culpa rubet vultus meus:  
Supplici parce, Deus!

XIII.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
Et latronem exaudisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti,

XIV.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed Tu bonus fac benignè,  
Ne perenni cremer igne!

XV.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in prate dextra!

*Day of Anger.*

## XVI.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis  
Voca me cum benedictis!

## XVII.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis:  
Gere curam mei finis!

## SECOND PART.

## SUPPLICATION.

## VII.

Wretched me, what shall I say then?  
Through what patron shall I pray then?  
Shall I see of hope a ray then?

## VIII.

King of power and grace unending,  
Free salvation's blessings sending,  
Save me, on Thy word depending.

## IX.

Jesus, Savior, O remember  
Pains for me felt in each member,  
Save me from each dreaded ember.

X.

Weary, Thou my load hast lightened,  
Crucified, my dark sins whitened,  
O let my sad hopes be brightened.

XI.

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant me gift of absolution  
On this day of execution.

XII.

Like a wretch from justice rushing,  
Groans my heart, my face is blushing,  
Spare one whom his guilt is crushing.

XIII.

Mary, contrite, was forgiven,  
On his cross the thief earned heaven,  
And I too with hope have striven.

XIV.

Worthy of reproach, scorn, ire,  
And perennial pangs of fire,  
Yet I to Thy love aspire.

XV.

With Thy faithful sheep divided,  
When the impious goats are chided  
Let me to Thy right be guided.

## XVI.

When the wicked sink with curses  
Into fiery hell's reverses,  
Let me share with saints Thy mercies.

## XVII.

Low I supplicate Thy power,  
Care for me when tempests lower,  
In this dread supernal hour.

## PARS TERTIA.

## PRECATIO.

## XVIII.

Lacrymosa dies illa  
Qua resurget ex favilla  
Judicandus homo reus;  
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

## THIRD PART.

## PRAYER.

## XVIII.

In that greivous day and fearful,  
Man will make the ashes tearful;  
May his sins so heaven-daring,  
Find his Judge benign and sparing.

## ISTE CONFESSOR.

**T**HIS day, seats sacred to the saints in Heaven,  
He whom the people praise in every clime,  
God's con'fessor, ascended, glad to reach  
Eternal Rest.

Sweet, gentle, learned, humble, modest, blameless,  
His life on earth he trod with soberest footsteps,  
His mortal frame awaiting from its Maker  
The Life Divine.

Such were his merits, full beyond all measure,  
That grievous ills, that sickness verging death-  
ward,  
Fled at his word, his touch bore instant healing  
As of Our Lord.

Therefore the chorus follow him; the grateful  
Pæan and the waving palm speak forth his  
praise,  
And with unceasing love the world salutes him—  
"Pray, pray for us!"

There where he sits the Triune and the Only  
Sheds through the skies transcendent splendors  
worthy,  
As guiding all our worldly ways in wisdom,  
Homage profound.

## CRUX FIDELIS.

ONE noble tree there is alone  
 Among all forests found;  
 In germ, in leaf, in flower supreme,  
 It sanctifies the ground.

Its wood is sweet, and nails therein  
 A perfumed odor give;  
 It is a tree whereon who looks  
 In Paradise may live.

Such is the tree whose transverse arms  
 Sustained our suffering Lord,  
 Such is the tree yields fruit divine  
 By earth and Heaven adored.

## VEXILLA REGIS.

“VEXILLA regis prodeunt:  
 Fulget crucis mysterium,  
 Qua vita mortem pertulit,  
 Et morte vitam protulit.”

Forth comes the standard of the King:  
 The effulgent mystery of the Cross,  
 Where life bore death, and, wondrous thing,  
 Death brought back life, gain following loss.



O GLORIOSA.

“O GLORIOSA Virginum,  
Sublimā inter sidera,  
Qui te creavit parvulum,  
Lactante nutris ubere!

“Quod Heva tristis abstulit  
Tu reddis almo germine;  
Intrent ut astra flebiles,  
Cœli recludis cardines!”

O Glory of the Virgin Choir,  
Sublime amidst the starry skies,  
Thy milk thine own Creating Sire  
Sustained, a Babe whom angels prize.

What hapless Eve had taken, thou,  
Through thy blest womb restorest, glad  
To help the grieved whom burdens bow,  
And ope Heaven's doors to pleadings sad.

PETRARCH'S VISION OF THE  
MILK-WHITE FAWN.

I N sleep I saw, with wondering awe  
(Ye ken well what it warns)  
While glowed the dawn, a milk-white fawn  
Come near with golden horns,

Erect its head, where laurels spread,  
And 'twixt two silvery streams.  
And came the sun his course to run,  
Within that land of dreams.

The pictured hind, in grace outlined,  
Seemed formed of love and hope;  
Lightly it stepped, and distance kept,  
Like the timid antelope;

And kind yet coy; with secret joy  
Its image filled my soul;  
And o'er the sense soft influence  
Of sweet reflection stole.

Great diamonds gleamed and rubies beamed  
On the collar that it wore;  
Words too, and theirs were characters  
Of old imperial lore:

"This beauteous land an Emperor's hand  
Hath to me freely given;  
For me here gleam fount, flower and stream,  
Beneath a favoring heaven."

The day's lord now, with radiant brow,  
Climbed t'ward his mid-day height,  
Yet still mine eyes, as at his rise,  
Drank in that glorious sight.

A voice was heard—the spell was stirred—  
The beauteous vision passed;  
Yet in my heart it dwelt apart,  
And shall while life shall last.

For the suggestion of the metre of, and for one of the phrases used in the foregoing composition, I cheerfully own my obligation to Francis Mahoney.

AU FORT DES ALARMES.

AU fort des alarmes  
Ni camp ni gendarmes  
Ne sauvant le roi;  
Le per, le courage,  
Sont de nul usage,  
Éternel, sans toi.

The chief, in alarm,  
Shouts, “Rouse, men, and arm,  
I die by their swords!”  
O chief, ’t is thine hour,  
Thy hosts have no power,  
All strength is the Lord’s!

In the heat of the fight  
It is no earthly might  
That saveth the king:  
When the battle ends  
The victory descends  
On an angel’s wing!

## EARTH-SHADOWS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CLOUDS, on threatening skies, we see  
Fix their tints and colors dread:  
On the earth this may well be,  
Not on heavens above them spread.

Undisturbed those heavens are bright,  
Reck they nought of black or grey,  
And their ether beams with light,  
Beams with blue empyreal day.

And must be thy heavens the same;  
Days of doubt and hours of qualm  
On thy sight may strike, but claim  
Freedom for thy heart's deep calm.

Child of God, will come the hour  
Will its nobleness impart,  
And earth's shadows lose their power  
O'er the heaven of thy heart.

## HEART-EXAMINATION.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

**I**F one hath spoken against thee in despite,  
Do thou within thy conscience refuge take,  
And of thy heart examination make.  
If thou be culpable, the infliction's right;  
If innocent, an excellent lesson's light  
Hath reached thee, this: That always to  
forsake  
Those frivolous words and ways which idly  
break  
Life's earnest course and calm in this world's  
fight  
Is better for thee; profit thus shall spring  
From either source; the poison foully mixed  
Shall turn to honey; and the embittered foe,  
That sought from thee hot sighs or schemes to  
wring,  
Thy secret friend shall be, intent and fixed  
To thy wronged soul his due amends to bring.

## THE ODE TO ARISTIUS.

This Ode, otherwise known as the TWENTY-SECOND OF HORACE'S FIRST BOOK, was sung, in the original Latin, as part of the obsequies of President Garfield at Cleveland. The singing was by the German societies of that city, and, it is said, added much to the impressiveness of those solemn and affecting rites.

The ARGUMENT of the Ode, if it needs one, is, that, on one occasion, when the poet was chanting, in the depths of the forest on his Sabine farm, the praises of Lalage, a person the subject of his unbounded admiration, he was confronted by an immense and powerful wolf. The animal and the man exchanged, in mutual astonishment, intent and earnest looks, an

interchange which resulted in the precipitate retreat of the ferocious beast. It may be remembered that Dr. Hayes, the Arctic explorer, had a similar experience in encountering, without a weapon, and at a point remote from aid, a huge polar bear.

The person to whom the Ode is addressed, Aristius Fuscus, the poet speaks of, in one of his Epodes, in terms of affectionate endearment, as a cherished friend. He was a brother-poet, and, in his time, of some celebrity. It is he, too, who is described, in the Ninth Satire of the First Book of Satires, as maliciously leaving Horace in the hands of the bore. Horace says, hopefully and suggestively, to Aristius: "You have some private business with me?" Aristius runs away, saying, as he goes, with mock gravity: "No, this is the Sabbath-day" (the Jewish dispensation, of course, being referred to) "and I can have no business with any one on the Sabbath-day." And so the empty and impudent tormentor of Horace had his own way with the helpless poet.

As appropriate to a funereal occasion, the Ode would seem to partake rather of the character of a love-song than of a psalm of requiem, but, certainly, its opening words were of rare appropriateness, and the words which follow are fairly allowable as explanatory of the incident in relation to which the poet uses so elevated a sentiment. Besides, it is known that President Garfield was an ardent student of Horace.

## I.

MY friend, he who a life can claim  
Without a flaw, and free from blame,  
The Moorish pike  
Needs not nor bow, nor quiver's birth  
Of poisoned arrows which to earth  
Their victims strike,

## II.

Or wends through sultry Syrtes' sands  
His path, or through Caucasian lands  
Which know no guest,  
Or where the dark Hydaspes licks  
Its fabled banks, and horrors mix  
In nest on nest.

## III.

For, once, as in my Sabine woods,  
Unarmed, in one of my gay moods,

My Lalage's praise  
I sung, met me a wolf, and glared  
On me surprised and calm, then fared  
On his wild ways.

IV.

No such a portent crouches grim  
In warlike Daunia's forests dim,  
Nor nurses, dire,  
King Juba's realm, where lions roam,  
Parched, in their arid desert home,  
With frenzying fire.

V.

And yet I live my Lalage's face  
And voice to sing, her artless grace,  
Her laugh, her form,  
And all her charms; and thus my song  
Would soar aloft on reaches long  
Of peace or storm,

VI.

Although I might, on sterile coasts  
Where summer ne'er its glories boasts,  
An exile, sigh,  
Or, where the effulgent Sun his steeds,  
Drives hot above the suffering meads,  
A wanderer, die.

## HANNIBAL'S SOLILOQUY ON THE ROMANS.

*(Horace, Odes IV. 4.)*

“ . . . **T**HAT race, inflexible as brave,  
Which, from the flaming walls of  
Troy,  
Across the untried Tuscan wave,  
Bore parent, wife, and prattling boy,  
And household Gods, and daughters coy,  
To far Ausonian towns, to destined grief or joy.

“Like as the ilex axes lop  
Of all its boughs, where richly rise  
The woods which Algidus o’ertop,  
All shorn its loss it can despise:  
Where every slaughtered army lies,  
It draws from hostile swords a strength that  
never dies.”

## CONTENTMENT.

HORACE'S ODE TO GROSPHUS.

**R**EPOSE desires the Ægean sailor, thrown  
On raging waves, what time, with dark-  
ness sown,  
The heavens nor moon nor glimpse of star-light  
own,  
Malignant.



Repose desires the Thracian battle-stained,  
The Mede to bear the beauteous quiver trained,  
Repose, my friend, which wealth has ne'er attained,

Benignant.

For vanish not the tumults of the mind  
Where fretted ceilings shine o'er menials kind  
And treasures vast, and rods the axes bind  
Of lictors.

Wisely they live content with moderate state,  
Proud of some heir-loom of an ancient date,  
And meeting sleep, with slight or no debate,  
As victors.

Why strive we for so much in life so short?  
Why need we alien suns and tempests court?  
Should not our native land as shield and fort  
Be cherished?

The bronze-beaked ships ascends devouring care,  
Nor from armed ranks drives it the trumpet's  
blare,  
Beneath it fleets and camps in grim despair  
Have perished.

He whom the present satisfies is wise;  
The future will not yield for all our cries;  
Some things in life e'en seen with smiling eyes  
Are bitter.

O'ercame the great Achilles sudden death,  
 Wears down Tithonus e'en immortal breath,  
 Than lessons these nor song nor legend saith  
                   Aught fitter.

For thee, my friend, sleek herds a thousand low,  
 Mares four-abreast before thy chariots glow,  
 The Tyrian purple robe is thine: Art thou  
                   Contented ?

While I am wise, love for my little farm,  
 And courtship of the Grecian Muses' charm  
 Shall never find that I ambition's harm  
                   Repented.

## COMMON NATURES.

“ Q UANDO mulceter  
       Villanus  
 Pejor habetur;  
 Ungentem pungit,  
 Pungentem  
       Rusticus  
       Ungit.”

Treat gently a boor,  
 The return will be poor;  
 A rustic you grease,  
 And he will you tease;  
 A rustic you punch,  
 And he will you lunch.

THE ORIGIN OF "E PLURIBUS UNUM."

FROM THE MORETUM, OR SALAD, OF VIRGIL.

**I**T manus in gyrum; paulatim singula vires  
Deperdunt proprias; color est *E pluribus unus*.

Spins round the stirring hand; lose by degrees  
Their separate powers the parts, and comes at last  
*From many several colors one that rules.*

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

VIRGIL.

**S**IC vos non vobis nidificatis aves;  
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves;  
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;  
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves.

Thus for yourselves not ye, birds, build your  
    nests;  
Thus for yourselves not ye, sheep, wear your  
    wool;  
Thus for yourselves not ye, bees, make your  
    quests;  
Thus for yourselves not ye, bulls, ploughshares  
    pull.

## MÆNALIAN VERSES.

FROM VIRGIL'S ENCHANTRESS.

NOW know I what is Love: His guileful ways,  
His treacherous methods, well have I found  
out.

Produced that boy no race of mine, no blood;  
From Tmaros' doth he come or Rhodope's rocks,  
Or hath his lineage from those rugged realms,  
The last of earth, where Garymantians dwell.  
Begin with me, my luckless pipe, begin  
Mænalian verses low and sweet though sad.

## ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FROM THE FOURTH GEORGIC.

AND now, his steps retracing, he had passed  
In safety every form of ill and chance  
Adverse, and with Eurydice restored,  
Was pressing onward to the upper air,  
She following on behind (such was the law  
That fair Proserpina gave), when seized, alas!  
The incautious lover's mind a madness strange  
And sudden, which, indeed, might well expect  
Forgiveness, if forgiveness were a thing  
The phantoms knew: He stopped and turned, and  
looked  
At his Eurydice, now with the light  
Of day itself almost upon her face,

Unmindful of his word, and overwhelmed  
In mind. And, in that very moment, all  
Was gone, his labor lost like water poured  
In sands, his covenant snapped in twain; the King  
To whom must be his prayer for mercy made  
An iron King; and thrice was heard across  
Avernus' pools the thunder peal. And she:  
"What, Orpheus, wretched me hath so betrayed  
And thee? What fearful frenzy great? For lo!  
The cruel Fates again have my return  
Required, and sleep e'en now my swimming sight  
Seals up. And now farewell! The mighty night  
Surrounds and bears me on, while hold I forth  
Weak hands to thee, alas! thine hands no more!"  
She said, and suddenly from his eyes, as smoke  
In thin air lost, she fled apart, nor him  
Saw e'er again, as he in vain his hands  
Reached unavailing forth her shade to stay,  
And many things his eager lips would speak;  
Nor him would Orcus' ferryman again  
To pass the dread opposing stream allow.  
What should he do? Where go, when now his  
    bride  
Had twice from out his arms been snatched away?  
By what excess of mourning could he move  
The Powers below, or with what voice of prayer  
The heavenly Thrones? And she, cold, cold, her  
    way  
Was making in the Stygian boat, lost, lost.

## THE GENIUS OF ROME.

FROM THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEID.

“**W**HO thee shall leave unmentioned Cato  
great?

Or Cossus? Who the Gracchi's race? Or who  
The Scipios grim, twin thunderbolts of war  
And Libya's scourge? Fabricius strong, though  
poor?

Or thee, Serranus, from thy furrows called?  
Or where drive ye, great Fabii, wearied me,—  
Ye, of whom thou the greatest, art the one  
Who by delay to us the state restored?  
More softly others may bright bronzes mold,  
Until they seem to breathe, and better bring,  
As freely I concede, from marble carved,  
The living features forth, and better plead  
The cause, and with apt lines the measures trace  
Of heaven, and tell where rise and set the stars;  
But thou, O Roman, mind thee the great arts  
Of government to learn. These shall be thine.  
Thou shalt thine empire on the peoples lay.  
Thou shalt the ways of peace unto them teach.  
Thou shalt the conquered spare, but shalt fight  
down

The proud contemners of thy state and laws.”  
Father Anchises thus had said; and then,  
To those who heard and marveled at his speech,  
These further words he added thereunto: . . .

CAMILLA.

FROM THE SEVENTH ÆNEID.

**H**ER all the youth from field and threshold  
poured  
To gaze upon; and stood amazed the crowds  
The mothers made, who came her progress proud  
To see, the while for wonderment dumb their  
breaths  
They held: What royal honors roll in bars  
Of purple, thought they, o'er her rounded limbs!  
How with a golden clasp she loops her hair!  
How like a Queen her quiver sets her off!  
How conscious seems her war-steed of his charge!  
And how her shepherd's staff of myrtle wood  
Ends in a spear-point polished for the fight!

VULCAN AND THE SHIELD OF  
ÆNEAS.

FROM THE EIGHTH ÆNEID.

**L**AY all aside," he said, "postpone your work  
Begun, Ætnean Cyclops, and hereto  
Your minds apply. Arms for a man of might  
Now must ye make. Now need of strength there is,  
And rapid hands, and all art's mastery shrewd.  
Throw headlong all delays." No more he said,

But quickly all fell to, and equally nerved,  
The labor shared. Flows bronze in streams, and  
flows

The golden ore, and in a furnace vast  
Melts the vulnific steel. And plan they out  
A huge shield's scope, one which shall match all  
spears

That Latin men may hurl, and orb on orb  
They fold it seven times o'er. Some air draw in  
To windy bellows' depths, and drive it thence.  
Some to the lake the shrinking bronzes touch,  
And groans the cavern vast with anvil-strokes.  
Sounds roar, arms raise, blows clang, clang in  
chorus;

And quick clip, turn, beat they the flat masses.

TRIUMPHS OF AUGUSTUS.

FROM THE EIGHTH ÆNEID.

AND there the Nile lay opposite sunk in grief  
And spreading wide his breast and garments  
all

And to his branching streams and bosom sad  
The conquered calling swift their course to bend  
But Cæsar, borne the Roman walls within,  
'Midst all the glories which three triumphs gave,  
Was unto Gods Italian rendering thanks,  
And vows performing on three hundred shrines.



These through the city testified its joy.  
But joy shone everywhere, in games, in cheers,  
In raging storms of cheers, which boiled where'er  
The conqueror's chariot bore his form caressed.  
In every temple Roman mothers sung;  
At every altar Roman mothers stood;  
At every shrine slain bullocks strewed the earth.  
Himself on Phœbus' snowy threshold sat,  
And there received of conquered peoples' wealth  
The costly gifts, and them in order placed  
Against the pillared temple's gates superb.  
Pass on, in order long, the conquered tribes,  
In dress and arms as various as in tongues.  
Here had the skillful fashioner's art set forth  
The Nomad tribes and Africa's nude sons;  
And here the Cari fierce, and Lelegi grim;  
And here Gelonian clans who arrows bear.  
Here flowed Euphrates with a milder stream.  
Here were Morini, most remote of men;  
And here the Rhine which boasts its double horns;  
The Dahæ unsubdued; and the Araxes' waves,  
Whose rage its Macedonian bridge destroyed.

Such things, so spread on Vulcan's shield the  
gift

Of her his parent, much his wonder move;  
And, ignorant he of all their histories hid,  
Fill him with deep delight their images traced;  
While lifts he high as reach his shoulders broad  
The fame and fortunes of the future Rome.

## EURYALUS AND NISUS.

FROM THE NINTH ÆNEID.

A MAZED, and struck with mighty love of  
praise,  
Was now Euryalus' mind, and to his friend,  
So wrapt in patriot zeal, he answers thus:  
"And dost thou, Nisus, therefore seek to escape  
Uniting me to thy supreme attempts?  
And shall I thee alone send forth to meet  
The danger dire? Not so me taught, to war  
And blood accustomed, he, my father brave  
Opheltes, me in face of Greek alarms  
And Trojan suffering placing. And not so  
With thee have I yet fared, since followed I  
High-souled Æneas and his direct Fates.  
There is, there is, in me, a soul which scorns  
The light of life, and deems it well one's life  
To throw away in purchase of such fame  
As thou dost seek to compass by thy deeds."

And Nisus then: "Indeed, of thee I feared  
No such a thing. Thee so I would not wrong.  
No, no. So may great Jove thy friend bring back  
'Midst glad ovations, Jove or whosoe'er  
With favorable eyes my deeds may see.  
But if, but if, I say, some adverse chance,

And, in such risks, thou seest how such may come,  
Or if some God my life should snatch away,  
Then I should wish that thee I had not taken.  
Thine age is worthier life. Let there be one  
Who me from combat borne, or bought with gold,  
May unto earth commit; or if, as seems  
Our usual fate to be, this be denied,  
Who may oblations make and pile the tomb  
With garlands fresh for him the absent dead!  
Nor would I be of so much grief the cause  
Unto thy mother sad, she who alone  
Of many mothers, boy, hath followed here  
Her son, naught caring for Acesta's walls,  
Wherein remained such numbers of her sex."

But he: "In vain these empty arguments fond  
Thou weavest. Fail they all my mind to budge  
From its fixed purpose. Therefore let us haste."

He says, and stirs the guard for their relief.

## ÆNEAS, PALLAS, TURNUS.

FROM THE TWELFTH ÆNEID.

STOOD keen in his bright arms  
Æneas, and as moved his thought so moved  
His eyes, and held he back his hand and sword,  
And more and more were softening him the words  
That Turnus spoke, when he perceived, alas!  
On Turnus' shoulder that unhappy badge



Save things eternal, was created naught  
Before myself, eternal I and drear.  
All hope surrender, ye who enter here."

Mine eye the legend's sombre colors sought  
Above a gateway's lofty arch of gloom;  
"The meaning's hard; it speaks an awful  
doom."

I to my master said; but he, as one  
Prepared, made answer: "All distrust lay by;  
Within thine heart let slavish terror die.  
For we the place whereof I spoke have won,  
Where we the souls shall see in misery tost  
Who God, the mind's best dower and prop,  
have lost."

His looks were looks of joy, his welcome hand  
Reached forth for mine, its clasp brought sweet  
relief,  
And into secret things led me my chief.  
Here wailings deep and screams and sighs  
Stirred all the starless air of that black deep,  
Whereat at first I could not choose but weep.  
Tongues diverse, deafening yells, and horror's cries,  
Accents of grief and voices deep and hoarse  
And hands together struck with frenzied force,

A tumult made which its incessant whirl  
Strewed through the eternal tint of that grim air  
Assand when whirlwinds breathe on deserts bare.

## DANTE AND LATINI.

## FROM THE INFERNO, CANTO XV.

SO I; and he: "If follow thou thy star,  
Thou canst not of a glorious haven fail,  
If in that world I rightly scanned thy sail;  
And if so early had not been the bar  
That closed my life since heaven so favored  
thee,  
Cheers would thy work have always had from  
me.  
But that neglectful, that malignant race  
Which came from ancient Fesole's gnarled  
stock  
And of the mountain smacks yet and the rock,  
  
"Will, for thy well-doing, thee forever chase;  
And cause there is for this, for ill its fruit  
The sweet fig bears where sour sorbs have their  
root.  
Report on earth of old proclaims them blind;  
Envy and greed and pride are in their smile;  
Look that their manners do not thee defile.  
Reserves for thee such fame thy fortune kind  
That, for thee, hunger will both sides harass,  
But from the goat far off shall be the grass.

"And let the Fesolan beasts their reeking sty  
Of their own stock make up, nor touch the  
plant,

If growth to such their rank enclosures grant,  
In which revives the sacred seed whereby  
She Romans counted then when stood confessed  
That sty of malice foul the favorite nest."

"Were my complete desire fulfilled, you yet,"  
I answer made, "would not have banished been  
From all on earth that men's affections win,

"For in my memory's fixed, my heart's regret,  
Your image dear, paternal, kind, when taught,  
From hour to hour, your words, with wisdom  
fraught,

How man himself eternal makes; and long  
As life is mine, my deeds should all reveal,  
And my tongue tell the gratitude great I feel.  
What of my course predicts thy friendship strong  
I write, and keep it, and a text beside,  
For one, a Lady, able to decide

"Their meaning, if I reach her sphere. Believe  
That conscience only is the goad I fear.  
Let Fortune, as she pleases, then appear.  
Not new divinings such do I receive.

So, Fortune, turn thy wheel as suits thee still,  
And, boor, thy mattock as it suits thy will."

And thereupon my Master his right cheek  
Towards me turned, and, looking at me, said,  
"He listens well who notes, and so is led."

## LAST VOYAGE OF ULYSSES.

FROM THE INFERNO, CANTO XXVI.

“WHEN me from Circe forth the land-  
breeze drove  
(At Gaëta me more than a year she claimed,  
Port through Æneas’ grateful memory named),  
Nor fondness for my son, nor filial love  
For mine old father, nor affection due  
To my Penelope left, of wives most true,  
Could quell the burning zeal I felt in me  
To know more of the world, to sally forth  
And study men, their weaknesses, their worth.

“With but one ship I ventured on the sea,  
The deep, wide waste, and with those followers  
few  
Who yet desired my fortunes to pursue.  
Both shores as far as Spain beheld us guests,  
Far as Morocco’s and Sardinia’s coasts,  
And isles besides that inland ocean boasts.  
Tardy and old, at last, ’neath various tests,  
The narrow pass we gained where Hercules  
placed  
His warning landmarks which the adventurous  
faced,



- “That outward further might no pennon wave.  
Seville upon the right was passed; the left  
Already us of Ceuta had bereft.  
‘Ye, through a hundred thousand dangers brave,  
Brethren’ I said, ‘have safely reached the West,  
And now apply that vigil brief the rest  
Of your prolonged existence is, to learn  
The unpeopled world which lies behind the Sun!  
Consider whence your origin great is won!
- “‘The noble blood that in your veins doth burn!  
Ye were not born to live like brutish beasts!  
Virtue and knowledge hail you to their feasts!’  
This brief speech ended, all demur was gone.  
Indeed, so eager for the voyage wide  
My men became, they could not be denied.  
And then our stern we turned towards the dawn,  
And to the foolish flight gave wing each oar;  
Towards the left we always somewhat bore.
- “The other pole, with all its stars, rose soon;  
Fell ours so low that never came its light  
Upon the glow that ocean spreads at night.  
Five times its light had changed the rolling moon,  
Quenched, kindled, turn by turn, since on the  
path  
We drove where dangers lurk and ruthless  
wrath,  
When brought to us a view remote relief:  
A mountain with the distance dim; its height  
All others I had seen exceeded quite.

"Alas! gave way our transient joy to grief!  
 From out the new land rose a tempest dark  
 And struck in its forepart our quivering bark.  
 Three times round all the waves it made her  
                   whirl;  
 The fourth time rose the stern, the prow went  
                   down,  
 And it Another pleased, with potent frown,  
 Us into ocean's ravenous jaws to hurl."

## TRAJAN AND THE WIDOW.

FROM THE PURGATORIO, CANTO X.

**W**AS heralded there the immaculate glory  
                   high  
 That Roman Ruler gained, whose deed benign  
 To his great victory Gregory led divine.  
 The Emperor Trajan 't was, and there, near by,  
 A weeping widow at his bridle stood,  
 Grief-clad and frenzied, with her tale of blood.  
 Around about them knights in full troops thronged,  
 And eagles, struggling with the wind, in gold  
 Above them gleamed where War's dread  
                   banners rolled.

And 'midst them all, the unhappy woman wronged  
 Seemed to be saying: "Give me vengeance,  
                   Sire,  
 For my dead son, me, in my trouble dire!"  
 And he to answer seemed: "Now, wait until

I have returned." And she, like one whom grief  
Impatient makes: "Shouldst thou not come, O  
chief?"

And he: "Who shall be in my place will still  
Avenge thee." Then: "The good that others do,"  
She urged, "slight help will be, my Prince, to  
you!"

"Take comfort, dame," at length he answers,  
"right

It is I hear this cause ere hence I move;  
Justice this wills; pity doth this approve."

## WHAT DANTE SAW ON THE TER- RACE FLOOR.

FROM THE PURGATORIO, CANTO XII.

I SAW, on one side, him, to whom b'yond all  
God's other creatures nobleness was given,  
Fall like a thunderbolt driven down from  
Heaven.

I saw, on th' other, Briareus' limbs in thrall  
To darts celestial, prone, their vigor lost,  
And round their fiery sinews mortal frost.

I saw the Thymbræan, Pallas saw, and Mars,  
Still, in their armor, rallying round their Sire,  
While giants mangled were by his swift fire.

I saw shrink Nimrod, he who sought the stars,  
At foot of his huge work, whence he, dismayed,  
His Sennaarite helpers ruefully surveyed.

O Niobe! with what o'errunning eyes  
 Thee I beheld upon that pictured plain  
 Betwixt thy seven and seven loved children  
                   slain!

O Saul! how sad was there thy guise,  
 On thine own sword then fallen in Gilboa's  
                   Mount,  
 That since nor rain nor dew-drop e'er could  
                   count!

O fond Arachne! thee I there beheld,  
 Half-spider now, climbing the web's thin lines  
 Wherefor in vain thy punished spirit pines!

O Rehoboam! fears thy front have quelled,  
 While hurls thy chariot thee with terror stung,  
 Thee on whose flank no foe pursuing hung!  
 Showed forth, moreo'er, the adamantine floor  
       What Alcmaeon made a luckless bauble cost  
       His mother, who thereby her rash life lost;  
 Showed how his sons with bloody frenzy tore  
       Sennacherib vain, within the temple dread,  
       And how they left him, prostrate, bleeding,  
                   dead;

Showed the destruction and the carnage red  
       That Tomyris wrought when Cyrus' head she  
                   dipped:

      "Bloodthirsty tyrant, be it by thee sipped!"  
 Showed how, dismayed, the proud Assyrians fled  
       After that Holofernes' life was lost,  
       And how on seas of slaughter all was tossed.

I saw there Troy, ashes and caves her towers;  
O Ilion! thee how humbled, how debased,  
Showed forth the saddening lines that there  
were traced!

BEATRICE DESCENDING FROM  
HEAVEN.

FROM THE PURGATORIO, CANTO XXX.

I HAVE beheld ere now, when dawn would pale,  
The eastern hemisphere's tint of roseate sheen,  
And all the opposite heaven one gem serene,  
And the uprising sun, beneath such powers  
Of vapory influence tempered, that the eye  
For a long space its fiery shield could try:

E'en so, embosomed in a cloud of flowers,  
Which from those hands angelical upward  
played,  
And roseate all the car triumphal made,  
And showered a snow-white veil with olive  
bound,  
Appeared a Lady, green her mantle, name,  
Could not describe her robe unless t' were flame.  
And mine own spirit, which the past had found  
Often, within her presence, free from awe,  
And which could never from me trembling  
draw,

And sight no knowledge giving me at this time,  
Through hidden virtue which from her came  
forth,  
Of ancient love felt now the potent worth.  
As soon as on my vision smote sublime  
The heavenly influence that, ere boyhood's  
days  
Had fled, had thrilled me and awoke my praise,  
Unto the leftward turned I, with that trust  
Wherewith a little child his mother seeks,  
When fear his steps controls and tear-stained  
cheeks,

To say to Virgil: "All my blood such gust  
Of feeling moves as doth man's bravery tame;  
I feel the traces of the ancient flame."

## THE EAGLE OF THE PARADISO.

### FROM THE PARADISO, CANTO XIX.

AND now the Eagle's wings before me gleamed,  
That bird of beauty which those jubilant souls  
Held interwoven in its feathery folds.  
A little ruby each of those souls seemed,  
And upon each the burning sun's clear ray,  
Refracted, did in my glad vision play;  
And that which now to shape in words I seek,  
Ne'er voice hath said, it ink hath written not,  
Nor fancy's shell e'er muttered in its grot;

For speak I saw, and heard discourse, the beak;  
And *I* and *My*, not *We* and *Our*, of choice,  
Came all divinely from his glorious voice.  
“Being just and merciful,” it said, “I here  
Exalted am to summits such that higher  
Cannot attain conception nor desire;  
And all the earth my memory doth revere,  
For precepts mine the wicked e’en commend,  
Although their lives they do not to them bend.”

THE EXQUISITE BEAUTY OF  
BEATRICE.

FROM THE PARADISO, CANTO XXX.

WHEREFORE my love, and loss of other  
view,  
Me back to Beatrice and her homage drew.  
If what of her hath been already said  
Were in one single eulogy grouped, 't would ill  
Her meed of merit at this moment fill.

The beauty which in her I now beheld  
B'yond mortals goes; her Maker, I believe,  
Hath power alone its fulness to receive.  
Myself I own by obstacles stronger spelled  
Than in his labored theme was ever bard  
Whose verses, light or grave, brought problems  
hard;

For, as of eyes quelled by the sun's bright burst,  
E'en so the exquisite memory of that smile  
Doth me of words and forming mind beguile.

Not from that day when on this earth I first  
Her face beheld, up to this moment, song  
Have I e'er failed to strew her path along,  
But now I own my limping numbers lame;  
An artist sometimes finds his powers surpassed,  
And mine succumb to beauty's lance at last.  
And I must leave her to a greater fame  
Than any that my trumpet gives, which sounds,  
Now, hastening notes, which mark this labor's  
bounds.

## THE BEATIFIC VISION.

FROM THE PARADISO, CANTO XXXIII.

THE mind becomes, in that light's presence,  
filled  
With adoration, such that its intent  
Can ne'er from contemplation such be bent;  
For all the good which will for object claims  
Is here combined, and, out of its demesne,  
The thing imperfect doth here perfect reign.  
And feebler falls my failing speech, which aims  
To tell of what I yet recall, than would  
Soft babyhood's talk through milk not under-  
stood.



Not because more than one sole semblance rayed  
In that keen, living light whereon I gazed,  
For it, as ever, with one radiance blazed;  
But through my sight, which strengthened was,  
and stayed,  
By constant gazing, one appearance sole  
Changed as I changed, as though 'neath my  
control.

In that subsistence clear and lofty came  
Three circles, diverse each in hue, but planned  
With one dimension; beautiful they, and grand.

The second showed the first's reflected flame,  
As rainbow might ray rainbow, and the third  
Seemed fire, by breath from both the others  
stirred.

O how doth this conception all speech quell  
Beneath its mighty import! And e'en thought  
How less than little, near such wonders brought!  
O Light Eternal, thou that dost sole dwell  
Within thyself, and, unto thyself known,  
Dost love and smiles to thyself give and own,

That circle which, in my conception, drew  
Within thee light reflected, when mine eyes  
Had somewhat rested on its heavenly guise,  
Within itself, of its own proper hue,  
To me seemed painted with our effigy; thence  
I on it pored with interest most intense!

As one who, versed in geometric lore,  
Would square the circle, but whose mind finds  
nought,  
Long pondering, of the principle vainly sought,

E'en so did I survey this splendor o'er;  
I would divine how found the image place  
The round within, and their relations trace;  
And had my wings assailed unyielding bars  
Were it not then that came my mind upon  
A flash of levin wherein my wish was won.  
Came failure, then, which towering fancy mars;  
But yet the will rolled onward, like a wheel  
In even motion which that love doth feel

Which moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

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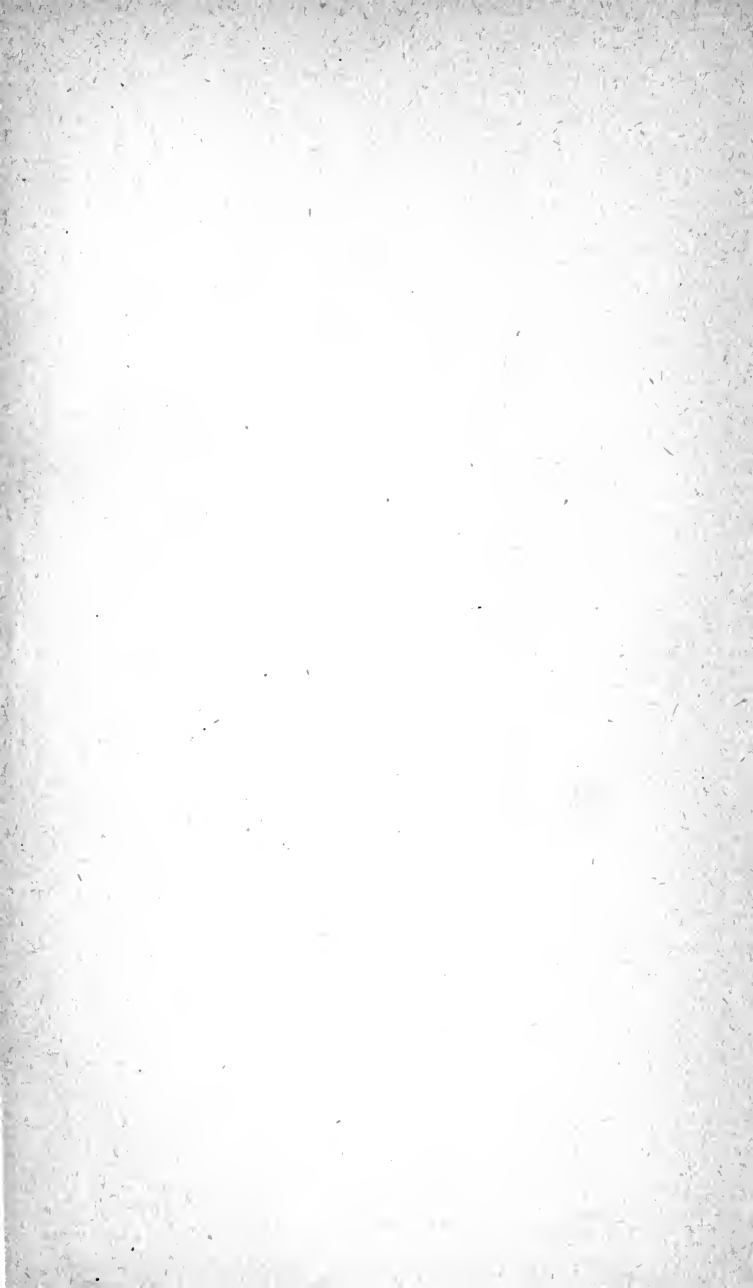


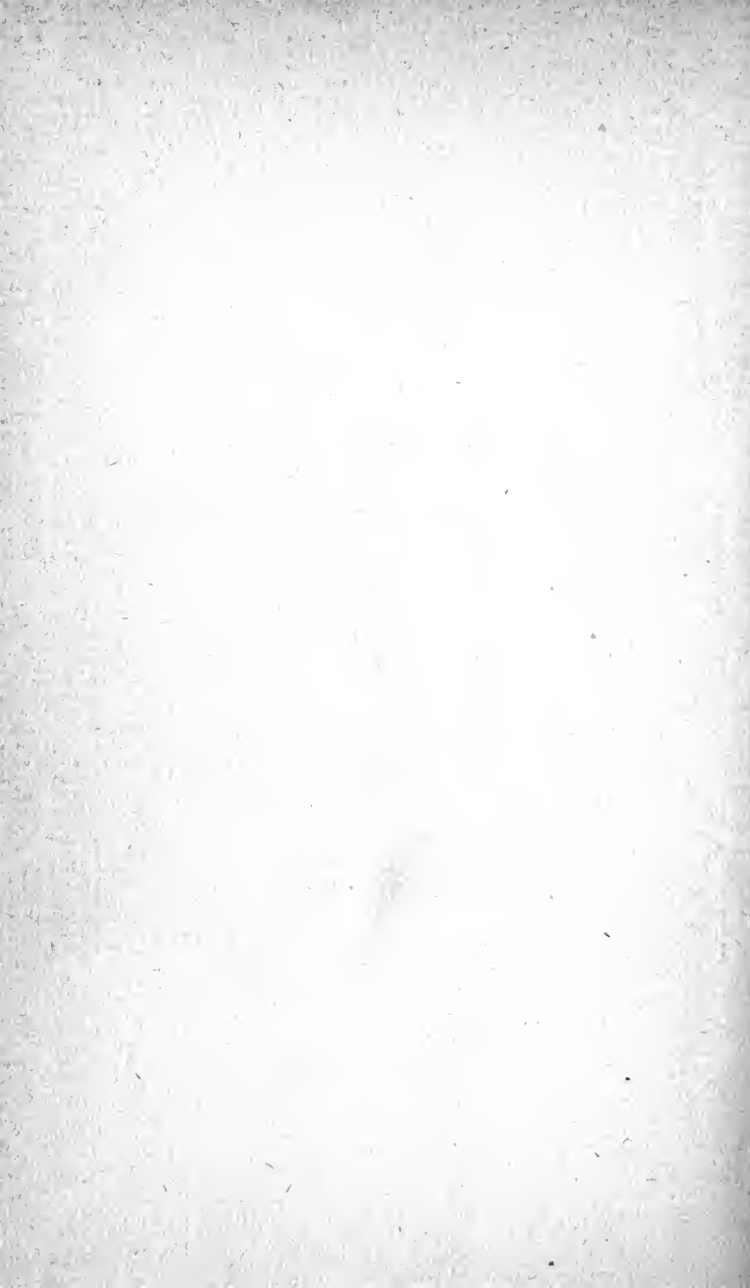












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